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FROM GRAVELOTTE TO SEDAN.

*By Philip H. Sheridan.**

AFTER I had for a year been commanding the Division of the Missouri, which embraced the entire Rocky Mountain region, I found it necessary to make an inspection of the military posts in northern Utah and Montana, in order by personal observation to inform myself of their location and needs, and at the same time become acquainted with the salient geographical and topographical features of that section of my division. Therefore in May, 1870, I started west by the Union Pacific Railroad, and on arriving at Corinne Station, the next beyond Ogden, took passage by stage-coach for Helena, the capital of Montana Territory. Helena is nearly five hundred miles north of Corinne, and under ordinary conditions the journey was, in those days, a most tiresome one. As the stage kept jogging on, day and night, there was little chance for sleep, and there being with me a sufficient number of staff officers to justify the proceeding, we chartered the "outfit," stipulating that we were to stop over one night on the road to get some rest. This rendered the journey more tolerable, and we arrived at Helena without extraordinary fatigue.

Before I left Chicago the newspapers were filled with rumors of impending war between Germany and France. I was anxious to observe the conflict, if it was to occur, but reports made one day concerning the beginning of hostilities would be contradicted the next, and it was not till I reached Helena that the despatches lost their doubtful character, and later became of so positive a nature as to make it certain that the two nations would fight. I therefore decided to cut short my tour of inspection, so that I could go abroad to witness the war, if the President would approve. Having received word from General Sherman that there would be no objection to my going to Europe, I began making arrangements to leave, securing passage by the steamship Scotia.

President Grant invited me to come to see him at Long Branch before I should sail, and during my brief visit there he asked which army I wished to accompany—the German or the French. I told him the German, for the reason that I thought more could be seen with the successful side, and that the indications pointed to the defeat of the French. My choice evidently pleased him greatly, as he had the utmost contempt for Louis Napoleon and had always denounced him as a usurper and a charlatan. Before we separated, the President gave me the following letter to the representatives of our government abroad, and with it I not only had no trouble in obtaining permission to go with the Germans, but was specially favored by being invited to accompany the headquarters of the King of Prussia :

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A Fusilier Regiment in Action near Gravelotte. (From Emil Hünten's painting.)

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delay we found quite comfortable quarters at one of the small hotels, and presently, after we had succeeded in getting a slender meal, I sent my card to Count von Bismarck, the Chancellor of the North German Confederation, who soon responded by appointing an hour—about nine o'clock the same evening—for an interview.

When the Count received me he was clothed in the undress uniform of the cuirassier regiment of which he was the colonel. During the interview which ensued, he exhibited at times deep anxiety regarding the conflict now imminent, for it was the night before the battle of Gravelotte, but his conversation was mostly devoted to the state of public sentiment in America, about which he seemed much concerned, inquiring repeatedly as to which side—France or Prussia—was charged with bringing on the war. Expressing a desire to witness the battle which was expected to occur the next day, and remarking that I had not had sufficient time to provide the necessary transportation, he told me to be ready at four o'clock in the morning and he would take me out in his own carriage and present me to the King, adding that he would ask one of his own staff officers, who he knew had one or two extra horses, to lend me one. As I did not know just what my status would be, and having explained to the President before leaving America that I wished to accompany the German army unofficially, I hardly knew whether to appear in uniform or not, so I spoke of this matter, too, and the Count, after some reflection, thought it best for me to wear my undress uniform, minus the sword, however, because I was a non-combatant.

At four o'clock the next morning, the 18th, I repaired to the Chancellor's quarters. The carriage was at the door, also the saddle-horse, but as no spare mount could be procured for General Forsyth he had to seek other means to reach the battlefield. The carriage was an open one with two double seats, and in front a single one for a messenger; it had also a hand-brake attached. Count Bismarck and I occupied the rear seat, and Count Bismarck-Bohlen—the nephew and aide-de-camp to the Chancellor—and Doctor Busch were seated facing us. The conveyance was strong, serviceable, and comfortable, but not specially prepossessing, and hitched to it were four stout horses, logy, ungainly animals, whose clumsy harness indicated that the whole equipment was meant for heavy work. Two postilions in uniform, in high military saddles on the nigh horse of each span, completed the establishment.

All being ready we took one of the roads from Pont-à-Mousson to Rézonville, which is on the direct road from Metz to Châlons, and near the central point of the field where, on the 16th of August, the battle of Mars-la-Tour had been fought. It was by this road that the Pomeranians, numbering about 30,000 men, had been ordered to march to Gravelotte, and after proceeding a short distance we overtook the column. As this contingent came from Count Bismarck's own section of Germany, there greeted us as we passed along, first in the dim light of the morning and later in the glow of the rising sun, continuous and most enthusiastic cheering for the German Chancellor.

On the way Count Bismarck again recurred to the state of public opinion in America with reference to the war. He also talked much about our form of government, and said that in early life his tendencies were all toward republicanism, but that family influence had overcome his preferences, and intimated that after adopting a political career he found that Germany was not sufficiently advanced for republicanism. He said further that he had been reluctant to enter upon this public career, that he had always longed to be a soldier, but that here again family opposition had turned him from the field of his choice into the sphere of diplomacy.

Not far from Mars-la-Tour we alighted, and in a little while an aide-de-camp was introduced, who informed me that he was there to conduct and present me to his Majesty, the King of Prussia. As we were walking along together, I inquired whether at the meeting I should remove my cap, and he said no, that in an out-of-door presentation it was not etiquette to uncover, if in uniform. We

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Action Near Sedan. (From a painting by Franz Adam.)

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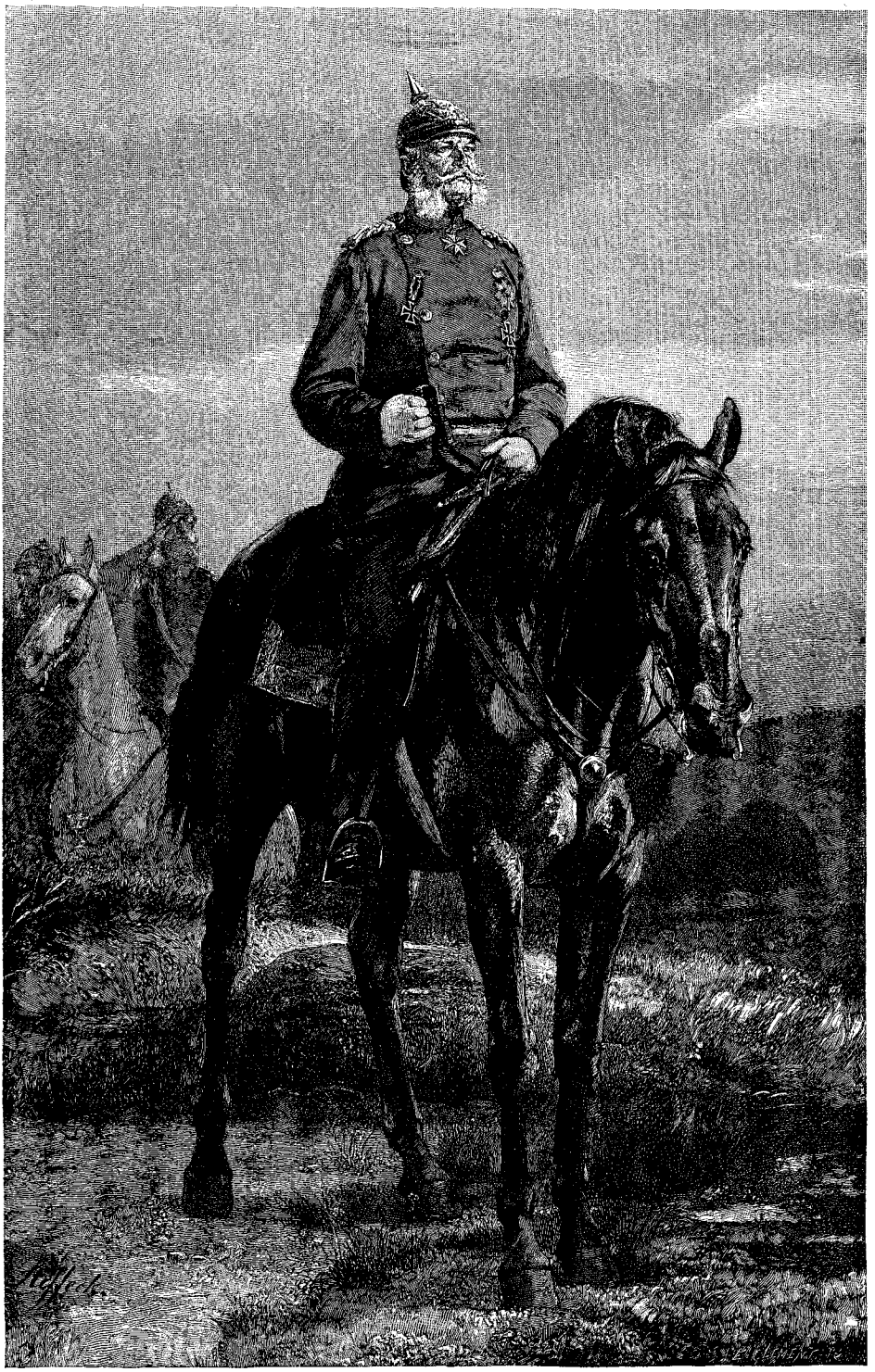

From Steffeck's portrait of King William of Prussia.

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were soon in presence of the King, where—under the shade of a clump of second-growth poplar trees, with which nearly all the farms in the north of France are here and there dotted—the presentation was made in the simplest and most agreeable manner.

His Majesty, taking my hand in both of his, gave me a thorough welcome, expressing, like Count Bismarck, though through an interpreter, much interest as to the sentiment in my own country about the war. At this time William the First of Prussia was seventy-three years of age, and, dressed in the uniform of the Guards, he seemed to be the very ideal soldier, and graced with most gentle and courteous manners. The conversation, which was brief, as neither of us spoke the other's native tongue, concluded by his Majesty's requesting me, in the most cordial way, to accompany his headquarters during the campaign. Thanking him for his kindness, I rejoined Count Bismarck's party, and our horses having arrived meantime, we mounted and moved off to the position selected for the King to witness the opening of the battle.

This place was on some high ground overlooking the villages of Rézonville and Gravelotte, about the centre of the battlefield of Mars-la Tour, and from it most of the country to the east towards Metz could also be seen. The point chosen was an excellent one for the purpose, though in one respect disagreeable, since the dead bodies of many of the poor fellows killed there two days before were yet unburied. In a little while the King's escort began to remove these dead, however, bearing them away on stretchers improvised with their rifles, and the spot thus cleared was much more acceptable. Then, when such unexploded shells as were lying around loose had been cautiously carried away, the King, his brother Prince Frederick Charles Alexander, the Chief of Staff General von Moltke, the Minister of War General von Roon, and Count von Bismarck assembled on the highest point, and I being asked to join the group was there presented to General von Moltke. He spoke our language fluently, and Bismarck having left the party for a time, to go to a neighboring house to see his son, who had been wounded at Mars-la-Tour, and about whom he was naturally very anxious, General von Moltke entertained me by explaining the positions of the different corps, the nature and object of their movement then taking place, and so on.

Before us and covering Metz lay the French army, posted on the crest of a ridge extending north and about its centre curving slightly westward toward the German forces. The left of the French position was but a short distance from the Moselle, and this part of the line was separated from the Germans by a ravine, the slopes, fairly well wooded, rising quite sharply; further north, near the centre, this depression disappeared, merged in the general swell of the ground, and thence on towards the right the ground over which an approach to the French line must be made was essentially a natural open glacis, that could be thoroughly swept by the fire of the defenders.

The line extended some seven or eight miles. To attack this position, formidable everywhere, except perhaps on the right flank, the Germans were bringing up the combined forces of the First and Second Armies, troops that within the past fortnight had already successfully met the French in three pitched battles. On the right was the First Army, under the command of General von Steinmetz, the victors, August 6th, of Spicheren, near Saar, and, eight days later, of Colombey, to the east of Metz; while the centre and left were composed of the several corps of the Second Army, commanded by Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, a part of whose troops had just been engaged in the sanguinary battle of Mars-la-Tour, by which Bazaine was cut off from the Verdun road and forced back towards Metz.

At first the German plan was simply to threaten with their right while the corps of the Second Army advanced toward the north to prevent the French, of whose intentions there was much doubt, from escaping towards Châlons; then, as the purposes of the French might be developed, these corps were to change direction towards the enemy successively, and seek to turn his right

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flank. But the location of this vital turning-point was very uncertain, and until it was ascertained and carried, late in the afternoon, the action raged with more or less intensity along the entire line.

But as it is not my purpose to describe in detail the battle of Gravelotte, nor any other, I will speak of some of its incidents merely. About noon, after many preliminary skirmishes, the action was begun according to the plan I have already outlined, the Germans advancing their left while holding on strongly with their right, and it was this latter wing (the First Army) that came under my observation from the place where the King's headquarters were located. From here we could see, as I have said, the village of Gravelotte. Before it lay the German troops, concealed to some extent, especially to the left, by clumps of timber here and there. Immediately in front of us, however, the ground was open, and the day being clear and sunny with a fresh breeze blowing (else the smoke from a battle between four hundred thousand men would have obstructed the view altogether), the spectacle presented was of unsurpassed magnificence and sublimity. The German artillery opened the battle, and while the air was filled with shot and shell from hundreds of guns along their entire line the German centre and left, in rather open order, moved out to the attack, and as they went forward, the reserves, in close column, took up positions within supporting distances, yet far enough back to be out of range.

The French artillery and mitrailleuses responded vigorously to the Krupps, and with deadly effect, but as far as we could see the German left continued its advance, and staff-officers came up frequently to report that all was going on well at points hidden from our view. These reports were always made to the King first, and whenever anybody arrived with tidings of the fight we clustered around to hear the news, General von Moltke unfolding a map meanwhile and explaining the situation. This done, the Chief of the Staff, while awaiting the next report, would either return to a seat that had been made for him with some knapsacks, or would occupy the time walking about, kicking clods of dirt or small stones here and there, his hands clasped behind his back, his face pale and thoughtful. He was then nearly seventy years old, but because of his emaciated figure, the deep wrinkles in his face, and crow's-feet about his eyes, he looked even older, his appearance being suggestive of the practice of church asceticisms rather than of his well-known ardent devotion to the military profession.

By the middle of the afternoon the steady progress of the German left and centre had driven the French from their more advanced positions, from behind stone walls and hedges, through valleys and hamlets, in the direction of Metz, but as yet the German right had accomplished little except to get possession of the village of Gravelotte, forcing the French across the deep ravine I have mentioned, which runs north and south a little distance east of the town.

But it was now time for the German right to move in earnest to carry the Rozerieulles ridge, on which crest the French had evidently decided to make an obstinate fight to cover their withdrawal to Metz. As the Germans moved to the attack here, the French fire became heavy and destructive, so much so indeed as to cause General von Steinmetz to order some cavalry belonging to the right wing to make a charge. Crossing the ravine before described, this body of horse swept up the slope beyond, the front ranks urged forward by the momentum from behind. The French were posted along a sunken road, behind stone walls and houses, and as the German cavalry neared these obstructions it received a dreadful fire without the least chance of returning it, though still pushed on till the front ranks were crowded into the deep cut of the road. Here the slaughter was terrible, for the horsemen could make no further headway; and because of the blockade behind of dead and wounded men and animals an orderly retreat was impossible and disaster inevitable.

About the time the charge was ordered the phase of the battle was such that the King concluded to move his headquarters into the village of Gravelotte; and just after getting there we first learned

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fully of the disastrous result of the charge which had been entered upon with such spirit; and so much indignation was expressed against Steinmetz, who, it was claimed, had made an unnecessary sacrifice of his cavalry, that I thought he would be relieved on the spot, though this was not done.

Followed by a large staff, General Steinmetz appeared in the village presently, and approached the King. When near, he bowed with great respect, and I then saw that he was a very old man, though his soldierly figure, bronzed face, and short-cropped hair gave some evidence of vigor still. When the King spoke to him I was not close enough to learn what was said; but his Majesty's manner was expressive of kindly feeling, and the fact that in a few moments the veteran general returned to the command of his troops indicated that, for the present at least, his fault had been overlooked.

The King then moved out of the village, and just a little to the east and north of it the headquarters were located on high, open ground, whence we could observe the right of the German infantry advancing up the eastern face of the ravine. The advance, though slow and irregular, resulted in gradually gaining ground, the French resisting stoutly, with a stubborn musketry fire all along the slopes. Their artillery was silent, however; and from this fact the German artillery officers grew jubilant, confidently asserting that their Krupp guns had dismounted the French batteries and knocked their mitrailleuses to pieces. I did not indulge in this confidence, however, for with the excellent field-glass I had, I could distinctly see long columns of French troops moving to their right for the apparent purpose of making a vigorous fight on that flank; and I thought it more than likely that their artillery would be heard from before the Germans could gain the coveted ridge.

The Germans labored up the glacis slowly at the most exposed places, now crawling on their bellies, now creeping on hands and knees, but in the main moving with erect and steady bearing. As they approached within short range they suddenly found that the French artillery and mitrailleuses had by no means been silenced, about two hundred pieces opening on them with fearful effect, while at the same time the whole crest blazed with a deadly fire from the Chassepôt rifles. Resistance like this was so unexpected by the Germans that it dismayed them, and first wavering a moment, then becoming panic-stricken, they broke and fled, infantry, cavalry, and artillery coming down the slope without any pretence of formation, the French hotly following and pouring in a heavy and constant fire as the fugitives fled back across the ravine toward Gravelotte. With this the battle on the right had now assumed a most serious aspect, and the indications were that the French would attack the heights of Gravelotte; but the Pomeranian Corps coming on the field at this crisis was led into action by von Moltke himself, and shortly after the day was decided in favor of the Germans.

When the French guns opened fire, it was discovered that the King's position was within easy range, many of the shells falling near enough to make the place extremely uncomfortable; so it was suggested that he go to a less exposed point. At first he refused to listen to this wise counsel, but yielded finally—leaving the ground with reluctance, however—and went back toward Rézonville. I waited for Count Bismarck, who did not go immediately with the King, but remained at Gravelotte looking after some of the escort who had been wounded. When he had arranged for their care we set out to rejoin the King, and before going far overtook his Majesty, who had stopped on the Châlons road and was surrounded by a throng of fugitives, whom he was berating in German so energetic as to remind me forcibly of the "Dutch" swearing that I used to hear in my boyhood in Ohio. The dressing down finished to his satisfaction, the King resumed his course toward Rézonville, halting, however, to rebuke in the same emphatic style every group of runaways he overtook.

Passing through Rézonville we halted just beyond the village; there a fire was built, and the King, his brother Prince Frederick Charles, and von Roon were provided with rather uncomfortable

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"His Majesty was surrounded by a throng of fugitives, whom he was berating."

seats about it, made by resting the ends of a short ladder on a couple of boxes. With much anxiety and not a little depression of spirits news from the battle-field was now awaited, but the suspense did not last long, for presently came the cheering intelligence that the French were retiring, being forced back by the Pomeranian Corps and some of the lately broken right wing organizations that had been rallied on the heights of Gravelotte. The lost ground being thus regained, and the French having been beaten on their right, it was not long till word came that Bazaine's army was falling back to Metz, leaving the entire battle-field in possession of the Germans.

During the excitement of the day I had not much felt the want of either food or water, but now that all was over I was nearly exhausted, having had neither since early morning. Indeed all of the party were in like straits; the immense armies had not only eaten up nearly everything in the country, but had drunk all the wells dry, too, and there seemed no relief for us till, luckily, a squad of soldiers came along the road with a small cask of wine in a cart. One of the staff officers instantly appropriated the keg and proceeded to share his prize most generously. Never had I tasted anything so refreshing and delicious, but as the wine was the ordinary sour stuff drunk by the peasantry of northern France, my appreciation must be ascribed to my famished condition rather than to any virtues of the beverage itself.

After I had thus quenched my thirst the King's brother called me aside, and drawing from his coat-tail pocket a piece of stale black bread divided it with me, and while munching on this the Prince began talking of his son—General Prince Frederick Charles, popularly called the Red Prince—who was in command of the Second Army in this battle, the German left wing. In recounting his son's professional career the old man's face was aglow with enthusiasm, and not without good cause, for in the war between Prussia and Aus-

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tria in 1866, as well as in the present campaign, the Red Prince had displayed the highest order of military genius.

The headquarters now became the scene of much bustle, despatches announcing the victory being sent in all directions. The first one transmitted was to the Queen, the King directing Count Bismarck to prepare it for his signature; then followed others of a more official character, and while these matters were being attended to I thought I would ride into the village to find, if possible, some water for my horse. Just as I entered the chief street, however, I was suddenly halted by a squad of soldiers, who, taking me for a French officer (my coat and forage cap resembling those of the French), levelled their pieces at me. They were greatly excited, so much so indeed that I thought my hour had come, for they could not understand English, and I could not speak German, and dared not utter explanations in French. Fortunately a few disconnected German words came to me in the emergency. With these I managed to delay my execution, and one of the party ventured to come up to examine the "suspect" more closely. The first thing he did was to take off my cap, and looking it over carefully his eyes rested on the three stars above the visor, and pointing to them he emphatically pronounced me French. Then of course they all became excited again, more so than before even, for they thought I was trying to practise a ruse, and I question whether I should have lived to recount the adventure had not an officer belonging to the King's headquarters been passing by just then, when, hearing the threatenings and imprecations, he rode up to learn the cause of the hubbub and immediately recognized and released me. When he told my wrathy captors who I was, they were much mortified, of course, and made the most profuse, apologies, promising that no such mistake should occur again, and so on; but not feeling wholly reassured, for my uniform was still liable to mislead, I was careful to return to headquarters in company with my deliverer. There I related what had occurred, and after a good laugh all round, the King provided me with a pass which he said would preclude any such mishap in the future and would also permit me to go wherever I pleased—a favor rarely bestowed.

While I was absent as just related, it had been decided that the King's quarters should be established for the night in the village of Rézonville, and as it would be very difficult, at such a late hour, to billet the whole party regularly, Count Bismarck and I went off to look for shelter for ourselves. Remembering that I had seen, when seeking to water my horse, a partly burned barn with some fresh-looking hay in it, I suggested that we lodge there. He, too, thought it would answer our purpose, but on reaching it we found the unburned part of the barn filled with wounded, and this necessitating a further search we continued on through the village in quest of some house not yet converted into a hospital. Such, however, seemed impossible to come upon, so at last the Count fixed on one whose upper floor, we learned, was unoccupied, though the lower one was covered with wounded.

Mounting a creaky ladder—there was no stairway—to the upper story, we found a good-sized room with three large beds, one of which the Chancellor assigned to the Duke of Mecklenburg and aide, and another to Count Bismarck-Bohlen and me, reserving the remaining one for himself. Each bed, as is common in Germany and northern France, was provided with a feather tick; but the night being warm these spreads were thrown off, and discovering that they would make a comfortable shake-down on the floor, I slept there, leaving Bismarck-Bohlen unembarrassed by companionship—at least of a human kind.

At daylight I awoke, and seeing that Count Bismarck was already dressed and about to go down the ladder, I felt obliged to follow his example, so I, too, turned out and shortly descended to the ground floor, the only delays of the toilet being those incident to dressing, for there were no conveniences for morning ablutions. Just outside the door I met the Count, who, proudly exhibiting a couple of eggs he had bought from the woman of the house, invited me to breakfast with him, provided we could

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beg some coffee from the King's escort. Putting the eggs under my charge with many injunctions as to their safe-keeping, he went off to forage for the coffee, and presently returned, having been moderately successful. One egg apiece was hardly enough, however, to appease the craving of two strong men ravenous from long fasting. Indeed it seemed only to whet the appetite, and we both set out on an eager expedition for more food. Before going far I had the good luck to meet a sutler's wagon, and though its stock was about all sold, there was still left four large Bologna sausages, which I promptly purchased—paying a round sum for them, too—and hastening back found the Count already returned, though without bringing anything at all to eat; but he had secured a couple of bottles of brandy, and with a little of this—it was excellent, too—and the sausages, the slim ration of eggs and coffee was amply reinforced.

Breakfast over, the Chancellor invited me to accompany him in a ride to the battle-field, and I gladly accepted, as I very much desired to pass over the ground in front of Gravelotte, particularly so to see whether the Krupp guns had really done the execution that was claimed for them by the German artillery officers. Going directly through the village of Gravelotte, following the causeway over which the German cavalry had passed to make its courageous but futile charge, we soon reached the ground where the fighting had been the most severe. Here the field was literally covered with evidences of the terrible strife, the dead and wounded strewn thick on every side.

In the sunken road the carnage had been awful, men and horses having been slaughtered there by hundreds, helpless before the murderous fire delivered from behind a high stone wall impracticable to mounted troops. The sight was sickening to an extreme, and we were not slow to direct our course elsewhere, going up the glacis toward the French line, the open ground over which we crossed being covered with thousands of helmets that had been thrown off by the Germans during the fight and were still dotting the field, though details of soldiers from the organizations which had been engaged here were about to begin to gather up their abandoned headgear.

When we got inside the French works I was astonished to observe how little harm had been done the defences by the German artillery, for although I had not that serene faith in the effectiveness of their guns held by German artillerists generally, yet I thought their terrific cannonade must have left marked results. All I could perceive, however, was a disabled gun, a broken mitrailleuse, and two badly damaged caissons. Everything else except a little ammunition in the trenches had been carried away, and it was plain to see from the good shape in which the French left wing had retired to Metz that its retreat had been predetermined by the disasters to the right wing.

By this hour the German cavalry having been thrown out to the front well over toward Metz, we, following it to get a look at the city, rode to a neighboring summit, supposing it would be a safe point of observation; but we shortly realized the contrary, for scarcely had we reached the crest when some of the French pickets, lying concealed about six hundred yards off, opened fire, making it so very hot for us that, hugging the necks of our horses, we incontinently fled. Observing what had taken place, a troop of German cavalry charged the French outpost and drove it far enough away to make safe our return, and we resumed possession of the point, but only to discover that the country to the east was so broken and hilly that no satisfactory view of Metz could be had.

Returning to Gravelotte we next visited that part of the battle-field to the northeast of the village, and before long Count Bismarck discovered in a remote place about twenty men dreadfully wounded. These poor fellows had had no attention whatever, having been overlooked by the hospital corps, and their condition was most pitiful. Yet there was one very handsome man in the group—a captain of artillery—who, though shot through the right breast, was talkative and cheerful, and felt sure of getting well. Pointing, however, to a comrade lying near, also shot in the breast, he significantly shook his head;

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it was easy to see on this man's face the signs of fast approaching death.

An orderly was at once despatched for a surgeon, Bismarck and I doing what we could meanwhile to alleviate the intense sufferings of the maimed men, bringing them water and administering a little brandy, for the Count still had with him some of the morning's supply. When the surgeons came we transferred the wounded to their care, and making our way to Rézonville, there took the Count's carriage to rejoin the King's headquarters, which in the meantime had been moved to Pont-à-Mousson. Our route led through the village of Gorze, and here we found the streets so obstructed with wagons that I feared it would take us the rest of the day to get through, for the teamsters would not pay the slightest heed to the cries of our postilions. The Count was equal to the emergency, however, for, taking a pistol from behind his cushion and bidding me keep my seat, he jumped out and quickly began to clear the street effectively, ordering wagons to the right and left. Marching in front of the carriage and making way for us till we were well through the blockade, he then resumed his seat, remarking: "This is not a very dignified business for the Chancellor of the German Confederation, but it's the only way to get through."

At Pont-à-Mousson I was rejoined by my aide, General Forsyth, and for the next two days our attention was almost wholly devoted to securing means of transportation. This was most difficult to obtain, but as I did not wish to impose on the kindness of the Chancellor longer, we persevered till finally, with the help of Count Bismarck-Bohlen, we managed to get tolerably well equipped with a saddle-horse apiece and a two-horse carriage. Here, also, on the afternoon of August 21st, I had the pleasure of dining with the King. The dinner was a simple one, consisting of soup, a joint, and two or three vegetables; the wines, *vin ordinaire* and Burgundy. There were a good many persons of high rank present, none of whom spoke English, however, except Bismarck, who sat next the King and acted as interpreter when his Majesty conversed with me. Little was said of the events taking place around us, but the King made many inquiries concerning the war of the Rebellion, particularly with reference to Grant's campaign at Vicksburg, suggested perhaps by the fact that there, and in the recent movements of the German army, had been applied many similar principles of military science.

The French army under Marshal Bazaine having retired into the fortifications of Metz, that stronghold was speedily invested by Prince Frederick Charles. Meantime the Third Army, under the Crown Prince of Prussia—which, after having fought and won the battle of Wörth, had been observing the army of Marshal MacMahon during and after the battle of Gravelotte—was moving toward Paris by way of Nancy, in conjunction with an army called the Fourth which had been organized from the troops previously engaged around Metz, and on the 22d was directed toward Bar-le-Duc, under the command of the Crown Prince of Saxony. In consequence of these operations the King decided to move to Commercy, which place we reached by carriage, travelling on a broad macadamized road, lined on both sides with poplar trees, and our course leading through a most beautiful country thickly dotted with prosperous-looking villages.

On reaching Commercy, Forsyth and I found that quarters had already been selected for us, and our names written on the door with chalk, the quartermaster charged with the billeting of the officers at headquarters having started out in advance to perform this duty and make all needful preparations for the King before he arrived, which course was usually pursued thereafter, whenever the royal headquarters took up a new location.

Forsyth and I were lodged with the notary of the village, who over and over again referred to his good fortune in not having to entertain any of the Germans. He treated us most hospitably, and next morning on departing we offered compensation by tendering a sum —about what our bill would have been at a good hotel—to be used for the "benefit of the wounded or the Church." Under this stipulation the notary ac-

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cepted, and we followed that plan of paying for food and lodging afterward, whenever quartered in private houses.

The next day I set out in advance of the headquarters and reached Bar-le-Duc about noon, passing on the way the Bavarian contingent of the Crown Prince's army. These Bavarians were trim-looking soldiers, dressed in neat uniforms of light blue; they looked healthy and strong, but seemed of shorter stature than the North Germans I had seen in the armies of Prince Frederick Charles and General von Steinmetz. When, later in the day, the King arrived, a guard for him was detailed from this Bavarian contingent, a stroke of policy no doubt, for the South Germans were so prejudiced against their brothers of the North that no occasion to smooth them down was permitted to go unimproved.

Bar-le-Duc, which had then a population of about fifteen thousand, is one of the prettiest towns I saw in France, its quaint and ancient buildings and beautiful boulevards charming the eye as well as exciting deep interest. The King and his immediate suite were quartered on one of the best boulevards in a large building—the Bank of France—the balcony of which offered a fine opportunity to observe a part of the army of the Crown Prince the next day on its march toward Vitry. This was the first time his Majesty had had a chance to see any of these troops—as hitherto he had accompanied either the army of Prince Frederick Charles or that of General Steinmetz—and the cheers with which he was greeted by the Bavarians left no room for doubting their loyalty to the Confederation, notwithstanding ancient jealousies.

While the troops were passing, Count Bismarck had the kindness to point out to me the different organizations, giving scraps of their history and also speaking concerning the qualifications of the different generals commanding them. When the review was over we went to the Count's house and there, for the first time in my life, I tasted kirschwasser, a very strong liquor distilled from cherries. Not knowing anything about the stuff, I had to depend on Bismarck's recommendation, and he proclaiming it fine I took quite a generous drink, which nearly strangled me and brought on a violent fit of coughing. The Chancellor said, however, that this was in no way due to the liquor, but to my own inexperience, and I was bound to believe the distinguished statesman, for he proved his words by swallowing a goodly dose with an undisturbed and even beaming expression of countenance, demonstrating his assertion so forcibly that I forthwith set out with Bismarck-Bohlen to lay in a supply for myself.

I spent the night in a handsome house, the property of an exceptionally kind and polite gentleman bearing the indisputably German name of Lager, but who was nevertheless French from head to foot, if intense hatred of the Prussians be a sign of Gallic nationality. At daybreak on the 26th word came for us to be ready to move by the Châlons road at seven o'clock, but before we got off the order was suspended till two in the afternoon. In the interval General von Moltke arrived and held a long conference with the King, and when we did pull out we travelled the remainder of the afternoon in company with a part of the Crown Prince's army, which after this conference inaugurated the series of movements from Bar-le-Duc northward that finally compelled the surrender at Sedan. This sudden change of direction I did not at first understand, but soon learned that it was because of the movements of Marshal MacMahon, who, having united the French army beaten at Wörth with three fresh corps at Châlons, was marching to relieve Metz in obedience to orders from the Minister of War, at Paris.

As we passed along the column, we noticed that the Crown Prince's troops were doing their best, the officers urging the men to their utmost exertions, persuading weary laggards and driving up stragglers. As a general thing, however, they marched in good shape notwithstanding the rapid gait and the trying heat, for at the outset of the campaign the Prince had divested them of all impedimenta except essentials, and they were therefore in excellent trim for a forced march.

The King travelled farther than usual

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that day—to Clermont—so we did not get shelter till late, and even then not without some confusion, for the quartermaster, having set out toward Châlons before the change of programme was ordered, was not at hand to provide for us. I had extreme good luck, though, in being quartered with a certain apothecary who, having lived for a time in the United States, claimed it as a privilege even to lodge me, and certainly made me his debtor for the most generous hospitality. It was not so with some of the others, however, and Count Bismarck was particularly unfortunate, being billeted in a very small and uncomfortable house, where, visiting him to learn more fully what was going on, I found him wrapped in a shabby old dressing-gown, hard at work. He was established in a very small room, whose only furnishings consisted of a table—at which he was writing—a couple of rough chairs, and the universal featherbed, this time made on the floor in one corner of the room. On my remarking upon the limited character of his quarters, the Count replied, with great good humor, that they were all right and that he should get along well enough. Even the tramp of his clerks in the attic and the clanking of his orderlies' sabres below did not disturb him much; he said, in fact, that he would have no grievance at all, were it not for a guard of Bavarian soldiers stationed about the house, for his safety, he presumed, the sentinels from which insisted on protecting and saluting the Chancellor of the North German Confederation in and out of season, a proceeding that led to embarrassment sometimes, as he was much troubled with a severe dysentery. Notwithstanding his trials, however, and in the midst of the correspondence on which he was so intently engaged, he graciously took time to explain that the sudden movement northward from Barle-Duc was, as I have previously recounted, the result of information that Marshal MacMahon was endeavoring to relieve Metz by marching along the Belgian frontier; "a blundering manœuvre," remarked the Chancellor, "which cannot be accounted for unless it has been brought about by the political situation of the French."

All night long the forced march of the army went on through Clermont, and when I turned out just after daylight the columns were still pressing forward, the men looking tired and much bedraggled, as indeed they had reason to be, for from recent rains the roads were very sloppy. Notwithstanding this, however, the troops were pushed ahead with all possible vigor to intercept MacMahon and force a battle before he could withdraw from his faulty movement, for which it has since been ascertained he was not at all responsible. Indeed those at the royal headquarters seemed to think of nothing else than to strike MacMahon, for, feeling pretty confident that Metz could not be relieved, they manifested not the slightest anxiety on that score.

By eight o'clock, the skies having cleared, the headquarters set out for Grand Pré, which place we reached early in the afternoon, and that evening I again had the pleasure of dining with the King. The conversation at table was almost wholly devoted to the situation, of course, everybody expressing surprise at the manœuvre of the French at this time, their march along the Belgian frontier being credited entirely to Napoleon. Up to bedtime there was still much uncertainty as to the exact positions of the French, but next morning intelligence being received which denoted the probability of a battle, we drove about ten miles, to Buzancy, and there, mounting on horses, rode to the front.

The French were posted not far from Buzancy in a strong position, their right resting near Stonne, and the left extending over into the woods beyond Beaumont. About ten o'clock the Crown Prince of Saxony advanced against this line, and while a part of his army turned the French right, compelling it to fall back rapidly, the German centre and right attacked with great vigor and much skill, surprising one of the divisions of General de Failly's corps while the men were in the act of cooking their breakfast.

The French fled precipitately, leaving behind their tents and other camp equipage, and on inspecting the ground which they had abandoned so hastily, I noticed

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on all sides ample evidence that not even the most ordinary precautions had been taken to secure the division from surprise. The artillery horses had not been harnessed, and many of them had been shot down at the picket rope where they had been halted the night before, while numbers of men were lying dead with loaves of bread or other food instead of their muskets in their hands.

Some three thousand prisoners and nearly all the artillery and mitrailleuses of the division were captured, while the fugitives were pursued till they found shelter behind Douay's corps and the rest of de Failly's beyond Beaumont. The same afternoon there were several other severe combats along the Meuse, but I had no chance of witnessing any of them, and just before nightfall I started back to Buzancy, to which place the King's headquarters had been brought during the day.

The morning of the 31st the King moved to Vendresse. First sending our carriage back to Grand Pré for our trunks, Forsyth and I mounted our horses and rode to the battle-field, accompanied by an English nobleman, the Duke of Manchester. The part of the field we traversed was still thickly strewn with the dead of both armies, though all the wounded had been collected in the hospitals. In the village of Beaumont we stopped to take a look at several thousand French prisoners, whose worn clothing and evident dejection told that they had been doing a deal of severe marching under great discouragements.

The King reached the village shortly after, and we all continued on to Chémery, just beyond where his Majesty alighted from his carriage to observe his son's troops file past as they came in from the direction of Stonne. This delay caused us to be as late as nine o'clock before we got shelter that night, but as it afforded me the best opportunity I had yet had for seeing the German soldiers on the march, I did not begrudge the time. They moved in a somewhat open and irregular column of fours, the intervals between files especially intended to give room for a peculiar swinging gait with which the men seemed to urge themselves over the ground with ease and rapidity. There was little or no straggling, and being strong, lusty young fellows and lightly equipped—they carried only needle-guns, ammunition, a very small knapsack, a water-bottle, and a haversack—they strode by with an elastic step, covering at least three miles an hour.

It having been definitely ascertained that the demoralized French were retiring to Sedan, on the evening of August 31st the German army began the work of hemming them in there, so disposing the different corps as to cover the ground from Donchery around by Raucourt to Carignan. The next morning this line was to be drawn in closer on Sedan; and the Crown Prince of Saxony was therefore ordered to take up a position to the north of Bazeilles beyond the right bank of the Meuse, while the Crown Prince of Prussia was to cross his right wing over the Meuse at Remilly, to move on Bazeilles, his centre meantime marching against a number of little hamlets still held by the French between there and Donchery. At this last-mentioned place strong reserves were to be held, and from it the Eleventh Corps, followed by the Fifth, and a division of cavalry, was to march on to St. Menges.

Forsyth and I started early next morning, September 1st, and in a thick fog, which subsequently gave place to bright sunshine, we drove to the village of Chevenges, where mounting our horses we rode in a northeasterly direction to the heights of Frénois and Wadelincourt, bordering the river Meuse on the left bank, from which crest we had a good view of the town of Sedan with its encircling fortifications, which, though extensive, were not so formidable as those around Metz. The King and his staff were already established on these heights, and at a point so well chosen that his Majesty could observe the movements of both armies immediately east and south of Sedan, and also to the northwest toward Floing and the Belgian frontier.

The battle was begun to the east and northeast of Sedan, as early as half-past four o'clock by the German right wing —the fighting being desultory—and

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near the same hour the Bavarians attacked Bazeilles. This village, some two miles southeast of Sedan, being of importance was defended with great obstinacy, the French contesting from street to street and house to house the attack of the Bavarians till near ten o'clock, when, almost every building being knocked to pieces, they were compelled to relinquish the place. The possession of this village gave the Germans to the east of Sedan a continuous line extending from the Meuse northward through La Moncelle and Daigny to Givonne, and almost to the Belgian frontier.

While the German centre and right were thus engaged, the left had moved in accordance with the prescribed plan. Indeed some of these troops had crossed the Meuse the night before, and now, by a little after six o'clock, their advance could be seen just north of the village of Floing. Thus far these columns, under the immediate eye of the Crown Prince of Prussia, had met with no opposition to their march, and as soon as they got to the high ground above the village they began extending to the east to connect with the army of the Meuse. This juncture was effected at Illy, without difficulty, and the French army was now completely encompassed.

After a severe fight the Crown Prince drove the French through Floing, and as the ground between this village and Sedan is an undulating open plain, everywhere visible, there was then offered a rare opportunity for seeing the final conflict preceding the surrender. Presently up out of the little valley where Floing is located came the Germans, deploying just on the rim of the plateau a very heavy skirmish line, supported by a line of battle at close distance. When these skirmishers appeared, the French infantry had withdrawn within its intrenched lines, but a strong body of their cavalry, already formed in a depression to the right of the Floing road, now rode at the Germans in gallant style, going clear through the dispersed skirmishers to the main line of battle. Here the slaughter of the French was awful, for in addition to the deadly volleys from the solid battalions of their enemies, the skirmishers, who had rallied in knots at advantageous places, were now delivering a severe and effective fire. The gallant horsemen therefore had to retire precipitately, but reforming in the depression, they again undertook the hopeless task of breaking the German infantry, making in all four successive charges. Their ardor and pluck were of no avail, however, for the Germans, growing stronger every minute by the accession of troops from Floing, met the fourth attack in such large force that even before coming in contact with their adversaries, the French broke and retreated to the protection of the intrenchments, where, from the beginning of the combat, had been lying plenty of idle infantry, some of which at least, it seemed plain to me, ought to have been thrown into the fight. This action was the last one of consequence around Sedan, for though with the contraction of the German lines their batteries kept cannonading more or less, and the rattle of musketry continued to be heard here and there, yet the hard fighting of the day practically ended on the plateau of Floing.

By three o'clock, the French being in a desperate and hopeless situation, the King ordered the firing to be stopped, and at once despatched one of his staff —Colonel von Bronsart—with a demand for a surrender. Just as this officer was starting off I remarked to Bismarck that Napoleon himself would likely be one of the prizes, but the Count, incredulous, replied: "Oh, no; the old fox is too cunning to be caught in such a trap; he has doubtless slipped off to Paris"—a belief which I found to prevail pretty generally about headquarters.

In the lull that succeeded, the King invited many of those about him to luncheon, a caterer having provided from some source or other a substantial meal of good bread, chops, and peas, with a bountiful supply of red and sherry wines. Among those present were Prince Carl, Bismarck, von Moltke, von Roon, the Duke of Weimar, the Duke of Coburg, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, Count Hatzfeldt, Colonel Walker of the English army, General Forsyth, and I. The King was agreeable and gracious at all times, but on this occasion he was particularly so, being nat-

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urally in a happy frame of mind because this day the war had reached a crisis which presaged for the near future the complete vanquishment of the French.

Between four and five o'clock Colonel von Bronsart returned from his mission to Sedan, bringing word to the King that the commanding officer there, General Wimpffen, wished to know, in order that the further effusion of blood might be spared, upon what terms he might surrender. The Colonel brought the intelligence, also, that the French Emperor was in the town. Soon after von Bronsart's arrival a French officer approached from Sedan, preceded by a white flag and two German officers. Coming up the road till within a few hundred yards of us they halted; then one of the Germans rode forward to say that the French officer was Napoleon's adjutant, bearing an autograph letter from the Emperor to the King of Prussia. At this the King, followed by Bismarck, von Moltke, and von Roon, walked out to the front a little distance, and halted, his Majesty still in advance, the rest of us meanwhile forming in a line some twenty paces to the rear of the group. The envoy then approached, at first on horseback, but when within about a hundred yards he dismounted, and uncovering came the remaining distance on foot, bearing high up in his right hand the despatch from Napoleon. The bearer proved to be General Reille, and as he handed the Emperor's letter to the King, his Majesty saluted him with the utmost formality and precision. Napoleon's letter was the since famous one running, so characteristically, thus: "Not having been able to die in the midst of my troops, there is nothing left me but to place my sword in your Majesty's hands." The reading finished, the King returned to his former post, and after a conference with Bismarck, von Moltke, and von Roon, dictated an answer accepting Napoleon's surrender and requesting him to designate an officer with power to treat for the capitulation of the army, himself naming von Moltke to represent the Germans. The King then started for Vendresse to pass the night.

It was after seven o'clock now, and hence too late to arrange anything more where we were, so further negotiations were deferred till later in the evening, and I, wishing to be conveniently near Bismarck, resolved to take up quarters in Donchery. On our way thither we were met by the Count's nephew, who assuring us that it would be impossible to find shelter there in the village, as all the houses were filled with wounded, Forsyth and I decided to continue on to Chevenges. On the other hand Bismarck-Bohlen bore with him one great comfort—some excellent brandy. Offering the flask to his uncle, he said: "You've had a hard day of it; won't you refresh yourself?" The Chancellor, without wasting time to answer, raised the bottle to his lips, exclaiming: "Here's to the unification of Germany," which sentiment the gurgling of an astonishingly long drink seemed to emphasize. The Count then handed the bottle back to his nephew, who, shaking it, ejaculated, "Why, we can't pledge you in return—there is nothing left!" to which came the waggish response, "I beg pardon; it was so dark I couldn't see;" nevertheless there was a little remaining, as I myself can aver.

Having left our carriage at Chevenges, Forsyth and I stopped there to get it, but a long search proving fruitless, we took lodging in the village at the house of the curé, resolved to continue the hunt in the morning. But then we had no better success, so concluding that our vehicle had been pressed into the hospital service, we at an early hour on the 2d of September resumed the search, continuing on down the road in the direction of Sedan. Near the gate of the city we came on the German picket line, and one of the officers, recognizing our uniforms—he having served in the war of the Rebellion—stepped forward and addressed me in good English. We naturally fell into conversation, and in the midst of it there came out through the gate an open carriage, or landau, containing two men, one of whom, in the uniform of a general and smoking a cigarette, we recognized, when the conveyance drew near, as the Emperor Louis Napoleon. The landau went on toward Donchery at a leisurely pace, and we, inferring that there was something more important at hand just then than the recovery of our trap, followed at a re-

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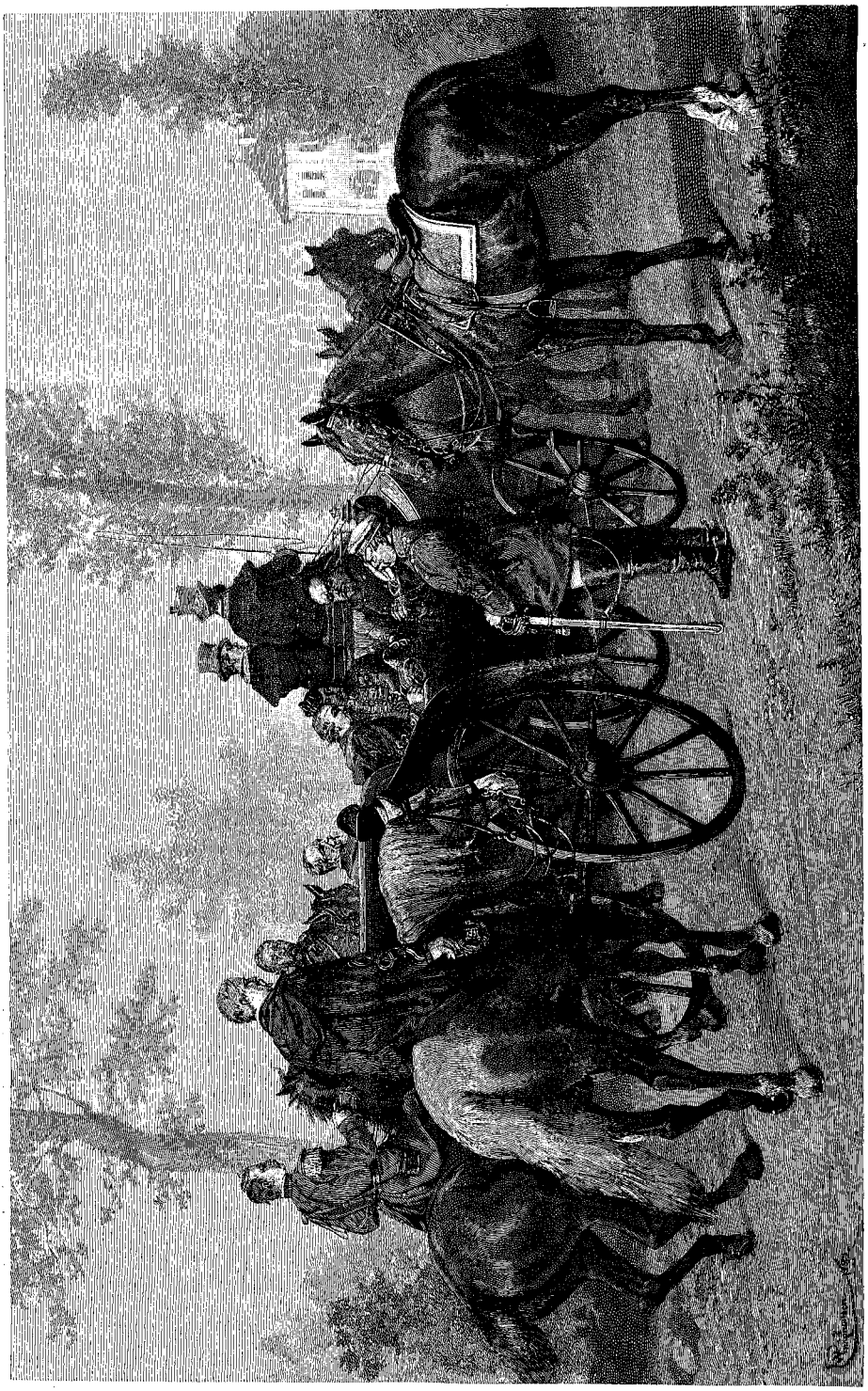

Meeting of Bismarck and Napoleon. (From a painting by Camphausen.)

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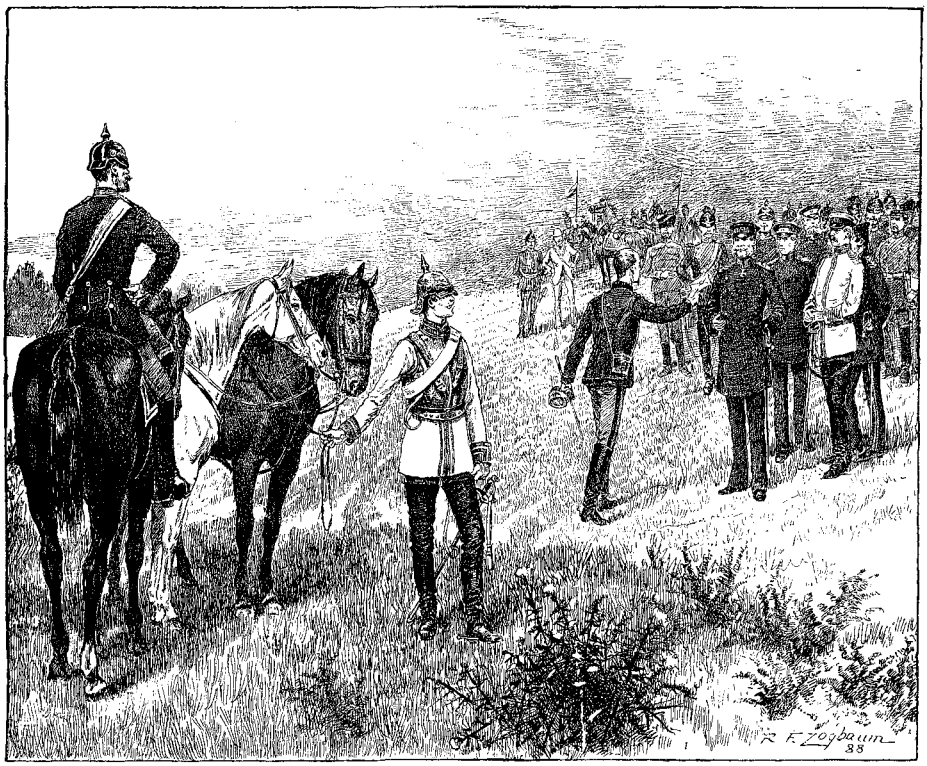

"The envoy dismounted, and uncovering came the remaining distance on foot, bearing high up in his right hand the despatch from Napoleon."

spectful distance. Not quite a mile from Donchery is a cluster of three or four cottages, and at the first of these the landau stopped to await, as we afterward ascertained, Count Bismarck, with whom the diplomatic negotiations were to be settled. Some minutes elapsed before he came, Napoleon remaining seated in his carriage meantime, still smoking and accepting with nonchalance the staring of a group of German soldiers near by, who were gazing on their fallen foe with curious and eager interest.

Presently a clattering of hoofs was heard, and looking toward the sound I perceived the Chancellor cantering down the road. When abreast of the carriage he dismounted, and walking up to it, saluted the Emperor in a quick, brusque way that seemed to startle him. After a word or two the party moved perhaps a hundred yards further on, where they stopped opposite the weaver's cottage so famous from that day. This little house is on the east side of the Donchery road near its junction with that to Frénois, and stands about twenty paces back from the highway. In front is a stone wall covered with creeping vines, and from a gate in this wall runs to the front door a path, at that time bordered on both sides with potato vines.

The Emperor having alighted at the gate, he and Bismarck walked together along the narrow path and entered the cottage. Reappearing in about a quarter of an hour, they came out and seated themselves in the open air, the weaver having brought a couple of chairs. Here they engaged in an animated conversation, if much gesticulation is any indication. The talk lasted fully an hour, Bismarck seeming to do most of it, but at last he arose, saluted the Emperor, and strode down the path toward his horse. Seeing me standing near the gate, he joined me for a moment, and asked me if I had noticed how the Emperor started when they first met, and I telling him that I had, he added, "Well,

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it must have been due to my manner, not my words, for these were: 'I salute your Majesty just as I would my King.'" Then the Chancellor continued to chat a few minutes longer, assuring me that nothing further was to be done there, and that we had better go to the Château Bellevue, where, he said, the formal surrender was to take place. With this he rode off toward Vendresse to communicate with his sovereign, and Forsyth and I made ready to go to the Château Bellevue.

Before we set out, however, a number of officers of the King's suite arrived at the weaver's cottage, and from them I gathered that there were differences at the royal headquarters as to whether peace should be made then at Sedan, or the war continued till the French capital was taken. I further heard that the military advisers of the King strongly advocated an immediate move on Paris, while the Chancellor thought it best to make peace now, holding Alsace and Lorraine, and compelling the payment of an enormous levy of money; and these rumors were most likely correct, for I had often heard Bismarck say that France being the richest country in Europe, nothing would keep her quiet but effectually to empty her pockets; and besides this he impressed me as holding that it would be better policy to preserve the Empire.

On our way to the château we fell in with a number of artillery officers bringing up their guns hurriedly to post them closer in to the beleaguered town on a specially advantageous ridge. Inquiring the cause of this move, we learned that General Wimpffen had not yet agreed to the terms of surrender; that it was thought he would not, and that they wanted to be prepared for any such contingency. And they were preparing with a vengeance, too, for I counted seventy-two Krupp guns in one continuous line trained on the Château Bellevue and Sedan.

Napoleon went directly from the weaver's to the Château Bellevue, and about ten o'clock the King of Prussia arrived from Frénois, accompanied by a few of his own suite and the Crown Prince with several members of his staff; and, von Moltke and Wimpffen having settled their points of difference before the two monarchs met, within the next half-hour the articles of capitulation were formally signed.

On the completion of the surrender—the occasion being justly considered a great one—the Crown Prince proceeded to distribute among the officers congregated in the château grounds the order of the Iron Cross—a generous supply of these decorations being carried in a basket by one of his orderlies who followed him along as he walked about. Meantime the King, leaving Napoleon in the château to ruminate on the fickleness of fortune, drove off to see his own victorious soldiers, who greeted him with huzzas that rent the air and must have added to the pangs of the captive Emperor.

Napoleon and Bismarck at the Weaver's Cottage.

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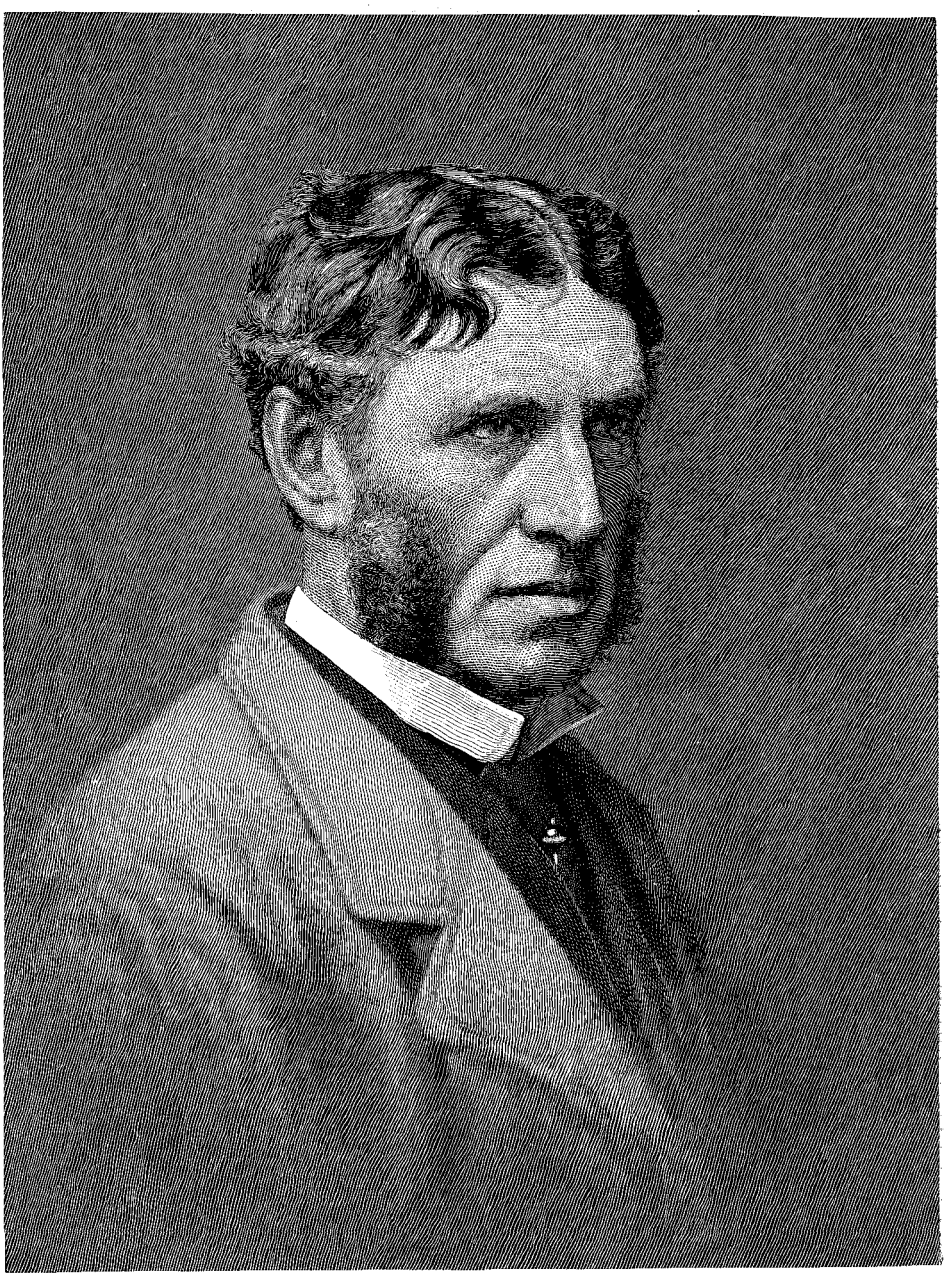

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

(From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.)

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MATTHEW ARNOLD.

By Augustine Birrell.

THE news of Mr. Arnold's sudden death at Liverpool last April struck a chill into many hearts, for although a somewhat constrained writer (despite his playfulness) and certainly the least boisterous of men, he was yet most distinctly on the side of human enjoyment. He conspired and contrived to make things pleasant. Pedantry he abhorred. He was a man of this life and this world. A severe critic of the world he indeed was, but finding himself in it and not precisely knowing what is beyond it, like a brave and true-hearted man he set himself to make the best of it. Its sight and sounds were dear to him. The "uncrumpling fern," the eternal moon-lit snow, "Sweet William with its homely cottage-smell," "the red grouse springing at our sound," the tinkling bells of the "high-pasturing kine," the vagaries of men, women, and dogs, their odd ways and tricks, whether of mind or manner, all delighted, amused, tickled him. Human loves, joys, sorrows, human relationships, ordinary ties interested him—

> The help in strife,
> The thousand sweet still joys of such
> As hand in hand face earthly life.

In a sense of the words which is noble and blessed, he was of the Earth Earthy.

In his earlier days Mr. Arnold was much misunderstood. That rowdy Philistine the *Daily Telegraph* called him "a prophet of the kid-glove persuasion," and his own too frequent iteration of the somewhat dandiacal phrases "sweetness and light" helped to promote the notion that he was a fanciful, finikin Oxonian,

> A fine puss gentleman all perfume,

quite unfit for the most ordinary wear and tear of life. He was in reality nothing of the kind, though his literary style was a little in keeping with this false conception. His mind was based on the plainest possible things. What he hated most was the fantastic—the far-fetched, all elaborated fancies, and strained interpretations. He stuck to the beaten track of human experience, and the broader the better. He was a plain-sailing man. This is his true note. In his much criticised, but as I think admirable introduction to the selection he made from Wordsworth's poems he admits that the famous "Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections in Early Childhood" is not one of his prime favorites, and in that connection he quotes from Thucydides the following judgment on the early exploits of the Greek Race and applies it to these intimations of immortality in babies. "It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote, but from all that we can really investigate I should say that they were no very great things."

This quotation is in Mr. Arnold's own vein. His readers will have no difficulty in calling to mind numerous instances in which his dislike of everything not broadly based on the generally admitted facts of sane experience manifests itself. Though fond—perhaps exceptionally fond—of pretty things and sayings, he had a severe taste, and hated whatever struck him as being in the least degree sickly, or silly, or over-heated. No doubt he may often have considered that to be sickly or silly which in the opinion of others was pious and becoming. It may be that he was over-impatient of men's flirtations with futurity. As his paper on Professor Dowden's Life of Shelley shows, he disapproved of "irregular relations." He considered we were all married to plain Fact and objected to our carrying on a shadow-dance with mystic maybe's and calling it Religion. Had it been a man's duty to believe in a specific revelation it would have been God's duty to make that revelation credible. Such, at all events, would appear to have been the opinion of this remarkable man, who though he had even more than his share

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of an Oxonian's reverence for the great Bishop of Durham, was unable to admit the force of the main argument of "The Analogy." Mr. Arnold was indeed too fond of parading his inability for hard reasoning. I am not, he keeps saying, like the Archbishop of York, or the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. There was affectation about this, for his professed inferiority did not prevent him from making it almost excruciatingly clear that in his opinion those gifted prelates were, whilst exercising their extraordinary powers, only beating the air, or in plainer words busily engaged in talking nonsense. But I must not wander from my point, which simply is that Arnold's dislike of anything recondite or remote was intense, genuine, and characteristic.

He always asserted himself to be a good Liberal. So in truth he was. A better Liberal than many a one whose claim to that title it would be thought absurd to dispute. He did not indeed care very much about some of the articles of the Liberal creed as now professed. He had taken a great dislike to the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. He wished the Church and the State to continue to recognize each other. He had not that jealousy of State interference in England which used to be (it is so no longer) a note of political Liberalism. He sympathized with Italian national aspirations because he thought it wrong to expect a country with such a past as Italy to cast in her lot with Austria. He did not sympathize with Irish national aspirations because he thought Ireland ought to be willing to admit that she was relatively to England an inferior and less interesting country, and therefore one which had no moral claim for national institutions. He may have been right or wrong on these points without affecting his claim to be considered a Liberal. Liberalism is not a creed, but a frame of mind. Mr. Arnold's frame of mind was Liberal. No living man is more deeply permeated with the grand doctrine of Equality than was he. He wished to see his countrymen and countrywomen all equal: Jack as good as his master, and Jack's master as good as Jack; and neither talking clap-trap. He had a hearty un-English dislike of anomalies and absurdities. He fully appreciated the French Revolution and was consequently a Democrat. He was not like Mr. Gladstone a democrat from irresistible impulse, nor like Mr. Labouchere from love of mischief, nor like Mr. Morley from hatred of priests, nor like the average British workman from a not unnatural desire to get something on account of his share of the family inheritance—but all roads lead to Rome, and Mr. Arnold was a democrat from a sober and partly sorrowful conviction that no other form of government was possible. He was an Educationalist, and Education is the true Leveller. His almost passionate cry for better middle-class education arose from his annoyance at the exclusion of large numbers of this great class from the best education the country afforded. It was a ticklish job telling this great, wealthy, middle class—which according to the newspapers had made England what she was and what everybody else wished to be—that it was, from an educational point of view, beneath contempt. "I hear with surprise," said Sir Thomas Basley at Manchester, "that the education of our great middle class requires improvement." But Mr. Arnold had courage. Indeed he carried one kind of courage to an heroic pitch. I mean the courage of repeating yourself over and over again. It is a sound forensic maxim: Tell a judge twice whatever you want him to hear. Tell a special jury thrice, and a common jury half-a-dozen times the view of a case you wish them to entertain. Mr. Arnold treated the middle class as a common jury and hammered away at them remorselessly and with the most unblushing iteration. They groaned under him, they snorted, and they sniffed—but they listened, and, what was more to the purpose, their children listened, and with filial frankness told their heavy sires that Mr. Arnold was quite right, and that their lives were dull, and hideous, and arid, even as he described them as being. Mr. Arnold's work as a School Inspector gave him great opportunities of going, about amongst all classes of the people. Though not exactly apostolic in manner or method, he had something to say both to and of everybody. The aristocracy were polite and had ways he admired, but they were

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impotent of ideas and had a dangerous tendency to become studiously frivolous. Consequently the Future did not belong to them. Get ideas and study gravity, was the substance of his discourse to the Barbarians, as, with that trick of his of miscalling God's creatures, he had the effrontery to dub our adorable nobility. But it was the middle class upon whom fell the full weight of his discourse. His sermons to them would fill a volume. Their great need was culture, which he declared to be *a study of perfection*, the sentiment for beauty and sweetness, the sentiment against hideousness and rawness. The middle class, he protested, needed to know all the best things that have been said and done in the world since it began, and to be thereby lifted out of their holes and corners, private academies and chapels in side streets, above their tenth-rate books and miserable preferences, into the main stream of national existence. The lower orders he judged to be a mere rabble, and thought it was as yet impossible to predict whether or not they would hereafter display any aptitude for Ideas, or passion for Perfection. But in the meantime he bade them learn to cohere, and to read and write, and above all he conjured them not to imitate the middle classes.

It is not easy to know everything about everybody, and it may be doubted whether Mr. Arnold did not overrate the degree of acquaintance with his countrymen his peregrinations among them had conferred upon him. In certain circles he was supposed to have made the completest possible diagnosis of dissent, and was credited with being able, after five minutes' conversation with any individual Nonconformist, unerringly to assign him to his particular chapel, Independent, Baptist, Primitive Methodist, Unitarian, or whatever else it might be, and this though they had only been talking about the weather. To people who know nothing about dissenters, Mr. Arnold might well seem to know everything. However, he did know a great deal, and used his knowledge with great cunning and effect, and a fine instinctive sense of the whereabouts of the weakest points. Mr. Arnold's sense for Equality and Solidarity was not impeded by any exclusive tastes or hobbies. Your collector, even though it be but of butterflies, is rarely a democrat. One of Arnold's favorite lines in Wordsworth was

> Joy that is in widest commonalty spread.

The collector's joys are not of that kind. Mr. Arnold was not, I believe, a collector of anything. He certainly was not of books. I once told him I had been reading a pamphlet written by him in 1859 on the Italian Question. He enquired somewhat curiously how I came across it. I said I had picked it up in a shop. "Oh, yes," said he, "some old curiosity shop, I suppose." Nor was he joking. He seemed quite to suppose that old books, and old clothes, and old chairs were huddled together for sale in the same resort of the curious. He was not curious about such things. The prices given for the early editions of his own poems seemed to tease him. His literary taste was broadly democratic. He did not care much for fished-up authors, nor did he ever indulge in swaggering rhapsodies over second-rate poets. The Best was good enough for him. "The best poetry" is what he wants, "a clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry, and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it." So he wrote in his General Introduction to Mr. Ward's "Selections from the English Poets." The best of Everything for Everybody. This was his gospel and his prayer.

Approaching Mr. Arnold's writings more nearly, it seems inevitable to divide them into three classes. His poems, his theological excursions, and his criticism, using the last word in a wide sense as including a criticism of life and of politics as well as of books and style.

Of Mr. Arnold's poetry it is hard for anyone who has felt it to the full during the most impressionable period of life to speak without emotion overcoming reason.

> Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,
> Hopes and fears, belief and unbelieving.

It is easy to admit, in general terms, its limitations. Mr. Arnold is the last man

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in the world anybody would wish to shove out of his place. A poet at all points, armed cap-a-pie against criticism, like Lord Tennyson, he certainly was not. Nor had his verse any share of the boundless vitality, the fierce pulsation so nobly characteristic of Mr. Browning. But these admissions made, we decline to parley any further with the enemy. We cast him behind us. Mr. Arnold, to those who cared for him at all, was the most *useful* poet of his day. He lived much nearer us than poets of his distinction usually do. He was neither a prophet nor a recluse. He lived neither above us, nor away from us. There are two ways of being a recluse—a poet may live remote from men, or he may live in a crowded street but remote from their thoughts. Mr. Arnold did neither, and consequently his verse tells and tingles. None of it is thrown away. His readers feel that he bore the same yoke as themselves. Theirs is a common bondage with his. Beautiful, surpassingly beautiful some of Mr. Arnold's poetry is, but we seize upon the *thought* first and delight in the *form* afterwards. No doubt the form is an extraordinary comfort, for the thoughts are often, as thoughts so widely spread could not fail to be, the very thoughts that are too frequently expressed rudely, crudely, indelicately. To open Mr. Arnold's poems is to escape from a heated atmosphere and a company not wholly free from offence even though composed of those who share our opinions—from loud-mouthed, random talking men into a well-shaded retreat which seems able to impart, even to our feverish persuasions and crude conclusions, something of the coolness of falling water, something of the music of rustling trees. This union of Thought, substantive Thought, with beauty of Form—of Strength with Elegance, is rare. I doubt very much whether Mr. Arnold ever realized the devotedness his verse inspired in the minds of thousands of his countrymen and countrywomen, both in the old world and the new. He is not a bulky poet. Three volumes contain him. But hardly a page can be opened without the eye lighting on verse which at one time or another has been, either to you or to some one dear to you, strength or joy. The "Buried Life," "A Southern Night," "Dover Beach," "A Wanderer is Man from his Birth," "Rugby Chapel," "Resignation." How easy to prolong the list, and what a list it is. Their very names are dear to us even as are the names of Mother Churches and Holy Places to the Votaries of the old Religion. I read the other day in the *Spectator* newspaper an assertion that Mr. Arnold's poetry had never consoled anybody. A falser statement was never made innocently. It may never have consoled the writer in the *Spectator*, but because the stomach of a dram-drinker rejects cold water is no kind of reason for a sober man abandoning his morning tumbler of the pure element. Mr. Arnold's poetry has been found full of consolation. It would be strange if it had not been. It is

> No stretched metre of an antique song,

but quick and to the point. There are finer sonnets in the English Language than the two following, but there are no better sermons. And if it be said that sermons may be found in stones, but ought not to be in sonnets, I fall back upon the fact which Mr. Arnold himself so cheerfully admitted, that the middle classes, who in England, at all events, are Mr. Arnold's chief readers, are serious, and love sermons. Some day perhaps they will be content with metrical exercises, ballads, and roundels.

East London.

'Twas August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
"Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in this scene?"
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been
Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, *the living bread*."

O human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam—
Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.

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The Better Part.

Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,
How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!
"Christ," some one says, "was human as we are;
No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin to scan;

We live no more, when we have done our span."—
"Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest, "who can care?
From Sin, which Heaven records not, why forbear?
Live we like brutes our life without a plan!"

So answerest thou; but why not rather say:
"Hath man no second life?—*Pitch this one high!*
Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to see?—

More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
Was Christ a man like us?—*Ah! let us try*
If we then, too, can be such men as he!"

Mr. Arnold's love of Nature, and poetic treatment of Nature, was to many a vexed soul a great joy and an intense relief. Mr. Arnold was a genuine Wordsworthian—being able to read everything Wordsworth ever wrote except "Vaudracour and Julia." The influence of Wordsworth upon him was immense, but he was enabled, by the order of his mind, to reject with the heartiest goodwill the cloudy pantheism which robs so much of Wordsworth's best verse of the heightened charm of reality, for, after all, Poetry, like Religion, must be true, or it is nothing. This strong aversion to the unreal also prevented Mr. Arnold, despite his love of the classical forms, from a nonsensical neo-paganism. His was a manlier attitude. He had no desire to keep tugging at the dry breasts of an outworn creed, nor any disposition to go down on his knees, or *hunkers* as the Scotch more humorously call them, before plaster casts of Venus, or even of "Proteus rising from the sea." There was something very refreshing about this. In the long run even a gloomy truth is better company than a cheerful falsehood. The perpetual strain of living down to a lie, the depressing atmosphere of a circumscribed intelligence tell upon the system, and the cheerful falsehood soon begins to look puffy and dissipated.

The Youth of Nature.

For, oh! is it you, is it you,
Moonlight, and shadow, and lake,
And mountains, that fill us with joy,
Or the poet who sings you so well?
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
More than the singer are these
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Yourselves and your fellows ye know not; and me,
The mateless, the one, will ye know?
Will ye scan me, and read me, and tell
Of the thoughts that ferment in my breast,
My longing, my sadness, my joy?
Will ye claim for your great ones the gift
To have rendered the gleam of my skies,
To have echoed the moan of my seas,
Uttered the voice of my hills?
When your great ones depart, will ye say:
All things have suffered a loss,
Nature is hid in their grave?

Race after race, man after man,
Have thought that my secret was theirs,
Have dream'd that I lived but for them,
That they were my glory and joy.
They are dust, they are changed, they are gone!
I remain.

When a poet is dead we turn to his verse with quickened feelings. He rests from his labors. We still

Stem across the sea of life by night,

and the Voice, once the Voice of the living—of one who stood by our side, has for a while an unfamiliar accent, coming to us as it does no longer from our friendly Earth but from the strange cold caverns of Death.

Joy comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows
Like the wave,
Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of men.
Love lends life a little grace,
A few sad smiles; and then,
Both are laid in one cold place,
In the grave.

Dreams dawn and fly, friends smile and die
Like spring flowers;
Our vaunted life is one long funeral.
Men dig graves with bitter tears
For their dead hopes; and all,
Mazed with doubts and sick with fears,
Count the hours.

We count the hours! These dreams of ours,
False and hollow,
Do we go hence and find they are not dead?
Joys we dimly apprehend,

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Faces that smiled and fled,
Hopes born here, and born to end,
Shall we follow ?

In a poem like this Mr. Arnold is seen at his best—he fairly forces himself into the very front ranks. In form almost equal to Shelley, or at any rate not so very very far behind him, whilst of course in reality, in wholesome thought, in the pleasures that are afforded by thinking, it is of incomparable excellence.

We die as we do, not as we would. Yet on reading again Mr. Arnold's "Wish" we feel that the manner of his death was much to his mind.

A Wish.

I ask not that my bed of death
From bands of greedy heirs be free :
For these besiege the latest breath
Of fortune's favored sons, not me.

I ask not each kind soul to keep
Tearless, when of my death he hears.
Let those who will, if any—weep!
There are worse plagues on earth than tears.

I ask but that my death may find
The freedom to my life denied ;
Ask but the folly of mankind
Then—then at last to quit my side.

Spare me the whispering, crowded room,
The friends who come, and gape, and go ;
The ceremonious air of gloom—
All, which makes death a hideous show !

Nor bring to see me cease to live
Some doctor full of phrase and fame
To shake his sapient head and give
The ill he cannot cure a name.

Nor fetch to take the accustom'd toll
Of the poor sinner bound for death
His brother-doctor of the soul
To canvass with official breath

The future and its viewless things—
That undiscover'd mystery
Which one who feels death's winnowing wings
Must needs read clearer, sure, than he !

Bring none of these ; but let me be
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aërial landscapes spread—
The world which was e'er I was born
The world which lasts when I am dead.

Which never was the friend of *one*,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun
And lived itself and made us live.

Then let me gaze—till I become
In soul, with what I gaze on, wed!
To feel the universe my home ;
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death !

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refresh'd, ennobled, clear—
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait, elsewhere or here !

To turn from Arnold's poetry to his theological writings—if so grim a name can be given to these productions—from "Rugby Chapel" to "Literature and Dogma," from "Obermann" to "God and the Bible," from "Empedocles on Etna" to "St. Paul and Protestantism," is to descend from the lofty table-lands,

From the dragon-warder'd fountains
Where the springs of knowledge are,
From the watchers on the mountains
And the bright and morning star,

to the dusty high-road. It cannot, I think, be asserted that either the place or the style of these books was in keeping with their subjects. It was characteristic of Mr. Arnold, and like his practical turn of mind to begin "Literature and Dogma" in the *Cornhill Magazine*. A book rarely shakes off the first draft—"Literature and Dogma" never did. It is full of repetitions and wearisome recapitulations, well enough in a magazine where each issue is sure to be read by many who will never see another number, but which disfigure a book. The style is likewise too jaunty. Chaffing the Trinity is not yet a recognized English pastime. Bishop-baiting is, but this notwithstanding, most readers of "Literature and Dogma" grew tired of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol and of his alleged desire to do something for the honor of the Godhead long before Mr. Arnold showed any signs of weariness. But making all these abatements, and fully admitting that "Literature and Dogma" is not likely to prove permanently interesting to the English

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reader, it must be pronounced a most valuable and useful book, and one to which the professional critics and philosophers never did justice. The object of "Literature and Dogma" was no less than the restoration of the use of the Bible to the sceptical laity. It was a noble object, and it was in a great measure, as thousands of quiet people could testify, attained. It was not a philosophical treatise. In its own way it was the same kind of thing as many of Cardinal Newman's writings. It started with an assumption, namely, that it is impossible to believe in the miracles recorded in the Old and New Testaments. There is no laborious attempt to distinguish between one miracle and another, or to lighten the burden of faith in any particular. Nor is any serious attempt made to disprove miracles. Mr. Arnold did not write for those who find no difficulty in believing in the first chapter of St. Luke's gospel, or the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark's, but for those who simply cannot believe a word of either the one chapter or the other. Mr. Arnold knew well that this inability to believe is apt to generate in the mind of the unbeliever an almost physical repulsion to open books which are full of supernatural events. Mr. Arnold knew this and lamented it. His own love of the Bible was genuine and intense. He could read even Jeremiah and Habakkuk. As he loved Homer with one side of him, so he loved the Bible with the other. He saw how men were crippled and maimed through growing up in ignorance of it, and living all the days of their lives outside its influence. He longed to restore it to them, to satisfy them that its place in the mind of man —that its educational and moral power was not due to the miracles it records nor to the dogmas that Catholics have developed or Calvinists extracted from its pages, but to its literary excellence and to the glow and enthusiasm it has shed over conduct, self-sacrifice, humanity, and holy living. It was at all events a worthy object and a most courageous task. It exposed him to a heavy cross-fire. The Orthodox fell upon his book and abused it, unrestrainedly abused it for its familiar handling of their sacred books. They almost grudged Mr. Arnold his great acquaintance with the Bible, just as an Englishman might be annoyed at finding Moltke acquainted with all the roads from Dover to London. This feeling was natural, and on the whole I think it creditable to the orthodox party that a book so needlessly pain-giving as "Literature and Dogma" did not goad them into any personal abuse of its author. But they could not away with the book. Nor did the philosophical sceptic like it much better. The philosophical sceptic— in other words the malignant Atheist, hates the Bible, even as the Devil was reported to hate holy water. Its spirit condemns him. Its devout, heart-stirring, noble language creates an atmosphere which is deadly for pragmatic egotism. To make men once more careful students of the Bible was to deal a blow at materialism, and consequently was not easily forgiven. "Why can't you leave the Bible alone," they grumbled—"What have we to do with it?" But Pharisees and Sadducees do not exhaust mankind, and Mr. Arnold's contributions to the religious controversies of his time were very far from the barren things that are most contributions, and indeed most controversies on such subjects. I believe I am right when I say that he induced a very large number of persons to take up again and make a daily study of the books both of the Old and the New Testament.

As a literary critic Mr. Arnold had at one time a great vogue. His "Essays in Criticism," first published in 1865, made him known to a larger public than his poems or his delightful lectures on translating Homer had succeeded in doing. He had the happy knack of starting interesting subjects and saying all sorts of interesting things by the way. There was the French Academy. Would it be a good thing to have an English Academy? He started the question himself and answered it in the negative. The public took it out of his mouth and proceeded to discuss it for itself, always on the assumption that he had answered it in the affirmative. But that is the way with the public. No sensible man minds it. To set something going is the most anybody can hope to do in this world. Where it will go to, and what

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sort of moss it will gather as it goes, for despite the proverb there is nothing incompatible between moss and motion, no one can say. In this volume, too, he struck the note, so frequently and usefully repeated, of self-dissatisfaction. To make us dissatisfied with ourselves, alive to our own inferiority, not absolute but in important respects, to check the chorus, then so loud, of self-approval of our majestic selves—to make us understand why nobody who is not an Englishman wants to be one, this was another of the tasks of this militant man. We all remember how "Wragg * is in custody." The papers on Heine and Spinoza and Marcus Aurelius were read with eagerness, with an enjoyment, with a sense of widening horizons too rare to be easily forgotten. They were light and graceful, but it would I think be unjust to call them slender. They were not written for specialists or even for students, but for ordinary men and women, particularly for young men and women, who carried away with them from the reading of "Essays in Criticism" something they could not have found anywhere else and which remained with them for the rest of their days, namely, a way of looking at things. A perfectly safe critic Mr. Arnold hardly was. Even in this volume he fusses too much about the De Guérins. In a sugary bride-cake romance of the "John Inglesant" species it would have been pretty enough, but for sober reality it was not "on the line." To some later judgments of his it would be unkind to refer. It was said of the late Lord Justice Melish by Lord Cairns that he went right instinctively. That is, he did not flounder into Truth. Mr. Arnold never floundered, but he sometimes fell. A more delightful critic of Literature we have not had for long. What pleasant reading are his "Lectures on Translating Homer," which ought to be at once reprinted. How full of good things! Not perhaps fit to be torn from their contexts, or paraded in a Commonplace book, but of the kind which give a reader joy—which make literature tempting—which revive, even in dull middle-age, something of the enthusiasm of the love-stricken boy. Then, too, his "Study of Celtic Literature." It does not matter much whether you can bring yourself to believe in the "Eisteddfod" or not. In fact Mr. Arnold did not believe in it. He knew perfectly well that better poetry is to be found every week in the poet's corner of every county newspaper in England than is produced annually at the Eisteddfod. You need not even share Mr. Arnold's opinion as to the inherent value of Celtic Literature, though this is of course a grave question, worthy of all consideration—but his "Study" is good enough to be read for love. It is full of charming criticism. Most critics are such savages—or if they are not savages, they are full of fantasies, and are capable at any moment of calling "Tom Jones" dull, or Sydney Smith a bore. Mr. Arnold was not a savage, and was as likely of calling "Tom Jones" dull, or Sydney Smith a bore as he was to call Homer heavy or Milton vulgar. He was no gloomy specialist. He knew it took all sorts to make a world. He was alive to life. Its great movement fascinated him, even as it had done Burke, even as it does Cardinal Newman. He watched the rushing stream, the "stir of existence," the good and the bad, the false and the true, with an interest that never flagged. In his last words on translating Homer he says: "And thus false tendency as well as true, vain effort as well as fruitful, go together to produce that great movement of life, to present that immense and magic spectacle of human affairs, which from boyhood to old age fascinates the gaze of every man of imagination, and which would be his terror if it were not at the same time his delight."

Mr. Arnold never succeeded in getting his countrymen to take him seriously as a practical politician. He was regarded as an unauthorized practitioner whose prescriptions no respectable chemist would consent to make up. He had not the diploma of Parliament, nor was he able, like the Secretary of an Early Closing Association, to assure any political aspirant that he commanded enough votes to turn an election. When Mr. John Morley took occasion after Mr. Arnold's death to refer to him in Parliament, the name was received respectfully but coldly. Mr. W. H. Smith is be-

* See Essays in Criticism, p. 23.

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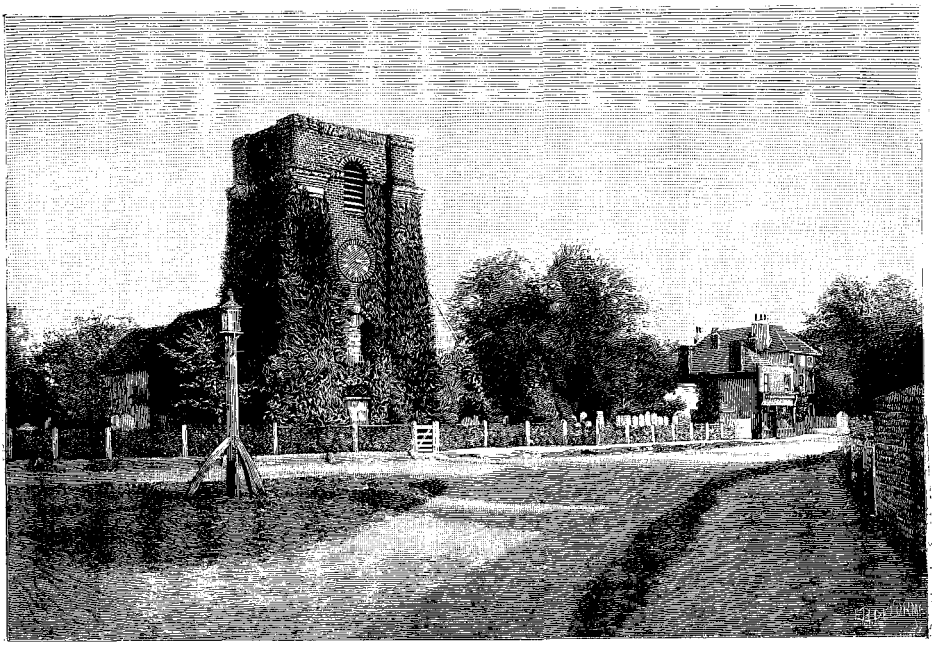

Laleham Church, in the yard of which Matthew Arnold is buried.

lieved by many never to have heard of the author of "Thyrsis." And yet he was eager about politics and had much to say about political questions. His work in these respects was far from futile. What he said was never inapt. It colored men's thoughts and contributed to the formation of their opinions far more than even public meetings. His introduction to his "Report on Popular Education in France," published in 1861, is as instructive a piece of writing as is to be found in any historical disquisition of the last three decades. The paper on "My Countrymen" in that most amusing book "Friendship's Garland" (which ought also to be at once reprinted) is full of point.

But it is time to stop. It is only possible to stop where we began. Matthew Arnold is dead. He would have been the last man to expect anyone to grow hysterical over the circumstance, and the first to denounce any strained emotion. *Il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire.* No one ever grasped this great, this comforting, this cooling, this self-destroying truth more cordially than he did. As I write the words I remember how he employed them in his preface to the second edition of "Essays in Criticism" where he records a conversation, I doubt not an imaginary one, between himself and a portly jeweller from Cheapside—his fellow-traveller on the Woodford Branch of the Great Eastern Line. The Traveller was greatly perturbed in his mind by the murder then lately perpetrated in a railway carriage by the notorious Müller. Mr. Arnold plied him with consolation. "Suppose the worst to happen," I said, "suppose even yourself to be the victim—*il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire*—we should miss you for a day or two on the Woodford Branch, but the great mundane movement would still go on, the gravel walks of your villa would still be rolled, dividends would still be paid at the Bank, omnibuses would still run, there would still be the old crush at the corner of Fenchurch Street."

And so it proves for all—for portly jewellers and lovely poets.

> The Pillar still broods o'er the fields
> Which border Ennerdale Lake,
> And Egremont sleeps by the sea—
> Nature is fresh as of old,
> Is lovely; a mortal is dead.

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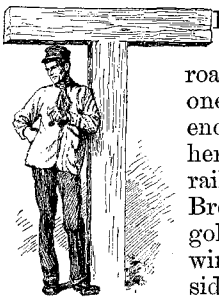
THE EVERY-DAY LIFE OF RAILROAD MEN.

By B. B. Adams, Jr.



THE typical railroad man "runs on the road;" he is not the one whose urbane presence adorns the much-heralded offices of the railroad companies on Broadway, where the gold letters on the front window are each considerably larger than the elbow-room allowed the clerks inside, nor indeed is he, generally speaking, the one with whom the public or the public's drayman comes in contact when visiting a large city station to ship or receive freight. These and others whose part in the complex machinery of transportation is in a degree auxiliary are indeed largely imbued with the *esprit de corps* which originates in the main body of workers; but their duties are such that their interest is not especially lively.

The railroad man's home life is not specially different from other people's. There have been Chesterfields among conductors, and mechanical geniuses have grown up among the locomotive engineers, but these were products of an era now past. Station men are a part of the communities where their duties place them. Trainmen and their families occupy a modest though highly respectable place in the society they live in. Trainmen who live in a city generally receive the same pay that is given to their brothers, doing the same work, whose homes are in the country. The families of the latter therefore enjoy purer air, lessened expenses, and other advantages which are denied the former.

On most railroads the freight-train men—engineers, conductors, brakemen, and firemen—are the most numerous and prominent class, as the number of freight trains is generally larger than that of passenger trains; and among these men there are more brakemen than anything else, because there are two or more on every train, while there is but one of each of the other classes. And as the ranks of the passenger-train service are generally recruited from the freight-train men it follows that the *freight brakeman* impresses his individuality quite strongly upon not only the circles in which he moves but the whole train service as well. Freight conductors are promoted brakemen, and most (though not by any means all) passenger conductors are promoted freight conductors; so that the brakeman's prominent traits of character continue to appear throughout the several grades of the service. As he is promoted he of course improves. The general character of the *personnel* of the freight-train service has undergone a considerable change in the last twenty years. Whiskey drinkers have been weeded out, and pilferers with them. Improved discipline has effected a general toning up, raising the moral standard perceptibly. One reforming superintendent a few years ago on undertaking an aggressive campaign found himself compelled to discharge three-fifths of all his brakemen before he could regard the force as reasonably cleared of the rowdy element.

The brakeman, like the "drummer," is a characteristic American product. Each has his wits sharpened by peculiar experiences, and, while important lines of intellectual training are almost wholly neglected, there is contact with the world in various directions, which develops qualities that tend to elevate the individual in many ways. Although freight brakemen do not have any intercourse with the public, they somehow learn the ways of the world very quickly, and the brightest ones among them need very little training to fit them for a place on a passenger train where they are expected to deal with gentle ladies and fastidious millionaires, and bear themselves with the grace of a hotel clerk. Perhaps one reason why brakemen impress their characteristics on the

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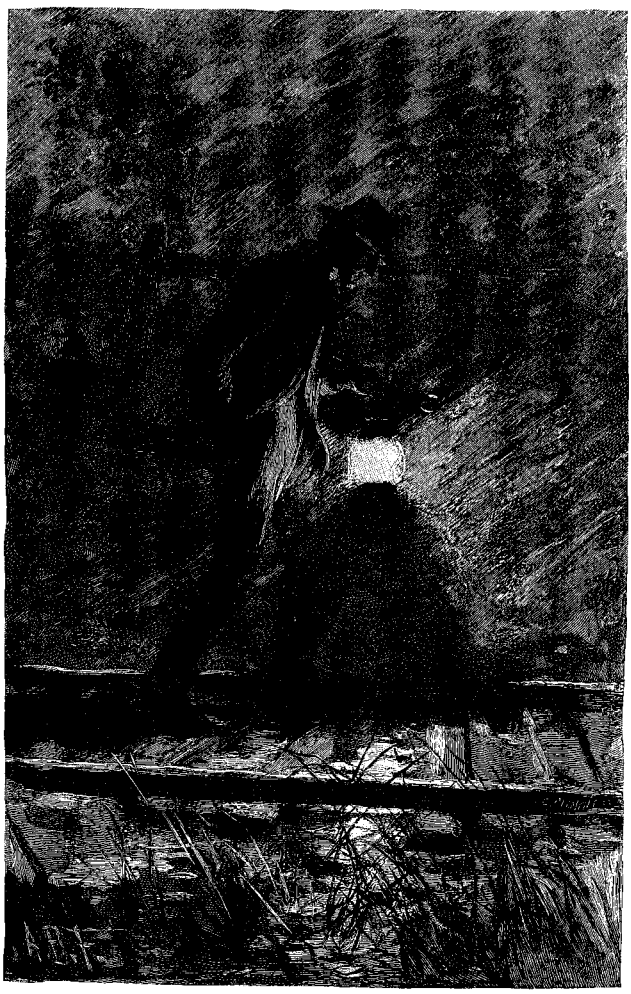
whole *personnel* of the service is because they have abundance of opportunity for meditation. Many of them have a superfluity of hours and half hours when they have nothing to do but ride on the top of a car and keep a general watch of the train, and they have ample time to think twice before speaking once. Even a circus clown or the vendor of shoe-strings or ten-cent watches has to study the arts of expression; why should not the intelligent trainman, who wishes to let people know that he is of some account in the world? If he wants a favor from a superior he knows just the best way of approach to secure success. If he deems it worth while to complain of anything, he formulates his appeal in a way that is sure to be telling. Every one knows the old story of the brakeman who was refused a free pass home on Saturday night with the argument that his employer, if a farmer, could not be reasonably expected to hitch up a horse and buggy for such a purpose. The reply, that, admitting this, the farmer who had his team already harnessed up and was going that way with an empty seat would be outrageously mean to refuse his hired man a ride, is none too 'cute to be characteristic. The brakeman who is not able



A Track-walker on a Stormy Night.

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to puncture the sophistries of narrow-souled or disingenuous superiors is the exception and not the rule.

The brakeman gives the prevailing tone to the "society" of despatchers' lobbies and other lounging places which he frequents. He originates whatever slang may be deemed necessary to give spice to the talk of the caboose and round-house. He calls a gravel train a "dust express," and refers to the pump for compressing air for the power-brakes as a "wind-jammer." The fireman's prosaic labors are lightened by being poetically mentioned as the handling of black diamonds, and the mortification of being called into the superintendent's office to explain some dereliction of duty is disguised by referring to the episode as "dancing on the carpet."

The disagreeable features of a freight brakeman's life are chiefly those dependent upon the weather. If he could perform his duties in Southern California or Florida in winter, and in the Northern States in summer, his lot would ordinarily be a happy one, though the annoyance of tramps is almost universal in mild climates and in many cases takes the shape of positive danger. These vagabonds persist in riding on or in the cars, while the faithful trainman must, according to his instructions, keep them off. In some sections of the country they will board a train in gangs of a dozen, armed with pistols, and dictate where the train shall carry them. Last March in Chicago a conductor while ejecting a tramp from the caboose was shot and killed by the vagabond.

The hardships of cold and stormy weather are serious, both because of the test of endurance involved and the added difficulties in handling a train. The Westinghouse automatic air-brake, which has served so admirably on passenger trains for the past fifteen years, has only recently been adapted and cheapened so as to make it available for long freight trains, but it is now so perfected that in a few years the brakeman who now has to ride on the outside of cars in a freezing condition for an hour at a time will be privileged to sit comfortably in his caboose while the speed of the train is governed by the engineer, through the instantaneous action of the air-brake. On the steep roads of the Rocky Mountains, and a few other lines, this brake is already in use.

But "braking by hand" is still the rule. In running on ascending grades or at slow speeds, the brakemen can ride under cover, but in descending grades, or on levels when the speed is high, they must be on the tops of the cars ready to instantly apply the brakes, for the reason that there are generally only three or four men to a long train weighing from 500 to 1,000 tons, whose momentum cannot be arrested very quickly. In descending steep grades, only the most constant and skilful care prevents the train from rushing at break-neck speed to the foot of the incline, or to a curve, where it would be precipitated over an embankment and crushed to splinters. One of the mountain roads in Colorado which now uses air-brakes is said to be lined its whole length with the ruins of cars lying in the gorges, where they were wrecked in the former days of hand-brakes. Even on grades much less steep than those in Colorado the danger of this sort of disaster is one that has to be constantly guarded against. Take the case of a 40-car train descending a $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. grade ($79\frac{2}{10}$ feet per mile). Before all of the cars have passed over the summit and commenced to descend, the forward part of the train will have increased its velocity very perceptibly and will thus by its weight exert a strong pull on the rear portion, "yanking" it very roughly sometimes, and if one of the couplings between the cars chances to be weak it breaks, separating the train into two parts. Mishaps of this kind are frequent, and two or more breakages often occur at the same time, dividing the train so that one of the parts—between the two end portions—is, perhaps, left with no brakeman upon it. The engineman then has the choice of slackening his speed and allowing the unmanageable cars to violently collide with his portion, or of increasing his own speed to such a rate that he is soon in danger of suddenly overtaking a train ahead of him. To avoid this breaking-in-two the brakemen must be wide awake on the instant and see that their brakes are tightened before the speed even begins

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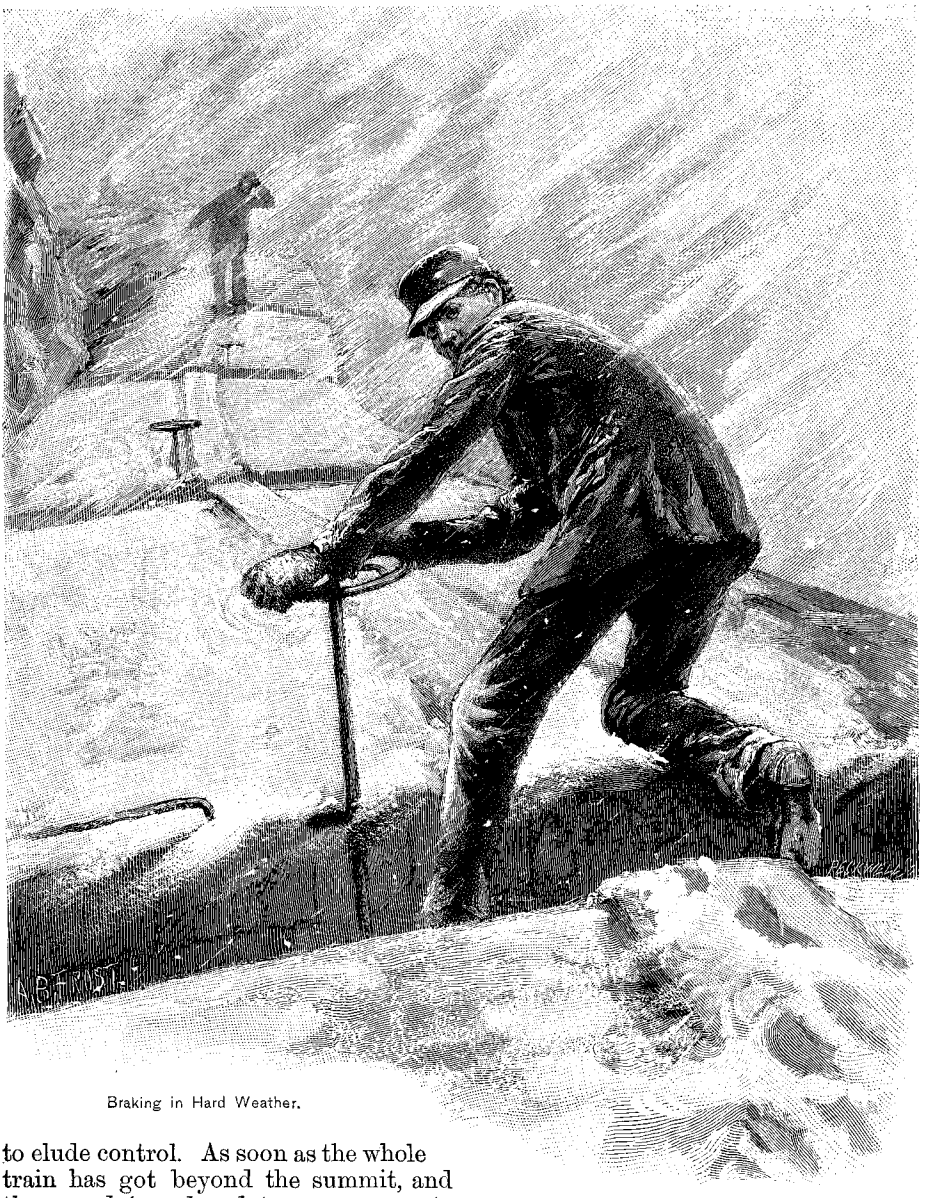

Braking in Hard Weather.

to elude control. As soon as the whole train has got beyond the summit, and the speed is reduced to a proper rate by the application of the brakes on, say, one-third or one-half the cars, it will perhaps be found that one or two brakes too many have been put on and that the train is running too slowly. Some of them must then be loosened. Or perhaps some are set so tightly that the friction heats the wheels unduly or causes them to slide along the track instead of rolling; then those brakes must be released and some on other cars applied instead; and all this must be done (sometimes for an hour) when the temperature is 20 degrees below zero, or the wind is blowing a gale, just as under more favorable circumstances. A train moving at 20 miles an hour against a wind with a velocity of 30 miles increases the latter to 50, so far as the brakeman is concerned; and if rain or sleet is falling, the force of it on his hands and face is very severe. If we

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add to this the danger attendant upon stepping from one car to another over a gap of 27 to 30 inches, in a dark night, when the cars are constantly moving up and down on their springs and are swaying to one side or the other every few seconds, we get some idea of, though we cannot realize, the sensations that must at such times fill the minds of the men whose pleasant berth seems so enjoyable on a mild summer's day. And this is not an overdrawn picture or the worst that might be given; for rain and snow combined often coat the roofs of cars so completely and solidly that they are worse than the smoothest skating-pond, and moving upon them is attended with danger at every step. Jumping—it cannot be called walking—from one car to another is in such cases positively reckless. The brake-apparatus will in a snow-storm be coated with ice so rapidly that vigorous action is required to keep it in working condition. Even a wind alone, in dry weather, sometimes compels the men to *crawl* from one car to another, grasping such projections as they may. The brakeman who forgets to take his rubber coat and overalls sometimes suffers severely from sudden changes of temperature. In spring or fall a lively shower will be encountered in a sheltered valley, and the clothing be completely drenched, and then within perhaps half an hour the ascent of a few hundred feet brings the train into an atmosphere a few degrees below the freezing point, so that with the aid of the wind, fanned by the speed of the train, the clothes are very soon frozen stiff.

Another feature which often involves discomfort and occasionally positive suffering and danger is "going back to flag." When a train is unexpectedly stopped upon the road, the brakeman at the rear end must immediately take his red flag or lantern and go back a half mile or more to give the "stop" signal to the enginemen of any train that may be following. This rule is sometimes disregarded in clear weather on straight lines, and is even evaded by lazy or unfaithful brakemen where the neglect is positively dangerous, but still many a faithful man has to go out and stand for a long time in a severe snow-storm or risk his life in walking several miles to a station. The record of individual perils and heroisms in the New York blizzard of last March are paralleled, or at least repeated, on a slightly milder scale, by brakemen every winter.

The danger of sudden accidental death or maiming is constant and great, and the bare record of the numerous cases is acutely suggestive of inexpressible suffering; but, strange to say, it does not worry the average brakeman much. Though probably a thousand trainmen are killed in this country every year, and four or five thousand injured, by collisions and derailments, in coupling cars, falling off trains, striking low overhead bridges, and from other causes, no one brakeman, from what he sees in his own experience, realizes the danger very vividly. As in other dangers which are constant but inevitable, familiarity breeds carelessness which is closely akin to contempt. Falling from trains is really a serious danger, because the most ceaseless caution—next to impossible for the average man to maintain—is necessary to avoid missteps. This will be practically abolished when the long-wished-for air-brake comes into use, as that will obviate the necessity of riding on the tops of the cars.

Coupling accidents are practically unavoidable because, although the necessary manipulations *can* be made without going between the cars or placing the hands in dangerous situations, the men as a general thing prefer to take the risk of the more dangerous method. With the ordinary freight-car apparatus (which, however, is destined to be superseded by an automatic coupler) the link by which the cars are connected is retained by a pin in the drawbar of either car; as one car approaches another at considerable speed, this link, which hangs loosely down at an angle of 30 degrees, must be lifted and guided into the opening in the opposite drawbar. This operation must, according to the regulations of most roads, be performed by the aid of a short stick; but disregarding the regulation, partly to save time and partly because of fear of the ridicule that would be called out by the exhibition of a lack of dexterity, the average brakeman uses his fingers.

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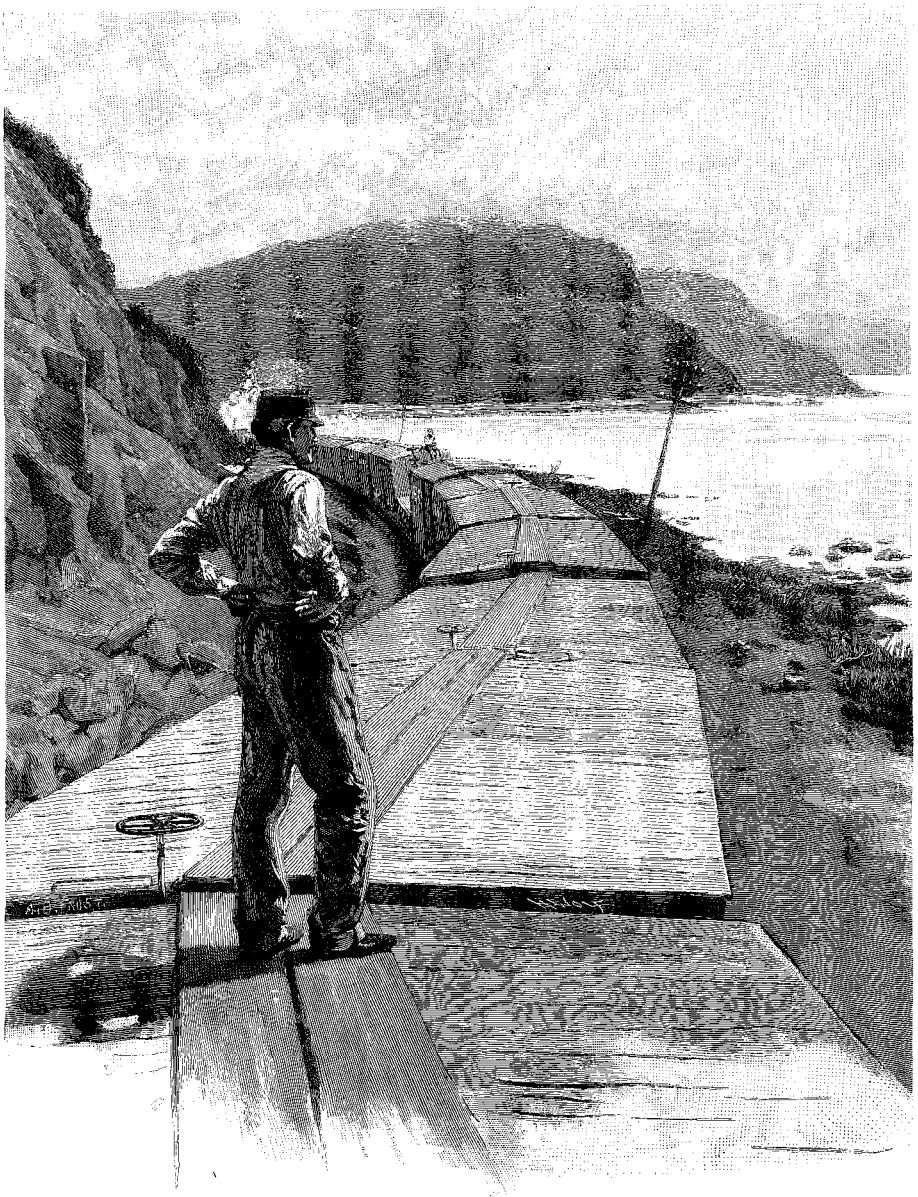

The Pleasant Part of a Brakeman's Life.

He must lift the link and hold it horizontally until the end enters the opening, and then withdraw his hand before the heavy drawbars come together. A delay of a fraction of a second would crush the hand or finger as under a trip-hammer. And in point of fact this delay does, for various reasons, frequently happen, and the number of trainmen with wounded hands to be found in every large freight-yard is sad evidence of the fact. But again, assuming that this part of the operation is accomplished in safety, there is another and worse danger in the possibility of being crushed bodily. Cars are built with projecting timbers on their ends at or near the centre, for the purpose of keeping the main body of each car 12 or 15 inches from its neighbor; but cars of dissimi-

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lar pattern sometimes meet in such a way that the projections on one lap past those on the other, and the space which should afford room for the man to stand in safety is not maintained. If the brakeman, in the darkness of night or the hurry of his work, fails to note the peculiarities of the cars, he is mercilessly crushed, the ponderous vehicles often banging together with a force of many tons. A constant danger in coupling and uncoupling is the liability to catch the feet in angles in the track. Freight conductors are peculiarly liable to this, as the duty of uncoupling (pulling out the coupling-pin) generally devolves upon them, and must be done while the train is in motion. Walking rapidly along, in the dark, with the right hand holding a lantern and grasping the car, while the left is tugging at a pin which sticks, involves perplexities wherein a moment's hesitation may prove fatal.

The dangers here recounted are those which only brakemen (or those acting as brakemen) have to meet. The liability of all trainmen to be killed by the cars tumbling down a bank, colliding with another train, and a hundred other conditions is also considerable. The horror which the public feels on the occurrence of such a disaster as that at Chatsworth, Ill., a year ago, or the half-dozen other terrible ones within the past two years, could reasonably be repeated every month if railroad employees instead of passengers were considered. There are no accurate official statistics kept of the train accidents in the country, but the accounts compiled monthly by the *Railroad Gazette* always show a large number of casualties to railroad men from causes *beyond their own control* (collisions, running off the track, etc.), no mention being made of the larger number resulting from the victims' own want of caution. In the month of March, 1887, in which occurred the terrible Bussey bridge disaster, near Boston, 25 passengers were killed in the United States; but the same month recorded 34 employees killed. At Chatsworth 80 passengers were killed; but in that and the following month the number of employees killed in the country reached 97. In both of these comparisons the number of passengers is exceptional, while that of employees is ordinary.

The brakeman must be on hand promptly at the hour of his train's preparation for departure, and generally he must do his part in 15, 30, or 60 minutes' lively work in assembling cars from different tracks, changing them from the front to the rear or middle of the train, and setting aside those that are broken or disabled; but once on the road by far the greater portion of his time is his own, for his own enjoyment, almost as fully as that of the passenger who travels for the express purpose of entertaining himself. In mild weather and in daylight, life on the top of a freight train is almost wholly devoid of unpleasant features, and it takes on the nature of work only for the same reason that any routine becomes more or less irksome after a time. Much of the time there are a few bushels of cinders from the engine flying in the air, which a novice can get into his eyes with great facility, but the brakeman gets used to them. He sees every day (on many roads) the beauties of nature in great variety. Much of the scenery of the adjoining country is 500 per cent. more enjoyable from the brakeman's perch on the roof than from the car windows, for the reason that the increased height gives such an enlarged horizon. This education from nature is an element in railroad men's lives not to be despised. The trainman whose daily trips take him past the panoramic charms of the Connecticut Valley in summer, through the gorgeous-hued mountain foliage along the Erie in autumn, or the perennial grandeur of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado certainly enjoys a privilege for which many a city worker would gladly make large sacrifices. But to trainmen the refining influence of these surroundings is often an unconscious influence, and with the majority of them is perhaps generally so, because of the prosaic round of every-day thoughts filling their minds. There are also some other advantages, not wholly unæsthetic, which a millionaire might almost envy the freight trainman. Every twenty miles or so the engine must stop for water, and it often happens that this is in a cool place where the men can at the same time refresh themselves with

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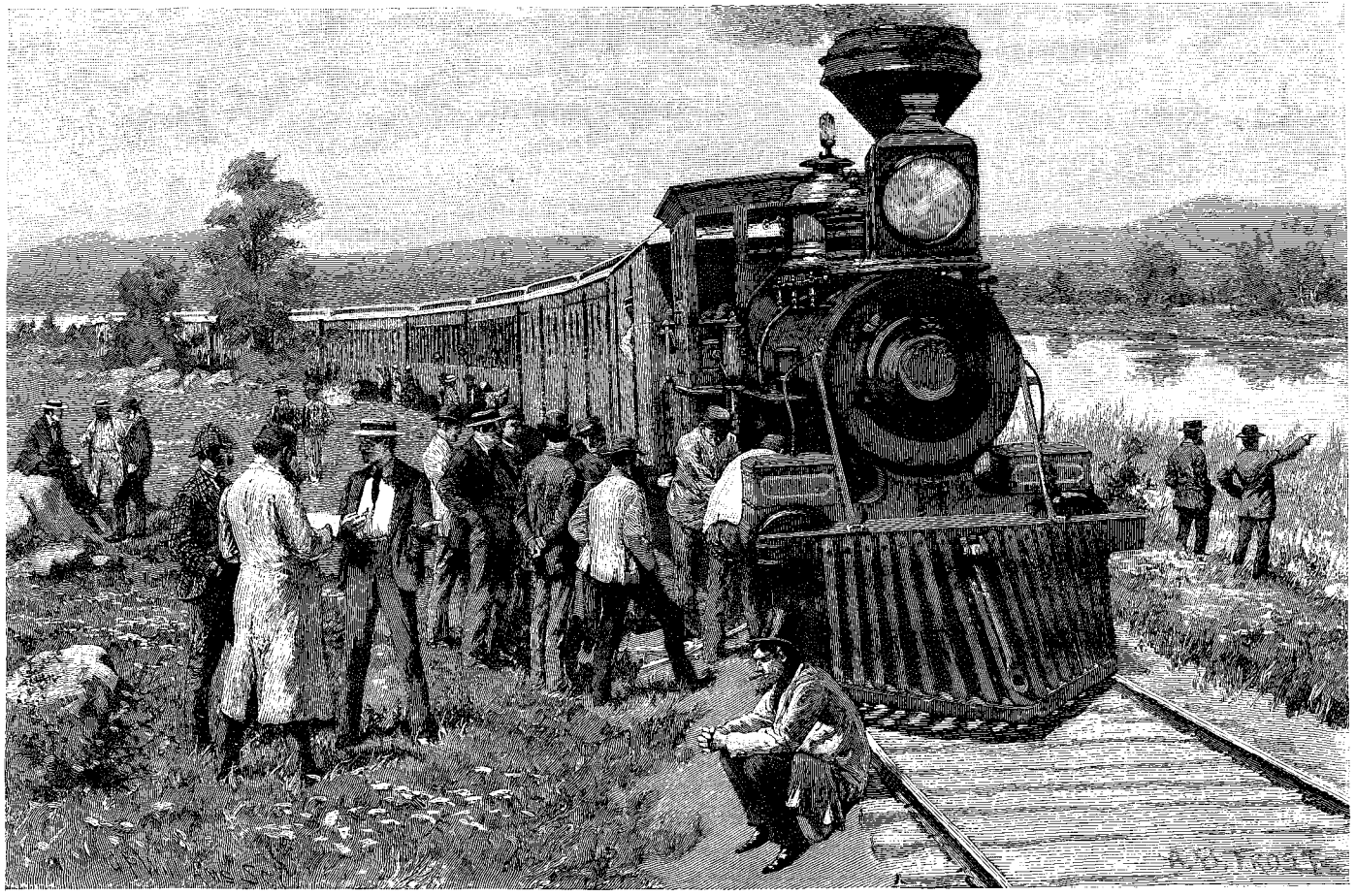

A Breakdown on the Road.

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spring water whose sparkling purity is unknown in New York or Chicago. Though brakemen who love beer are not by any means scarce, an accessible spring or well of pure water along the line always finds appreciative uses during warm weather; and the Kentuckian who sojourned six months in Illinois without thinking to try the water there is not represented in the ranks of level-headed brakemen. A certain railroad president regales himself in summer on spring water brought in jugs from 100 miles up the road by trainmen who find in this service an opportunity to "make themselves solid" at headquarters. Freight trainmen get all the delicious products of the soil at first hands. In their stops at way stations they get acquainted with the farmers, and can make their selection of the best things at low prices, thus (if they keep house) living on fruits, vegetables, etc., of a quality fit for a king.

The passenger-train brakeman differs from the freight trainman chiefly in the fact that he must deal with the public, and so must have a care for his personal appearance and behavior, and in the fact that he is *not a brakeman*, the universal air-brake relieving him of all work in this line. His chief duties are those of a porter, though the wide-awake American brakeman, with an eye to future promotion to a conductorship, maintains his dignity and is not by any means the servile call-boy that the English railway porter is. The wearing of uniforms has been introduced here from England and is in the main a good feature, though some roads, whose discipline is otherwise quite good, allow their men to appear in slovenly and even ragged clothes. Superintendents should give more care to this matter as it is not an unimportant one. It affects the men's self-respect and influences their usefulness in other ways.

Brakemen have had the reputation of doing a good deal of flirting, and many a country girl has found a worthy husband among them; but there is not so much of this method of diversion as formerly; both passenger and freight men now have to attend more strictly to business, and they cannot conveniently indulge in side play.

The freight conductor is simply a high grade of brakeman. His work is almost wholly supervisory and clerical, and so, after several years' service, he becomes more sober and business-like in his bearing, the responsibilities of his position being sufficient to effect this change; but he generally retains his sympathies with his old associates who have become subordinates. His duties are to keep the record of the train, the time, numbers of cars, etc.; to see that the brakemen regulate the speed when necessary, and to keep a general watch. The calculations necessary to make a 75-mile trip and get over the line without wasting time are often considerable, and an inexperienced conductor can easily keep himself in a worry for the whole trip. Often he cannot go more than ten miles after making way for a passenger train before another overtakes him; so that he must spend a good share of his time sitting in his caboose with the time-table in one hand and his watch in the other, calculating where and when to side-track the train. On single-track roads perplexities of this kind are generally more numerous than on double lines, because trains both in front and behind must be guarded against, and because the regulations are frequently modified by telegraphic instructions from headquarters. A mistake in reading these instructions, which are written in pencil, often by a slovenly penman, and on tissue paper, may and occasionally does cause a disastrous collision. These duties of conductors are especially characteristic of trains that must keep out of the way of passenger trains, so that in this particular line it will be seen that the passenger conductor has much the easier berth. The freight and "work-train" conductor must really be a better calculator, in many ways, than the wearer of gilt badges and buttons, though the latter receives the higher pay.

The *bête noire* of the freight conductor is an investigation at headquarters concerning delinquencies in which the blame is divided. A typical case of this kind is that of a freight train which has stopped at some unusual place and been run into by a following train, doing some hundreds of dollars damage, if not kill-

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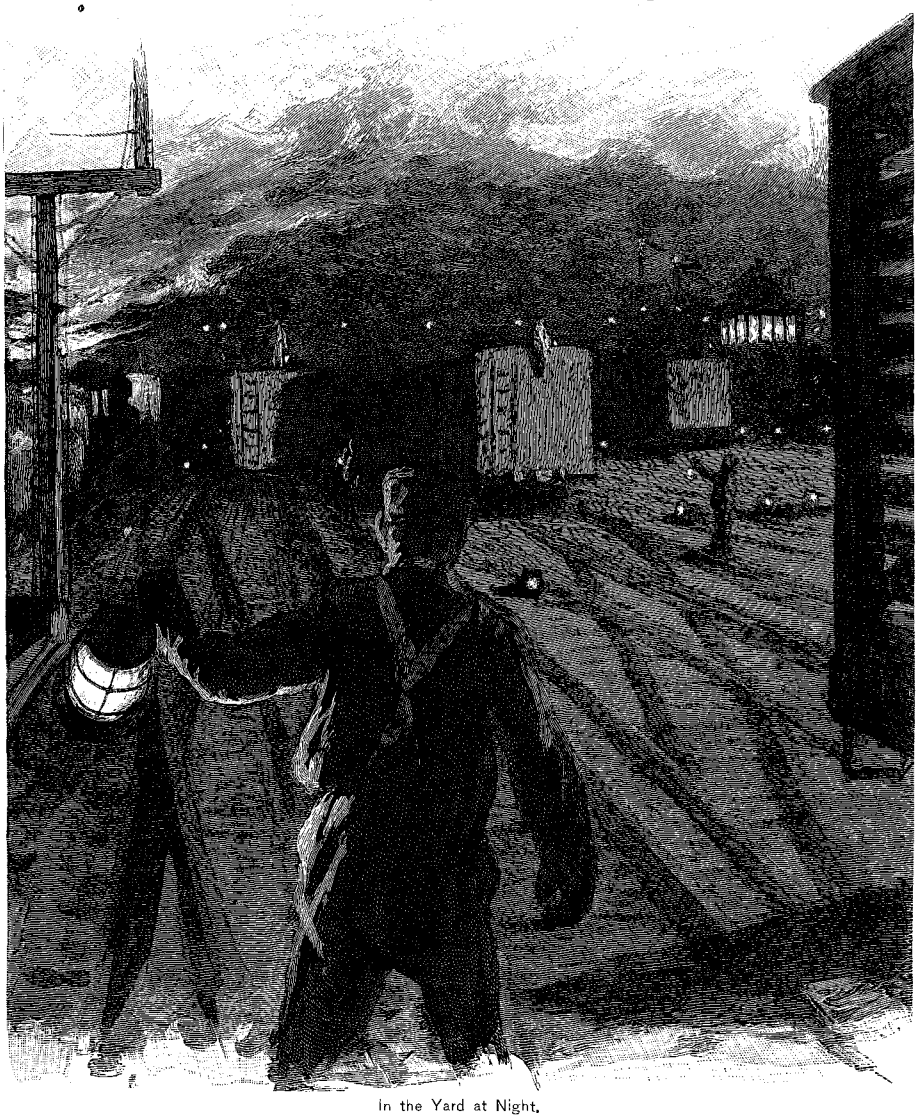
ing or injuring persons. "Strict adherence to rules will avert all such accidents," the code says; but they do happen, and the inquiry as to whether the conductor used due diligence in sending a man with a red flag to warn the oncoming train, or the engineer of the latter was heedless, or what was the trouble, is the occasion of much anxiety.



In the Yard at Night.

Conductors, concerning whose life I have only noted a few of the duties and perplexities, are not so much subject to the vicissitudes of cold and wet weather, and therefore have in many respects better opportunities than the brakemen to avail themselves of the enjoyments of a trainman's life. The risk to life and limb from coupling cars, etc., is also somewhat less, though many a faithful conductor has lost his life in the performance of a dangerous duty which he had assumed out of generous consideration for an inexperienced or overworked subordinate. The beneficial influences on health, mind, and morals coming from contact with nature are, as before remarked, largely unconscious influences, because of the counteracting effect of

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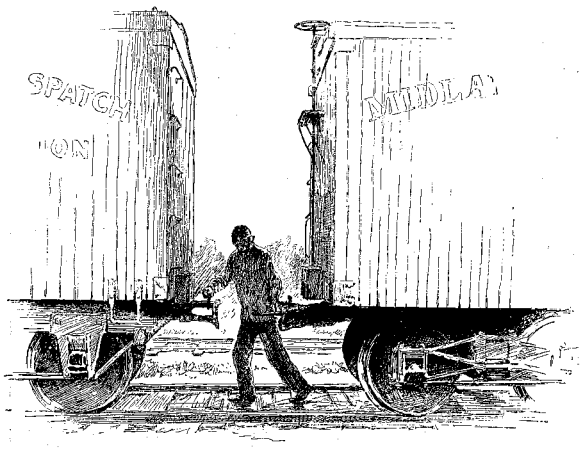
the immediate surroundings. The irregular hours are unfavorable to health. The crews run in turn; if there are forty crews and forty trains daily, each crew will start out at about the same hour each day. But if on Monday there are forty trains, on Tuesday thirty, and on Wednesday fifty, it will be seen that the starting time must be very irregular. Ten of the crews which worked on Monday will have nothing to do on Tuesday, but on Wednesday or Thursday will have to do double service. The first trip will be all in the day-time, and the next all in the night, perhaps. This irregularity is constant, and it is impossible to tell on Monday morning where one will be on Wednesday. All the week's sleep may have to be taken in the day-time or all at night. There may be five days' work to do between Monday morning and the following Monday morning, or there may be nine. The trainman has to literally board in his "mammoth" dinner pail, and his wife or boarding mistress knows less about his whereabouts than if he were on an Arctic whaling vessel.



Coupling.

The locomotive engineer is the popular "hero of the rail," and the popular estimate in this respect is substantially just. Others have to brave dangers and perform duties under trying circumstances; but the engine runner has to ride in the most dangerous part of the train, take charge of a steam boiler that may explode and blow him to atoms, and of machinery that may break and kill him, and try to keep up a vigilance which only a being more than human could successfully maintain. He must be a tolerably skilful machinist—he cannot be too good—and have nerves that will remain steady under the most trying circumstances. If running a fast express through midnight darkness over a line where a similar train has been tipped off a precipice (and a brother runner killed) by train-wreckers the night before, he must dash forward with the same confidence that he would feel in broad day-light on an open prairie.

"Dancing on the Carpet."

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But he does not "heroically grasp the throttle" in the face of danger, when the throttle has been already shut, nor does he "whistle down brakes" in order to add a stirring element to the reporter's tale, when by the magic of the air-brake he can, with a turn of his hand, apply every brake in the train with the grip of a vise in less time than it would take him to reach the whistle-pull. When there is danger ahead there is generally just one thing to do, and that is to stop as soon as possible. An instant suffices for shutting off the steam and applying the brake. With modern trains this is all that is necessary or can be done. Reversing the engine is necessary on many engines and formerly was on all; this would, in fact, be done instinctively by old runners, in any case, but this also is done in a second. After taking these measures there is nothing for the engineman to do but look out for his own safety. In some circumstances, as in the case of a partially burned bridge which may possibly support the train even in a weakened condition, it may be best to put on all steam. The runner is then in a dilemma, and a right decision is a matter of momentary inspiration. Many lives have been saved by quick-witted runners in such cases, but there is no ground for censure of the engineer who, in the excitement of the moment, decides to slacken instead of quicken his speed. The rare cases of this kind are what show the value of experience, and of men of the right temperament and degree of intelligence to acquire experience-lessons readily.

But the terrible cloud constantly hanging over the engineer and fireman of a fast train is the chance of encountering an obstacle which cannot possibly be avoided, and which leaves them no alternative but to jump for their lives, if indeed it does not take away even that. To the fact that this cloud is no larger than it is, and that these men have sturdy and courageous natures must be attributed the lightness with which it rests upon them. On one road or another, from a washout, or inefficient management, or a collision caused by an operator's forgetfulness, or some one of a score of other causes, there are constantly occurring cases of men heroically meeting death under the most heartrending circumstances. Every month records a number of such, though happily they are not frequent on any one road. The case of engineer Kennar, a year or more ago, is a typical one. Precipitated with his engine into a river by a washout which the roadmaster's

Timely Warning.

vigilance had failed to discover, his first thought, as zealous hands tried to rescue him, was for the safety of his train; and, forgetting his own anguish, he warned those about him to attend first to the sending of a red lantern to warn a following train against a collision. The significance of facts like this is not so much in the service to humanity done at the time, or even in the example set for those who shall meet such crises in the future, but rather in the evidence they give of the firm and lofty conscientiousness that inspires the every-day conduct of thousands of engineers all over the land. As has already been said, the critical occasions on which engineers are supposed to be heroic often allow them no chance at all to be either heroic or cowardly, and their heroism must be, and is, manifested in the calm fidelity with which they, day after day

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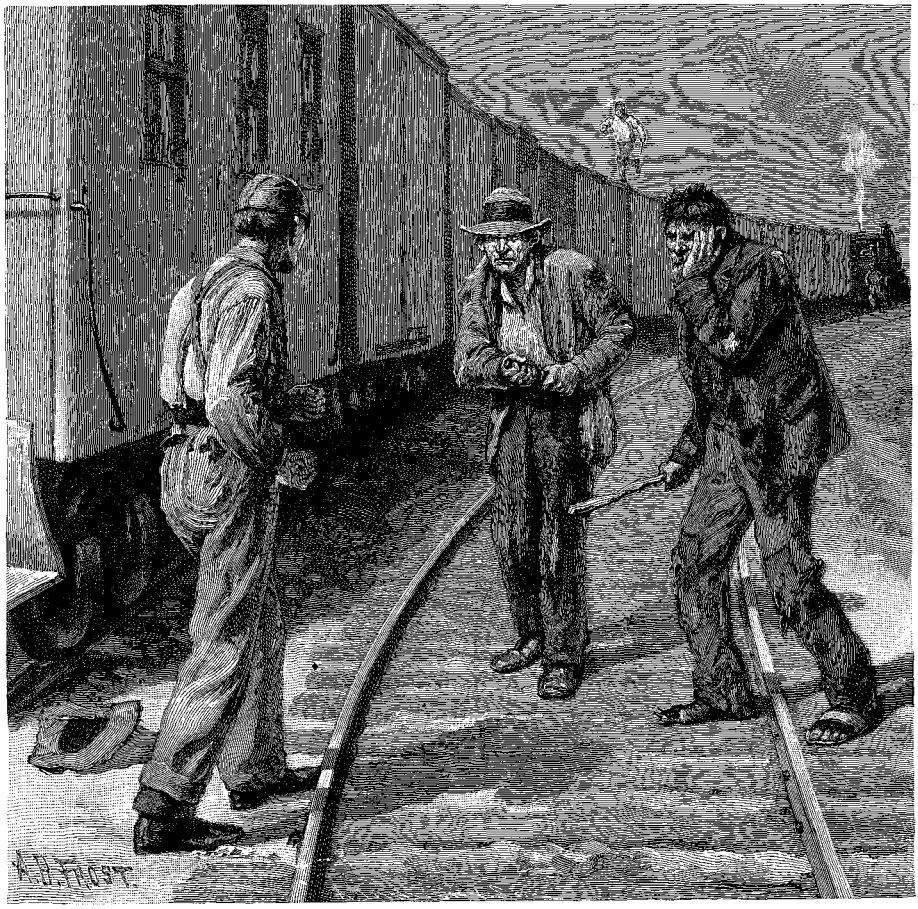
and year after year, perform their exacting and often monotonous round of duties while all the time knowing of the possibilities before them.

On the best of roads a freight train wrecked by a broken wheel under a borrowed car may be thrown in the path of a passenger train on another track, just as the latter approaches. This has happened more than once lately. No amount of fidelity or forethought (except in the maker of the wheels) can prevent this kind of disaster. There is constant danger, on most roads, of running off the track at misplaced switches, many switches being located at points where the runner can see them only a few seconds before he is upon them; but the chance is so small—perhaps one in ten or a hundred thousand—that the average runner forgets it, and it is only by severe self-discipline that he can hold himself up to compliance with the rule which requires him to be on the watch for every switch-target as long before reaching it as he possibly can. He finds the switches all right and the road perfectly clear so regularly, day after day and month after month, that he may easily fall into the snare of thinking that they will always be so. But, like other trainmen, the engineman finds enough more agreeable thoughts to fill his mind, and reflects upon the hazards of his vocation perhaps too little.



Trainman and Tramps.

The freight engineman's every-day thoughts are largely about the care of

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his engine and the perplexities incident to getting out of it the maximum amount of work with the minimum amount of fuel. The constant aim of his superiors is to have the engine draw every pound it possibly can. To haul a train up a "lays down on the road" (fails to draw its load because of insufficient fire and consequent low steam pressure) is liable to the jeers of his comrades on his return home, if not to some sharp inquiries from his superior.

Flagging in Winter

long and steep grade when the cars are so heavily loaded that a single additional one would bring the whole to a dead standstill requires a knack that can be appreciated only by viewing the performance on the spot. Failure not only wastes time and fuel (it may necessitate a return to the foot of the hill or going to the top with only half the load), but it raises a suspicion that some other runner might have succeeded better. The runner whose engine

The passenger runner's greatest concern is to "make time." Some trains are scheduled so that the engineman must keep his engine up to its very highest efficiency over every furlong of its journey in order to arrive at destination on time. A little carelessness in firing, in letting cold water into the boiler irregularly, or in slackening more than is necessary where the right to the track is in doubt for a few rods; these and a score of similar circumstances may make

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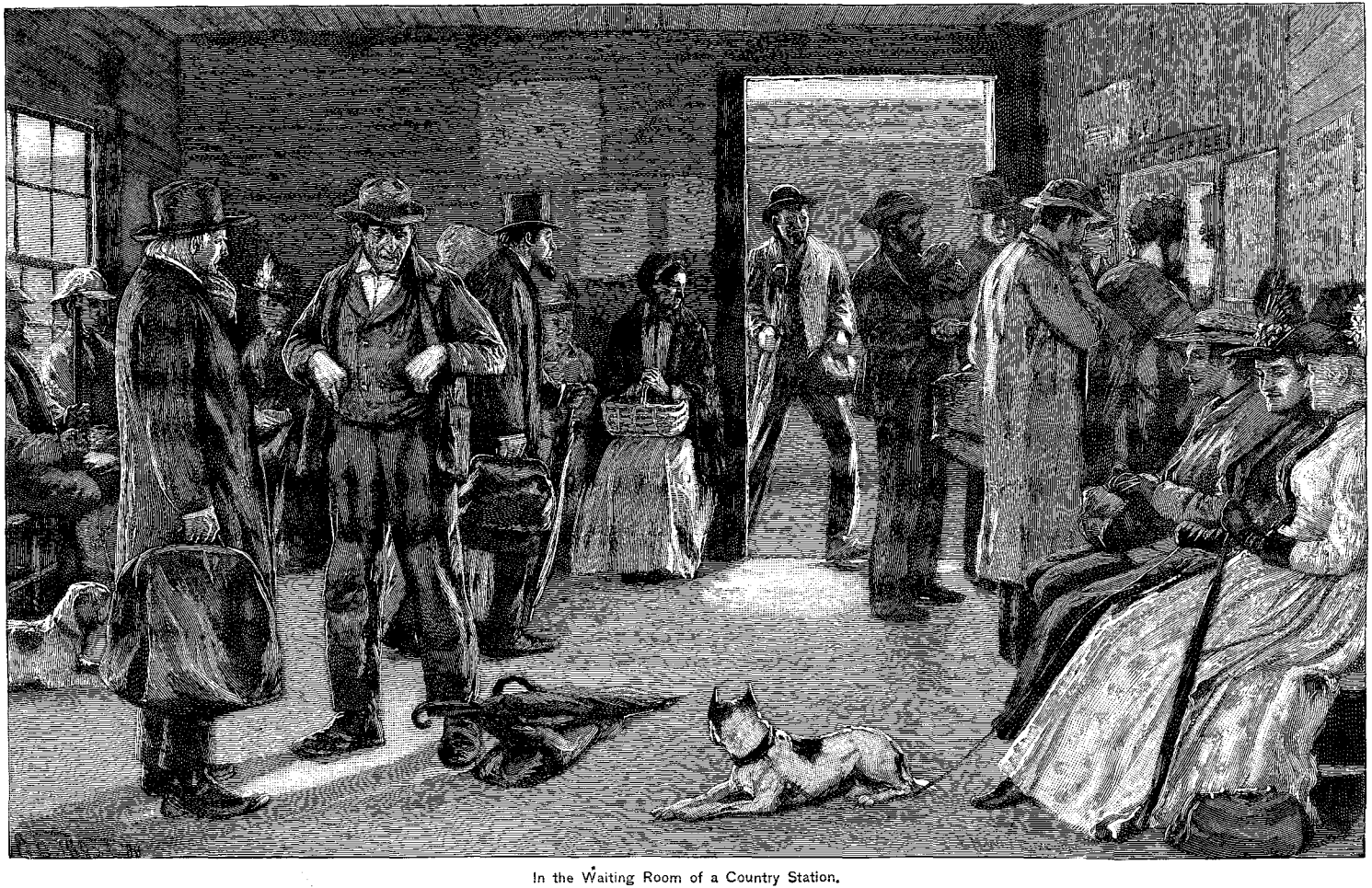

In the Waiting Room of a Country Station.

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five minutes' delay in the arrival at the terminus and necessitate an embarrassing interview with the train-master. A trip on a crowded line may involve watching for danger signals every quarter of a mile and the maintenance of such high speed that they must be obeyed the instant they are espied in order to avoid the possibility of collision.*

The passenger runner finds himself now and then with a disabled engine on his hands, and two or three hundred passengers standing around apparently ready to eat him up if he does not remedy the difficulty in short order. Often in such cases he is in doubt himself whether the repairs necessary to enable his engine to proceed will occupy fifteen minutes or an hour. This, with the knotty question of where the nearest relief engine is, causes the brow to knit and the sweat to start, and to the young runner proves an experience which he long remembers.

Stories of fast running are common but unreliable; and when truthful, important considerations are omitted. There are so many elements to be considered that usually the verdict can be justly rendered only after a careful comparison with previous records. Most regular runs include a number of stops, and are subject to numerous slackenings of the speed, thus dimming the lustre of the record of the trip as a whole. Frequently, quick runs which have been reported as noteworthy have had favoring circumstances not told of. An engineer who makes a specially quick trip feels proud of his engine, and of the honor of having been chosen for an important run, and he shares with the passengers the exhilaration produced by such a triumph of science and skill in annihilating space; but in the matter of credit to himself for experience and judgment, patience and forethought, he feels and knows that many a trip in his everyday service is worthy of greater recognition. Many a runner has to urge his engine, day after day, with a load 25 per cent. heavier than it was designed for, over track that is fit only for low speeds, at a rate which demands the most constant care. He must run fast enough over the better portions of the track to allow of slackening where prudence demands slackening. The tracks of many roads are rendered so uneven by the action of frost in winter that with an unskilful runner the passengers would be half frightened by the unsteady motion of the cars. This condition is not common on the important trunk lines, of course; but it does prevail on roads that carry a great many passengers, nevertheless; and engineers who guide trains over such difficult journeys, gently luring the passengers, with the aid of the excellent springs under the cars, into the belief that they are riding over a track of uniform smoothness, should not be forgotten in any estimate of the fraternity as a whole.

The engineer whose humanity is not hardened has his feelings harrowed occasionally by pedestrians who risk their lives on the track. Tramps and other careless persons are so numerous that the casual passenger in a locomotive cab generally cannot ride fifty miles without seeing what seems to him a hair-breadth escape, but which is nevertheless treated by the engineer as a commonplace occurrence. These heedless wayfarers do, however, occasionally carry their indifference to danger too far, and they are tossed in the air like feathers.† Doubtless there are those who, like the fireman who talked with the tender-hearted young lady, regret the killing of a man chiefly "because it musses up the engine so;" but, taking the fraternity as a whole, warmth of heart and tenderness of feeling may be called not only well-developed but prominent traits of character. The great strike on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy road last spring, which proved to have been ill-advised, would have been possible only in a body of men actuated by the most loyal friendship. Undoubtedly a large conservative element in the Brotherhood of Engineers believed the move injudicious, but they joined in it out of

* The New York elevated roads run 3,500 trains a day, each one passing signals (likely to indicate danger) every hundred rods, almost. Who can expect engineers never to blunder in such innumerable operations?

† Mr. Porter King of Springfield, Mass., who has run an engine on the Boston & Albany road for forty-four years, and who served on the Mohawk & Hudson, the Long Island and the New Jersey railroads in 1833–44, when horses were the motive power and the reverse lever consisted of a pair of reins, ran until December, 1887, before his engine ever killed a man.

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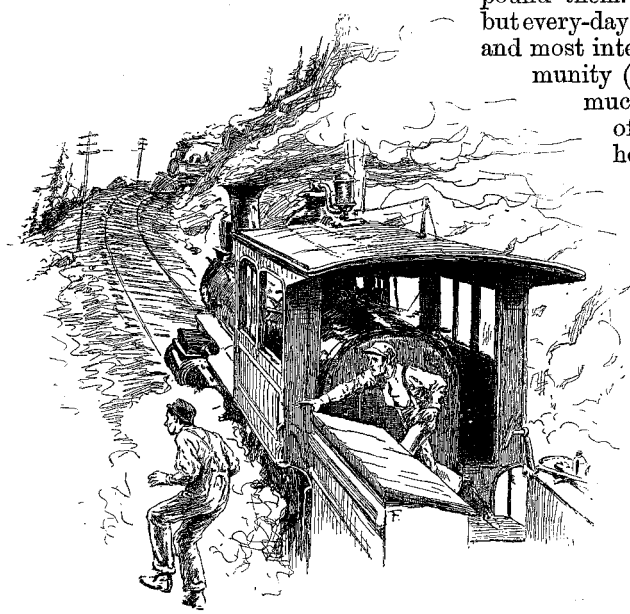
an intense spirit of fidelity to their brethren and leaders.

The passenger-train conductor has in many respects the most difficult position in the railroad ranks. He should be a first-class freight conductor and a polished gentleman to boot. But in his long apprenticeship on a freight train he has very likely been learning how *not* to fulfil the additional requirements of a passenger conductorship. In that service he could be uncouth and even boorish and still fill his position tolerably well; now he feels the need of a life-time of tuition in dealing with the diverse phases of human nature met with on a passenger train. He must now manage his train in a sort of automatic way, for he has his mind filled with the care of his passengers and the collection of tickets. He must be good at figures, keeping accounts, and handling money, though the freight-train service has given him no experience in this line. Year by year the clerical work connected with the taking up of tickets and collecting of cash fares has been increased until now on many roads an expert bank clerk would be none too proficient for the duties imposed. The conductor who grumblingly averred that "it would take a Philadelphia lawyer with three heads" to fill his shoes was not far out of the way. Every day, and perhaps a number of times a day, he must collect fares of fifty or a hundred persons in less time than he ought to have for ten. Of that large number a few will generally have a complaint to make or an objection to offer or an impudent assertion concerning a fault of the railroad company which the conductor cannot remedy and is not responsible for. A woman will object to paying half fare for a ten year old girl or to paying full rates for one of fifteen. A person whose income is ten times larger than he deserves will argue twenty minutes to avoid paying ten cents more (in cash) than he would have been charged for a ticket. Passengers with legitimate questions to ask will couch them in vague and backhanded terms, and those with useless ones will take inopportune times to propound them. These are not occasional but every-day experiences. The very best and most intelligent people in the community (excepting those who travel much) are among those who oftenest leave their wits at home, when they take a railroad trip. All these people must be met in a conciliatory manner, but without varying the strict regulations in the least degree. The officers of the revenue department are inexorable masters, and passengers offended by alleged uncivil treatment are likely to make absurd complaints at the superintendent's office. A conductor dreads an investigation of this sort, however unreasonable the passengers' complaints may be, because it may tend to show that he lacked tact in handling the case. But after becoming habituated to this sort of dealings, there are still left the occasional disturbances which no amount of philosophy can make pleasant. These are the encounters with drunken and dis-



Just Time to Jump.

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orderly passengers. The conductor, starting at the forward end of his train, finds, perhaps, in the first car one or two "toughs" who refuse payment of fare and are spoiling for a fight. Care must be taken with this sort of character not to punish him or use the least bit of unnecessary severity, for he will, when sobered off, quite likely be induced by a sharp lawyer to sue the railroad company for damages by assault. The conductor, however, if he be one who has (in his freight train experience) dealt with tramps, is able to cope with his customer and confine him to the baggage car or put him off the train. But a tussle of this kind is, at best, far from soothing to the temper, and the very next car may contain the wife of a millionaire, who will expect the most genteel treatment and critically object to any behavior on the part of the conductor which is not fully up to the highest drawing-room standard. Experiences of this kind, it can be readily imagined, are exceedingly trying. The conductor cannot give himself up completely to learning gentility, for he still has need for his old severity.

The difficulty of always finding the ideal person when wanted has led to the employment of men of good address who have had little or no training on freight trains; so that we find some conductors who are able to deal with all sorts of passengers with a good degree of success, but who are far from brilliant as managers of trains, technically speaking; while others, who from their early experience have first class executive ability, are slow in discarding the somewhat rough habits of the freight train. While there are not wanting those who strive faithfully to reach the ideal, and succeed admirably, it may be said that the average conductor retains more of the severe than of the gentle side of his character, at least so far as outward behavior goes. The rigid requirements of his financial superiors, which compel him to actually fight for his rights with dishonest and stingy passengers, make it almost impossible that he should be otherwise. Ignorant foreigners, poor women and girls who have lost their way, and other unfortunates are, however, encountered often enough to preclude the conductor's forgetting how to be compassionate.

The heroic element is not wholly lacking in the conductor's life. The temporary guardianship of several hundred people is an important trust even in smooth sailing, but the conductor's possibilities are entirely different from the engineer's. He has so much to do to attend to the petty wants of passengers that their remoter but more important interests are not given much thought. The anxieties of a hundred nervous passengers who terribly dread the loss of an hour by a missed connection are much more likely to weigh down a conductor's mind than any thoughts of his duty to them in a possible emergency that will happen only once in five years. And yet the last mentioned contingency is a real one. Only last March, in the great Eastern blizzard, conductors risked their lives in protecting their passengers. One spent three or four hours in travelling a mile and a half to a telegraph office; in consequence of the six feet of snow, the blinding storm, and the darkness, he had to constantly hug a barbed-wire fence to avoid losing his way, and was on the point of exhaustion when he reached the station.

The term "station agent" means, practically, the person in charge of a small or medium sized station. When one of these men is promoted to the charge of a large city station, either freight or passenger, he becomes really a local superintendent, his duties then consisting very largely in the supervision of an army of clerks and laborers, who must, each in his place, be as capable as the agent himself. The agent at a small station has a great multiplicity of duties to perform. He must sell tickets, be a good book-keeper, and a faithful switch-tender. He generally must be a telegraph operator and must be vigorous physically. He must be ready, like the conductor, to submit to some abuse from ill-bred customers, and should be the peer of the business men of his town. He often encounters almost as great a variety of knotty problems as the superintendent himself, though he has the advantage that he can generally turn them over to a superior if he feels unequal to them. The practical difficul-

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ties that most beset him are those incident to doing everything in a hurry. People who buy tickets wait until the train is about to start before presenting themselves at the office. Then the agent has a dozen other things to attend to and must therefore detect counterfeit ten dollar bills with the expertness of a Washington treasury clerk. Just as a train reaches his station the train dispatcher's click is heard on the wires and he must drop everything and receive (for the conductor) a telegram in which an error of a single word would very likely involve the lives of passengers. At a very small station the checking of baggage devolves on the agent, his over-burdened back being thus loaded with one more straw. He is in many cases agent for the express company and so must count, seal, superscribe, and way-bill money packages and handle oyster kegs and barrels of beer at a moment's notice. Women with wagon-loads of loose household effects to go by freight, and shippers of car-loads of cattle, for which a car must be specially fitted up, will appear just as the distracted station-man is receiving a telegram with one side of his brain and selling a ticket with the other. The household goods must be weighed and tagged, the sewing machine tied up, and tables repaired; the cattle shipper must be given a short lecture on the legal bearings of the bargain for transportation which he is about to make, and his demand that his live stock shall be carried 500 miles more quickly than human animals are taken over the same road is to be gently repressed. It is not every day that a small station is enlivened by this sort of excitement, yet it is common, and is familiar to every station agent. The variety in the duties of this position is, however, a great advantage to the ambitious young man because it serves to give him a good lift toward a valuable business education. He can learn about the methods and knacks and tricks of many different kinds of business, and can profit by the knowledge thus gained. Thomas J. Potter, the lately deceased vice-president of the Union Pacific Railway, whose memory it is proposed to perpetuate by a bronze statue, began his railroad career as agent at a small station in Iowa. Others of equal ability and perfection of character have risen from similar places and by the same means.

The agent at a small station catches his breath between trains. There is then generally ample time for calming the nerves and preparing for the next onslaught. If he is a telegraph operator he can chat with the operators at other stations — a common resource if the wires are not occupied with more important affairs. In the class periodicals of operators and railroad men, references to this phase of their life may be constantly seen, and incidents of even romantic interest are not infrequent. Many of the men at small stations are young and unmarried, while at places where the business has increased enough to warrant the employment of an assistant, a young woman to do the telegraphing is frequently the first helper engaged. With this combination it is unnecessary to tell what follows. If iron bars and stone walls are the things which Cupid laughs at, an electric telegraph wire is the thing which makes him "snicker right out," if we may use the language of the circus ring.

At the railroad station next larger in size, the work is more divided. One man sells tickets, another attends to the freight office, another to the baggage, and so on. The ticket-seller must make five-cent bargains with the same urbanity that is given to a $100 trade, and must be able to toss off the latter in two minutes if occasion requires, or to spend an hour in helping the passenger choose the best route among a score of possible ones. The fusilade of questions that must be met by the ticket-seller every time he opens his window is familiar to every one who has ever watched a place of the kind for ten minutes.

The station baggage master has an important but rather thankless place. He must handle 200-pound trunks with as much ease as though they contained feathers, and if he break a moulding off one must meet the reproaches of the owner, who imagines that the time available for handling the trunk was five minutes instead of two seconds. He must handle much dirty and otherwise unpleasant stuff, and on the whole pur-

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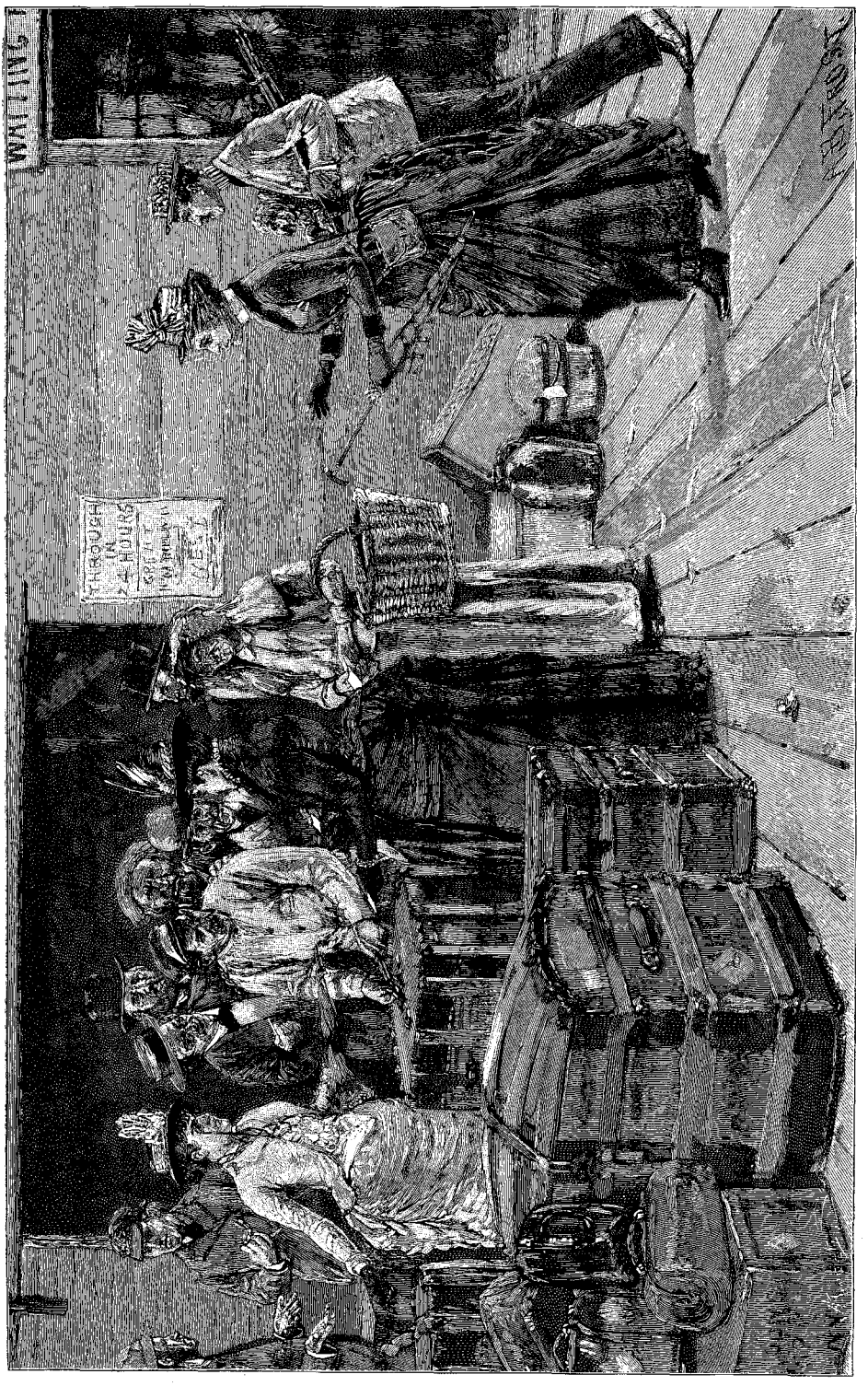

The Trials of a Baggage-master.

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sue a very unpoetic life. He has little to do with train-handling, but he "keeps in with" the trainmen and furnishes them with a share of their entertainment. They lounge in his room sometimes and he keeps on tap a supply of jokes such as that about the new brakeman who sent to headquarters for a supply of red oil for his red lantern, and the engineer who lost time with an excursion train on the fourth of July because the extremely hot weather had elongated the rails and thus materially increased the distance to be travelled over. When "hot boxes" (friction-heated axles) are given as the cause of a delay whose real cause is concealed (by the conductor who is ashamed of it) the baggage master gently punctures the deception by suggesting that perhaps a hot *fire*-box (in the engine) is what is meant. Whether the roguish clerk to the inexperienced general manager who slyly induced his chief to issue an order to station agents directing that "all freight cars standing for any length of time on side tracks must be occasionally moved a short distance in order to prevent flattening of the wheels," had formerly been a baggage master, history does not state.

The switch tender, whose momentary carelessness has many a time caused terrible disaster, but whose constant faithfulness outweighs a million-fold even that painful record, is one of the essential figures around a station. Nothing but eternal vigilance will suffice to keep switches always in safe position, and the conscientious custodian of these always possible death-traps often takes his burden of care to his pillow. The mishaps which do occur strikingly illustrate the practical impossibility of holding the human brain always to the highest pitch. A conductor in New Jersey (trainmen have to set switches at many places where no switchmen are employed) recently caused a slight collision by misplacing a switch, and on seeing the consequences exclaimed, "I deserve to be discharged; my mistake was inexcusable." And yet an honest man of that type is the kind demanded for such a place.

The interlocking of switches and signals (the arrangement in a frame of the levers moving the switches and those moving signals in such a way that the signal which tells the engineer to come on *cannot be given* until the switch is actually in proper position) is one of the notable improvements of the last twenty years and is a great boon to switchmen as well as to passengers and the owners of railroads. By the aid of this apparatus and its distant signals connected by wire ropes, the switchman's anxieties are reduced immeasurably. By concentrating the levers of a number of switches in a single room one man can do the work of several, and to the looker-on the perplexities of the position seem to have been increased instead of diminished. But the switchman's task now is of a different sort. Under the old plan he was constantly on guard lest he make a mistake and derail an engine or car. Under the new his calculations are chiefly about saving time and facilitating the work of the trainmen. Questions of danger do not come up, being provided against by the perfection of the machinery. By long familiarity with the ground and the ways of handling the trains, the switch tender in an "interlocking tower" is enabled to safely conduct a score of trains through a labyrinth of switches in the time that the novice would be occupied in making the first move for a single train. Without this admirable apparatus and skilful and experienced attendants, the business of great stations like the Grand Central at New York, would be impossible.

One of the habitués of every station is the section master, who looks after three, five, or ten miles of track and a gang of from five to twenty-five men who keep it in repair. He is not much seen, because he is out on the road most of the time; and his duties are not of a kind that the reader could study, on paper, to much advantage; but he deserves mention because his place is a really important one. Railroad tracks cannot be made, like a bridge, five times as strong as is necessary, and thus a large margin be allowed for deterioration; they must be constantly watched to see that they do not fall even a lit-

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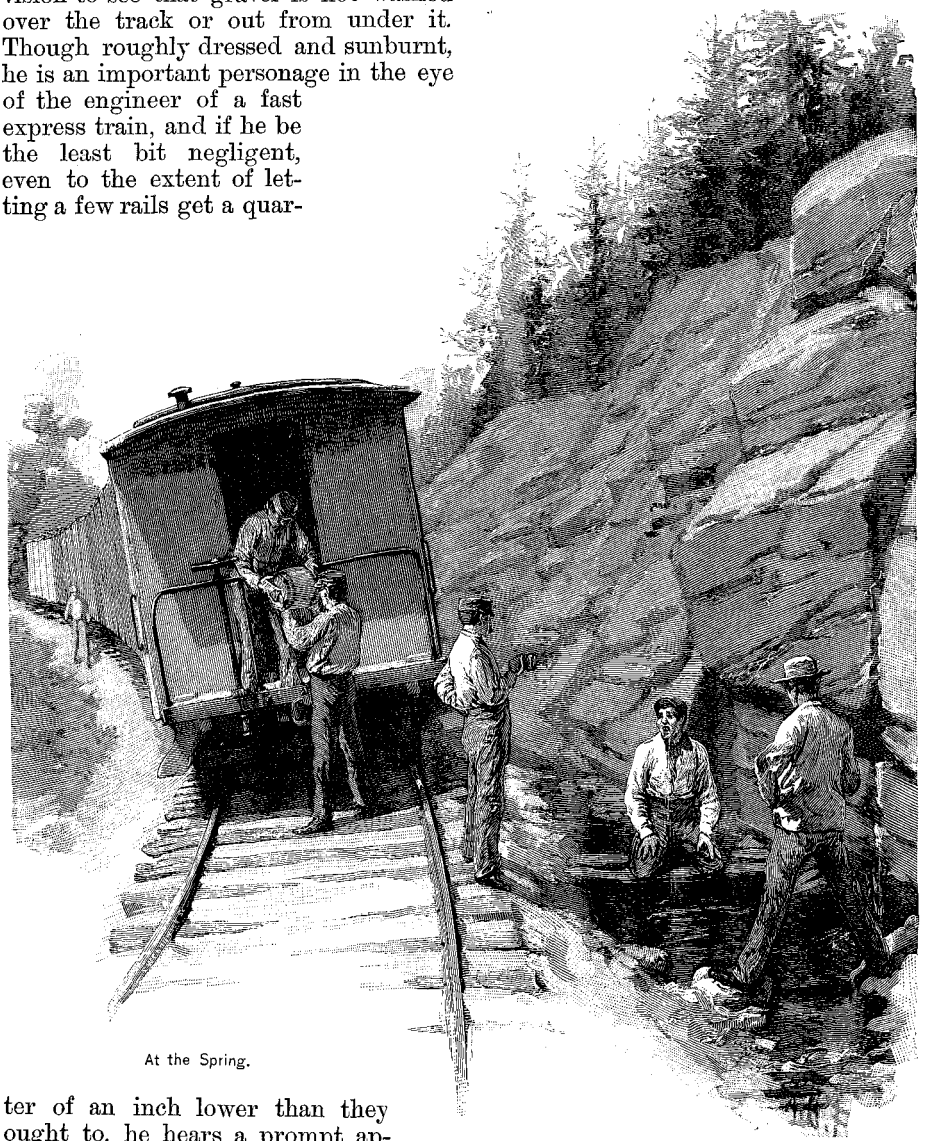
tle below their highest standard. This care-taking can be intrusted only to one who has had long experience at the work. In violent rain-storms the trackman must be on duty night and day and patrol the whole length of his division to see that gravel is not washed over the track or out from under it. Though roughly dressed and sunburnt, he is an important personage in the eye of the engineer of a fast express train, and if he be the least bit negligent, even to the extent of letting a few rails get a quarter of an inch lower than they ought to, he hears a prompt appeal from the engine runner. The latter could not feel the confidence necessary to guide his 50-ton giant over the road at lightning speed with its precious human freight if he had not a trusty trackman every few miles; and passengers who feel like expressing gratitude for a safe railroad journey should never forget this unseen guardian.

A number of classes of men in the railroad service must be turned off with a word for lack of space. The train dispatcher with his constant burden of care deserves a chapter. The locomotive fireman, who has not been directly alluded to, is practically an apprentice to the engineer, and, like apprentices in some other callings, has a good deal of hard work to do. He generally has longer hours than the engineer, as he



At the Spring.

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The Passenger Conductor.

has to clean a portion of the polished brass and iron work of the engine. He has to throw into the firebox several tons of coal a day, and gets so black that his best friends would not know him when washed up. Those who begin young and are intelligent, and conserve their strength, are at length promoted to be engineers. The fireman's twin brother is the "hostler," who is employed at the larger termini to get the iron horse out of its stable, lead it to the watering place and feed-trough (coal bin), and harness it to the train.

The clerk in the freight office has almost as much variety of work as the ticket-seller, and is by no means a mere book-keeper. The workmen at the freight station are not common laborers. Their work requires peculiar skill and experience, and they have diversions worth telling of, if there were space. The men in the shops, and those who go out with derricks and chains to pick up wrecks are an important class by themselves, and bridge builders, gate tenders, and various others bring up the rear.

In conclusion, railroad men as a body are industrious, sober when at work, and lively when at play, using well-trained minds, in their sphere, and possessing capacity for a high degree of further training. The public is not without its duty toward the million or so of men in the railroad service. The liability to death or maiming from accident is such a real factor in railroad men's lives, that the public, and especially shareholders in railroads, are bound to not only uphold officers in providing every possible appliance and regulation for safety, but to demand the introduction of such devices. Some of the State railroad commissioners have done and are doing noble service in this direction, and should be vigorously supported by their constituencies. The demands of the public, reinforced by the exigencies of competition, have made Sunday trains in many localities almost as common as on week days, so that many train and station men work seven days in the week. In addition to this, holidays oftener increase their work than diminish it, so that there is room for a considerable reform in this regard.

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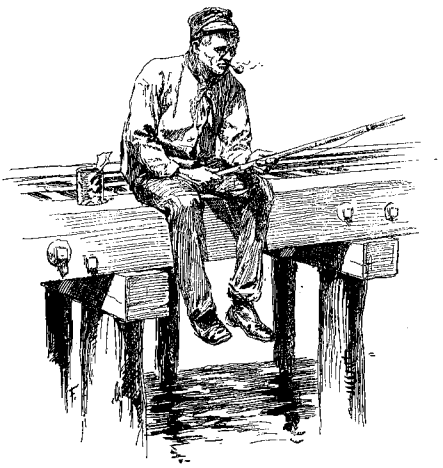
The general moral welfare of railroad men has received much attention in late years, and affords a wide field for work by all who will. Many railroads have co-operated with the Young Men's Christian Association branches, started by a few of the employees, in building and equipping reading rooms, libraries, etc., and they give many hundred dollars annually toward the support of these resorts, which serve to keep many a young trainman away from loafing places of a questionable character or worse. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose millions came largely out of the profits of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, has set a good example to other railroad millionaires in the erection of a building for the employees of that road in New York City, whose luxuriousness is an evidence that he loves his neighbor as himself, even if that neighbor be a plain brakeman earning but low wages. That the resorts provided for railroad men are appreciated is evidenced by their records. Of the trainmen who regularly come into the Grand Central Station in New York, 46 per cent. are members of the Association occupying the building given by Mr. Vanderbilt, and 65 per cent. make use of the rooms more or less regularly. Rooms in numerous other cities also make encouraging showings.

Railroad officers, with their great advantages for enlightenment, owe it to themselves and their men to see that the thousands under them have fair opportunities for rising in the world, and that the owners of the immense corporations which stand as masters of such vast armies fully understand their measure of responsibility in the premises. Science and invention, machinery and improved methods have effected great changes in the railroad art, but the American nation, which travels more than any other, still recognizes the fact that faithful and efficient *men* are an essential factor in the prosecution of that art. People desire to deal with a personality, and therefore wish to see the *personnel* of the railroad service fostered and perfected.



A Little Relaxation.

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THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

SUMMARY OF EVENTS DURING THE MASTER'S WANDERINGS.

THE full truth of this odd matter is what the world has long been looking for and public curiosity is sure to welcome. It so befell that I was intimately mingled with the last years and history of the house; and there does not live one man so able as myself to make these matters plain, or so desirous to narrate them faithfully. I knew the Master; on many secret steps of his career, I have an authentic memoir in my hand; I sailed with him on his last voyage almost alone; I made one upon that winter's journey of which so many tales have gone abroad; and I was there at the man's death. As for my late Lord Durrisdeer, I served him and loved him near twenty years; and thought more of him the more I knew of him. Altogether, I think it not fit that so much evidence should perish; the truth is a debt I owe my lord's memory; and I think my old years will flow more smoothly and my white hair lie quieter on the pillow, when the debt is paid.

The Duries of Durrisdeer and Ballantrae were a strong family in the south-west from the days of David First. A rhyme still current in the countryside—

> Kittle folk are the Durrisdeers,
> They ride wi' ower mony spears—

bears the mark of its antiquity; and the name appears in another, which common report attributes to Thomas of Ercildoune himself—I cannot say how truly, and which some have applied—I dare not say with how much justice—to the events of this narration:

> Twa Duries in Durrisdeer,
> Ane to tie and ane to ride,
> An ill day for the groom
> And a waur day for the bride.

Authentic history besides is filled with their exploits which (to our modern eyes) seem not very commendable; and the family suffered its full share of those ups and downs to which the great houses of Scotland have been ever liable. But all these I pass over, to come to that memorable year 1745, when the foundations of this tragedy were laid.

At that time there dwelt a family of four persons in the house of Durrisdeer, near St. Bride's, on the Solway shore; a chief hold of their race since the reformation. My old lord, eighth of the name, was not old in years, but he suffered prematurely from the disabilities of age; his place was at the chimney side; there he sat reading, in a lined gown, with few words for any man, and wry words for none: the model of an old retired housekeeper; and yet his mind very well nourished with study, and reputed in the country to be more cunning than he seemed. The Master of Ballantrae, James in baptism, took from his father the love of serious reading; some of his tact perhaps as well, but that which was only policy in the father became black dissimulation in the son. The face of his behavior was merely popular and wild: he sat late at wine, later at the cards; had the name in the country of "an unco man for the lasses"; and was ever in the front of broils. But for all he was the first to go in, yet it was observed he was invariably the best to come off; and his partners in mischief were usually alone to pay the piper. This luck or dexterity got him several ill-wishers, but with the rest of the country enhanced his reputation; so that great things were looked for in his future, when he should have gained more gravity. One very black mark he had to his name; but the matter was hushed up at the time, and so defaced by legends before I came into those parts, that I scruple to set it down. If it was true, it was a horrid fact in one so young; and if false, it was a horrid calumny. I think it notable that he had

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always vaunted himself quite implacable, and was taken at his word; so that he had the addition among his neighbors of "an ill man to cross." Here was altogether a young nobleman (not yet twenty-four in the year '45) who had made a figure in the country beyond his time of life. The less marvel if there were little heard of the second son, Mr. Henry (my late Lord Durrisdeer), who was neither very bad nor yet very able, but an honest, solid sort of lad like many of his neighbors. Little heard, I say; but indeed it was a case of little spoken. He was known among the salmon fishes in the firth, for that was a sport that he assiduously followed; he was an excellent good horse-doctor besides; and took a chief hand, almost from a boy, in the management of the estates. How hard a part that was, in the situation of that family, none knows better than myself; nor yet with how little color of justice a man may there acquire the reputation of a tyrant and a miser. The fourth person in the house was Miss Alison Graeme, a near kinswoman, an orphan, and the heir to a considerable fortune which her father had acquired in trade. This money was loudly called for by my lord's necessities; indeed the land was deeply mortgaged; and Miss Alison was designed accordingly to be the Master's wife, gladly enough on her side; with how much good will on his, is another matter. She was a comely girl and in those days very spirited and self-willed; for the old lord having no daughter of his own, and my lady being long dead, she had grown up as best she might.

To these four, came the news of Prince Charlie's landing, and set them presently by the ears. My lord, like the chimney-keeper that he was, was all for temporizing. Miss Alison held the other side, because it appeared romantical; and the Master (though I have heard they did not agree often) was for this once of her opinion. The adventure tempted him, as I conceive; he was tempted by the opportunity to raise the fortunes of the house, and not less by the hope of paying off his private liabilities, which were heavy beyond all opinion. As for Mr. Henry, it appears he said little enough at first; his part came later on. It took the three a whole day's disputation, before they agreed to steer a middle course, one son going forth to strike a blow for King James, my lord and the other staying at home to keep in favor with King George. Doubtless this was my lord's decision; and, as is well known, it was the part played by many considerable families. But the one dispute settled, another opened. For my lord, Miss Alison and Mr. Henry all held the one view; that it was the cadet's part to go out; and the Master, what with restlessness and vanity, would at no rate consent to stay at home. My lord pleaded, Miss Alison wept, Mr. Henry was very plain spoken: all was of no avail.

"It is the direct heir of Durrisdeer that should ride by his King's bridle," says the Master.

"If we were playing a manly part," says Mr. Henry, "there might be sense in such talk. But what are we doing? Cheating at cards!"

"We are saving the house of Durrisdeer, Henry," his father said.

"And see, James," said Mr. Henry, "if I go, and the Prince has the upper hand, it will be easy to make your peace with King James. But if you go, and the expedition fails, we divide the right and the title. And what shall I be then?"

"You will be Lord Durrisdeer," said the Master. "I put all I have upon the table."

"I play at no such game," cries Mr. Henry. "I shall be left in such a situation as no man of sense and honor could endure. I shall be neither fish nor flesh!" he cried. And a little after, he had another expression, plainer perhaps than he intended. "It is your duty to be here with my father," said he. "You know well enough you are the favorite."

"Ay," said the Master. "And there spoke envy! Would you trip up my heels—Jacob?" said he, and dwelled upon the name maliciously.

Mr. Henry went and walked at the low end of the hall without reply; for he had an excellent gift of silence. Presently he came back.

"I am the cadet and I *should* go," said he. "And my lord here is the

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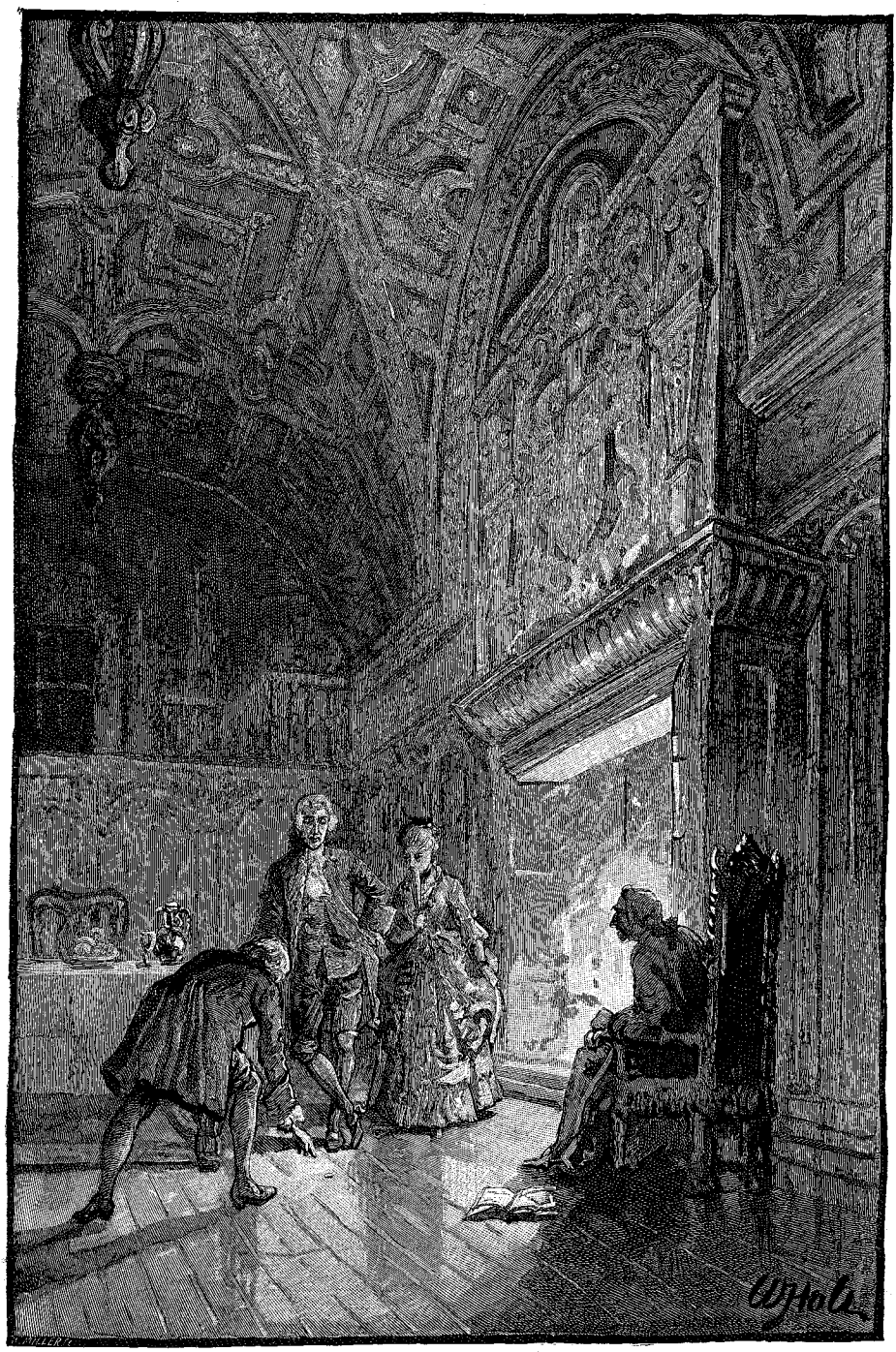

"Heads, I go; shields, I stay."

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master, and he says I *shall* go. What say ye to that, my brother?"

"I say this, Harry," returned the Master, "that when very obstinate folk are met, there are only two ways out: blows—and I think none of us could care to go so far; or the arbitrament of chance—and here is a guinea piece. Will you stand firm by the toss of the coin?"

"I will stand and fall by it," said Mr. Henry. "Heads, I go; shields, I stay."

The coin was spun and it fell shield. "So there is a lesson for Jacob," says the Master.

"We shall live to repent of this," says Mr. Henry, and flung out of the hall.

As for Miss Alison, she caught up that piece of gold which had just sent her lover to the wars, and flung it clean through the family shield in the great painted window.

"If you loved me as well as I love you, you would have stayed," cried she.

"'I could not love you, dear, so well, loved I not honor more,'" sang the Master.

"O!" she cried, "you have no heart—I hope you may be killed!" and she ran from the room, and in tears to her own chamber.

It seems the Master turned to my lord with his most comical manner, and says he, "This looks like a devil of a wife!"

"I think you are a devil of a son to me," cried his father, "you that has always been the favorite, to my shame be it spoken. Never a good hour have I gotten of you, since you were born; no, never one good hour," and repeated it again the third time. Whether it was the Master's levity, or his insubordination, or Mr. Henry's word about the favorite son, that had so much disturbed my lord, I do not know; but I incline to think it was the last, for I have it by all accounts that Mr. Henry was more made up to from that hour.

Altogether it was in pretty ill blood with his family that the Master rode to the north; which was the more sorrowfull for others to remember when it seemed too late. By fear and favor, he had scraped together near upon a dozen men, principally tenants' sons; they were all pretty full when they set forth, and rode up the hill by the old abbey, roaring and singing, the white cockade in every hat. It was a desperate adventure for so small a company to cross the most of Scotland unsupported; and (what made folk think so the more) even as that poor dozen was clattering up the hill, a great ship of the king's navy, that could have brought them under with a single boat, lay with her broad ensign streaming in the bay. The next afternoon, having given the Master a fair start, it was Mr. Henry's turn; and he rode off, all by himself, to offer his sword and carry letters from his father to King George's government. Miss Alison was shut in her room and did little but weep, till both were gone; only she stitched the cockade upon the Master's hat and (as John Paul told me) it was wetted with tears when he carried it down to him.

In all that followed, Mr. Henry and my old lord were true to their bargain. That ever they accomplished anything is more than I could learn; and that they were anyway strong on the king's side, more than I believe. But they kept the letter of loyalty, corresponded with my Lord President, sat still at home, and had little or no commerce with the Master while that business lasted. Nor was he, on his side, more communicative. Miss Alison, indeed, was always sending him expresses, but I do not know if she had many answers. Macconochie rode for her once, and found the Highlanders before Carlisle, and the Master riding by the Prince's side in high favor; he took the letter (so Macconochie tells), opened it, glanced it through with a mouth like a man whistling, and stuck it in his belt, whence, on his horse passageing, it fell unregarded to the ground. It was Macconochie who picked it up; and he still kept it, and indeed I have seen it in his hands. News came to Durrisdeer of course, by the common report, as it goes travelling through a country, a thing always wonderful to me. By that means the family learned more of the Master's favor with the Prince, and the ground it was said to stand on: for by a strange condescension in a man so proud—only that he was a man still

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more ambitious—he was said to have crept into notability by truckling to the Irish. Sir Thomas Sullivan, Colonel Burke and the rest were his daily comrades, by which course he withdrew himself from his own country folk. All the small intrigues, he had a hand in fomenting; thwarted my Lord George upon a thousand points; was always for the advice that seemed palatable to the Prince, no matter if it was good or bad; and seems upon the whole (like the gambler he was all through life) to have had less regard to the chances of the campaign than to the greatness of favor he might aspire to, if (by any luck) it should succeed. For the rest, he did very well in the field; no one questioned that; for he was no coward.

The next was the news of Culloden, which was brought to Durrisdeer by one of the tenant's sons, the only survivor, he declared, of all those that had gone singing up the hill. By an unfortunate chance, John Paul and Macconochie had that very morning found the guinea piece (which was the root of all the evil) sticking in a holly bush; they had been "up the gait," as the servants say at Durrisdeer, to the change house; and if they had little left of the guinea, they had less of their wits. What must John Paul do, but burst into the hall where the family sat at dinner, and cry the news to them that "Tam Macmorland was but new lichtit at the door, and—wirra, wirra—there were nane to come behind him?"

They took the word in silence like folk condemned; only Mr. Henry carrying his palm to his face, and Miss Alison laying her head outright upon her hands. As for my lord, he was like ashes.

"I have still one son," says he. "And Henry, I will do you this justice, it is the kinder that is left."

It was a strange thing to say in such a moment; but my lord had never forgotten Mr. Henry's speech, and he had years of injustice on his conscience. Still it was a strange thing; and more than Miss Alison could let pass. She broke out and blamed my lord for his unnatural words, and Mr. Henry because he was sitting there in safety when his brother lay dead, and herself because she had given her sweetheart ill words at his departure; calling him the flower of the flock, wringing her hands, protesting her love, and crying on him by his name; so that the servants stood astonished.

Mr. Henry got to his feet and stood holding his chair; it was he that was like ashes now.

"O," he burst out suddenly, "I know you loved him!"

"The world knows that, glory be to God?" cries she; and then to Mr. Henry: "There is none but me to know one thing—that you were a traitor to him in your heart."

"God knows," groans he, "it was lost love on both sides."

Time went by in the house after that, without much change; only they were now three instead of four, which was a perpetual reminder of their loss. Miss Alison's money, you are to bear in mind, was highly needful for the estates; and the one brother being dead, my old lord soon set his heart upon her marrying the other. Day in, day out, he would work upon her, sitting by the chimney side with his finger in his Latin book, and his eyes set upon her face with a kind of pleasant intentness that became the old gentleman very well. If she wept, he would condole with her, like an ancient man that has seen worse times and begins to think lightly even of sorrow; if she raged, he would fall to reading again in his Latin book, but always with some civil excuse; if she offered (as she often did) to let them have her money in a gift, he would show her how little it consisted with his honor, and remind her, even if he should consent, that Mr. Henry would certainly refuse. *Non vi sed sæpe cadendo* was a favorite word of his; and no doubt this quiet persecution wore away much of her resolve; no doubt, besides, he had a great influence on the girl, having stood in the place of both her parents; and for that matter, she was herself filled with the spirit of the Duries, and would have gone a great way for the glory of Durrisdeer; but not so far, I think, as to marry my poor patron, had it not been (strangely enough) for the circumstance of his extreme unpopularity.

This was the work of Tam Macmor-

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land. There was not much harm in Tam; but he had that grievous weakness, a long tongue; and as the only man in that country who had been out (or rather who had come in again) he was sure of listeners. Those that have the underhand in any fighting, I have observed, are ever anxious to persuade themselves they were betrayed. By Tam's account of it, the rebels had been betrayed at every turn and by every officer they had; they had been betrayed at Derby, and betrayed at Falkirk; the night march was a step of treachery of my Lord George's; Culloden was lost by the treachery of the Macdonalds. This habit of imputing treason grew upon the fool, till at last he must have in Mr. Henry also. Mr. Henry (by his account) had betrayed the lads of Durrisdeer; he had promised to follow with more men, and instead of that he had ridden to King George. "Ay, and the next day!" Tam would cry. "The puir, bonnie Master and the puir, kind lads that rade wi' him were hardly ower the scaur, or he was aff—the Judis! Ay, weel—he has his way o't: he's to be my lord, nae less, and there's mony a cauld corp amang the Hieland heather!" And at this, if Tam had been drinking, he would begin to weep.

Let anyone speak long enough, he will get believers. This view of Mr. Henry's behavior crept about the country by little and little; it was talked upon by folk that knew the contrary but were short of topics; and it was heard and believed and given out for gospel by the ignorant and the ill-willing. Mr. Henry began to be shunned; yet awhile, and the commons began to murmur as he went by, and the women (who are always the most bold because they are the most safe) to cry out their reproaches to his face. The Master was cried up for a saint. It was remembered how he had never any hand in pressing the tenants; as, indeed, no more he had, except to spend the money. He was a little wild perhaps, the folk said; but how much better was a natural, wild lad that would soon have settled down, than a skinflint and a sneckdraw, sitting, with his nose in an account book, to persecute poor tenants. One trollop, who had had a child to the Master and by all accounts been very badly used, yet made herself a kind of champion of his memory. She flung a stone one day at Mr. Henry.

"Whaur's the bonnie lad that trustit ye?" she cried.

Mr. Henry reined in his horse and looked upon her, the blood flowing from his lip. "Ay, Jess?" says he. "You too? And yet ye should ken me better." For it was he who had helped her with money.

The woman had another stone ready, which she made as if she would cast; and he, to ward himself, threw up the hand that held his riding rod.

"What, would ye beat a lassie, ye ugly ——?" cries she, and ran away screaming as though he had struck her.

Next day, word went about the country like wildfire that Mr. Henry had beaten Jessie Broun within an inch of her life. I give it as one instance of how this snowball grew and one calumny brought another; until my poor patron was so perished in reputation that he began to keep the house like my lord. All this while, you may be very sure he uttered no complaints at home; the very ground of the scandal was too sore a matter to be handled; and Mr. Henry was very proud and strangely obstinate in silence. My old lord must have heard of it, by John Paul, if by no one else; and he must at least have remarked the altered habits of his son. Yet even he, it is probable, knew not how high the feeling ran; and as for Miss Alison, she was ever the last person to hear news, and the least interested when she heard them.

In the height of the ill-feeling (for it died away as it came, no man could say why) there was an election forward in the town of St. Bride's, which is the next to Durrisdeer, standing on the Water of Swift; some grievance was fermenting, I forget what, if ever I heard; and it was currently said there would be broken heads ere night, and that the sheriff had sent as far as Dumfries for soldiers. My lord moved that Mr. Henry should be present; assuring him it was necessary to appear, for the credit of the house. "It will soon be reported," said he, "that we do not take the lead in our own country."

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"It is a strange lead that I can take," said Mr. Henry; and when they had pushed him further, "I tell you the plain truth," he said, "I dare not show my face."

"You are the first of the house that ever said so," cries Miss Alison.

"We will go all three," said my lord; and sure enough he got into his boots (the first time in four years—a sore business John Paul had to get them on) and Miss Alison into her riding coat, and all three rode together to St. Bride's.

The streets were full of the riff-raff of all the country-side, who had no sooner clapped eyes on Mr. Henry than the hissing began, and the hooting, and the cries of "Judas!" and "Where was the Master?" and "Where were the poor lads that rode with him?" Even a stone was cast; but the more part cried shame at that, for my old lord's sake and Miss Alison's. It took not ten minutes to persuade my lord that Mr. Henry had been right. He said never a word, but turned his horse about, and home again, with his chin upon his bosom. Never a word said Miss Alison; no doubt she thought the more; no doubt her pride was stung, for she was a bone-bred Durie; and no doubt her heart was touched to see her cousin so unjustly used. That night she was never in bed; I have often blamed my lady—when I call to mind that night, I readily forgive her; and the first thing in the morning, she came to the old lord in his usual seat.

"If Henry still wants me," said she, "he can have me now." To himself she had a different speech: "I bring you no love, Henry; but God knows, all the pity in the world."

June the first, 1748, was the day of their marriage. It was December of the same year that first saw me alighting at the doors of the great house; and from there I take up the history of events as they befell under my own observation, like a witness in a court.

I.

I MADE the last of my journey in the cold end of December, in a mighty dry day of frost; and who should be my guide but Patey Macmorland, brother of Tam? For a tow-headed, bare-legged brat of ten, he had more ill tales upon his tongue than ever I heard the match of; having drunken betimes in his brother's cup. I was still not so old myself; pride had not yet the upperhand of curiosity; and indeed it would have taken any man, that cold morning, to hear all the old clashes of the country and be shown all the places by the way where strange things had fallen out. I had tales of Claverhouse, as we came through the bogs, and tales of the devil as we came over the top of the scaur. As we came in by the old abbey I heard somewhat of the old monks, and more of the freetraders, who use its ruins for a magazine, landing for that cause within a cannon-shot of Durrisdeer; and along all the road, the Duries and poor Mr. Henry were in the first rank for slander. My mind was thus highly prejudiced against the family I was about to serve; so that I was half surprised, when I beheld Durrisdeer itself, lying in a pretty sheltered bay, under the Abbey Hill; the house most commodiously built in the French fashion or perhaps Italianate, for I have no skill in these arts; and the place the most beautified with gardens, lawns, shrubberies, and trees I had ever seen. The money sunk here unproductively would have quite restored the family; but as it was, it cost a revenue to keep it up.

Mr. Henry came himself to the door to welcome me: a tall, dark young gentleman (the Duries are all black men) of a plain and not cheerful face, very strong in body but not so strong in health: taking me by the hand without any pride, and putting me at home with plain, kind speeches. He led me into the hall, booted as I was, to present me to my lord. It was still daylight; and the first thing I observed was a lozenge of clear glass in the midst of the shield in the painted window, which I remember thinking a blemish on a room otherwise so handsome, with its family portraits, and the pargetted ceiling with pendants, and the carved chimney, in one corner of which my old lord sat reading in his Livy. He was like Mr. Henry, with much the same plain countenance, only more subtle and pleasant, and his talk a thousand times more entertain-

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ing. He had many questions to ask me, I remember, of Edinburgh College, where I had just received my mastership of arts, and of the various professors, with whom and their proficiency he seemed well acquainted; and thus, talking of things that I knew, I soon got liberty of speech in my new home.

In the midst of this, came Mrs. Henry into the room; she was very far gone, Miss Katharine being due in about six weeks, which made me think less of her beauty at the first sight; and she used me with more of condescension than the rest; so that, upon all accounts, I kept her in the third place of my esteem.

It did not take long before all Pate Macmorland's tales were blotted out of my belief, and I was become, what I have ever since remained, a loving servant of the house of Durrisdeer. Mr. Henry had the chief part of my affection. It was with him I worked; and I found him an exacting master, keeping all his kindness for those hours in which we were unemployed, and in the steward's office not only loading me with work but viewing me with a shrewd supervision. At length one day, he looked up from his paper with a kind of timidness, and says he, "Mr. Mackellar, I think I ought to tell you that you do very well." That was my first word of commendation; and from that day his jealousy of my performance was relaxed; soon it was "Mr. Mackellar" here, and "Mr. Mackellar" there, with the whole family; and for much of my service at Durrisdeer, I have transacted everything at my own time and to my own fancy, and never a farthing challenged. Even while he was driving me, I had begun to find my heart go out to Mr. Henry; no doubt, partly in pity, he was a man so palpably unhappy. He would fall into a deep muse over our accounts, staring at the page or out of the window; and at those times the look of his face, and the sigh that would break from him, awoke in me strong feelings of curiosity and commiseration. One day, I remember, we were late upon some business in the steward's room. This room is in the top of the house and has a view upon the bay, and over a little wooded cape, on the long sands; and there, right over against the sun which was then dipping, we saw the freetraders with a great force of men and horses, scouring on the beach. Mr. Henry had been staring straight west, so that I marvelled he was not blinded by the sun; suddenly he frowns, rubs his hand upon his brow, and turns to me with a smile.

"You would not guess what I was thinking," says he. "I was thinking I would be a happier man if I could ride and run the danger of my life, with these lawless companions."

I told him I had observed he did not enjoy good spirits; and that it was a common fancy to envy others and think we should be the better of some change; quoting Horace to the point, like a young man fresh from college.

"Why, just so," said he. "And with that we may get back to our accounts."

It was not long before I began to get wind of the causes that so much depressed him. Indeed a blind man must have soon discovered there was a shadow on that house, the shadow of the Master of Ballantrae. Dead or alive (and he was then supposed to be dead) that man was his brother's rival: his rival abroad, where there was never a good word for Mr. Henry and nothing but regret and praise for the Master; and his rival at home, not only with his father and his wife, but with the very servants.

There were two old serving men, who were the leaders. John Paul, a little, bald, solemn, stomachy man, a great professor of piety and (take him for all in all) a pretty faithful servant, was the chief of the Master's faction. None durst go so far as John. He took a pleasure in disregarding Mr. Henry publicly, often with a slighting comparison. My lord and Mrs. Henry took him up, to be sure, but never so resolutely as they should; and he had only to pull his weeping face and begin his lamentations for the Master—"his laddie," as he called him—to have the whole condoned. As for Henry, he let these things pass in silence, sometimes with a sad and sometimes with a black look. There was no rivalling the dead, he knew that; and how to censure an old serving man for a fault of loyalty, was more than he could see. His was not the tongue to do it.

Macconochie was chief upon the

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other side; an old, ill-spoken, swearing, ranting, drunken dog; and I have often thought it an odd circumstance in human nature, that these two serving men should each have been the champion of his contrary, and blackened their own faults and made light of their own virtues when they beheld them in a master. Macconochie had soon smelled out my secret inclination, took me much into his confidence, and would rant against the Master by the hour, so that even my work suffered. "They're a' daft here," he would cry, "and be damned to them! The Master—the deil's in their thrapples that should call him sae! it's Mr. Henry should be master now! There were nane sae fond o' the Master when they had him, I'll can tell ye that. Sorrow on his name! Never a guid word did I hear on his lips, nor naebody else, but just fleering and flyting and profane cursing—deil ha'e him! There's nane kent his wickedness: him a gentleman! Did ever ye hear tell, Mr. Mackellar, o' Wully White the wabster? No? Aweel, Wully was an unco praying kind o' man; a dreigh body, nane o' my kind, I never could abide the sight o' him; onyway he was a great hand by his way of it, and he up and rebukit the Master for some of his on-goings. It was a grand thing for the Master o' Ball'ntrae to tak up a feud wi' a' wabster, wasnae't?" Macconochie would sneer; indeed he never took the full name upon his lips but with a sort of a whine of hatred. "But he did! A fine employ it was: chapping at the man's door, and crying 'boo' in his lum, and puttin' poother in his fire, and pee-oys * in his window; till the man thought it was auld Hornie was come seekin' him. Weel, to mak a lang story short, Wully gaed gyte. At the hinder end, they couldnae get him frae his knees, but he just roared and prayed and grat straucht on, till he got his release. It was fair murder, a'body said that. Ask John Paul—he was brawly ashamed o' that game, him that's sic a Christian man! Grand doin's for the Master o' Ball'ntrae!" I asked him what the Master had thought of it himself. "How could I ken?" says he. "He never said naething." And on again in his usual manner of banning and swearing, with every now and again a "Master of Ballantrae" sneered through his nose. It was in one of these confidences, that he showed me the Carlisle letter, the print of the horse-shoe still stamped in the paper. Indeed that was our last confidence; for he then expressed himself so ill-naturedly of Mrs. Henry, that I had to reprimand him sharply, and must thenceforth hold him at a distance.

My old lord was uniformly kind to Mr. Henry; he had even pretty ways of gratitude, and would sometimes clap him on the shoulder and say, as if to the world at large: "This is a very good son to me." And grateful he was no doubt, being a man of sense and justice. But I think that was all, and I am sure Mr. Henry thought so. The love was all for the dead son. Not that this was often given breath to; indeed with me but once. My lord had asked me one day how I got on with Mr. Henry, and I had told him the truth.

"Ay," said he, looking sideways on the burning fire, "Henry is a good lad, a very good lad," said he. "You have heard, Mr. Mackellar, that I had another son? I am afraid he was not so virtuous a lad as Mr. Henry; but dear me, he's dead, Mr. Mackellar! and while he lived we were all very proud of him, all very proud. If he was not all he should have been in some ways, well, perhaps we loved him better!" This last he said looking musingly in the fire; and then to me, with a great deal of briskness, "But I am rejoiced you do so well with Mr. Henry. You will find him a good master." And with that he opened his book, which was the customary signal of dismission. But it would be little that he read and less that he understood; Culloden field and the Master, these would be the burthen of his thought; and the burthen of mine was an unnatural jealousy of the dead man for Mr. Henry's sake, that had even then begun to grow on me.

I am keeping Mrs. Henry for the last, so that this expression of my sentiment may seem unwarrantably strong: the reader shall judge for himself when I have done. But I must first tell of another matter, which was the means of bringing me more intimate. I had not

* A kind of firework made with damp powder.

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yet been six months at Durrisdeer when it chanced that John Paul fell sick and must keep his bed; drink was the root of his malady, in my poor thought; but he was tended and indeed carried himself like an afflicted saint; and the minister, who came to visit him, professed himself edified when he went away. The third morning of his sickness, Mr. Henry comes to me with something of a hang-dog look.

"Mackellar," says he, "I wish I could trouble you upon a little service. There is a pension we pay; it is John's part to carry it; and now that he is sick, I know not to whom I should look unless it was yourself. The matter is very delicate; I could not carry it with my own hand for a sufficient reason; I dare not send Macconochie, who is a talker, and I am—I have—I am desirous this should not come to Mrs. Henry's ears," says he, and flushed to his neck as he said it.

To say truth, when I found I was to carry money to one Jessie Broun, who was no better than she should be, I supposed it was some trip of his own that Mr. Henry was dissembling. I was the more impressed when the truth came out.

It was up a wynd off a side street in St. Bride's, that Jessie had her lodging. The place was very ill inhabited, mostly by the freetrading sort; there was a man with a broken head at the entry; half way up, in a tavern, fellows were roaring and singing, though it was not yet nine in the day. Altogether, I had never seen a worse neighborhood even in the great city of Edinburgh, and I was in two minds to go back. Jessie's room was of a piece with her surroundings and herself no better. She would not give me the receipt (which Mr. Henry had told me to demand, for he was very methodical) until she had sent out for spirits and I had pledged her in a glass; and all the time she carried on in a light-headed, reckless way, now aping the manners of a lady, now breaking into unseemly mirth, now making coquettish advances that oppressed me to the ground. Of the money, she spoke more tragically.

"It's blood money," said she, "I take it for that: blood money for the betrayed. See what I'm brought down to! Ah, if the bonnie lad were back again, it would be changed days. But he's deid—he's lyin' deid amang the Hieland hills—the bonnie lad, the bonnie lad!"

She had a rapt manner of crying on the bonnie lad, clasping her hands and casting up her eyes, that I think she must have learned of strolling players; and I thought her sorrow very much of an affectation, and that she dwelled upon the business because her shame was now all she had to be proud of. I will not say I did not pity her, but it was a loathing pity at the best; and her last change of manner wiped it out. This was when she had had enough of me for an audience and had set her name at last to the receipt. "There!" says she, and taking the most unwomanly oaths upon her tongue, bade me begone and carry it to the Judas who had sent me. It was the first time I had heard the name applied to Mr. Henry; I was staggered besides at her sudden vehemence of word and manner; and got forth from the room, under this shower of curses, like a beaten dog. But even then I was not quit; for the vixen threw up her window and, leaning forth, continued to revile me as I went up the wynd; the freetraders, coming to the tavern door, joined in the mockery; and one had even the inhumanity to set upon me a very savage, small dog, which bit me in the ankle. This was a strong lesson, had I required one, to avoid ill company; and I rode home in much pain from the bite and considerable indignation of mind.

Mr. Henry was in the steward's room, affecting employment, but I could see he was only impatient to hear of my errand.

"Well?" says he, as soon as I came in; and when I had told him something of what passed, and that Jessie seemed an undeserving woman and far from grateful: "She is no friend to me," said he; "but indeed, Mackellar, I have few friends to boast of; and Jessie has some cause to be unjust. I need not dissemble what all the country knows: she was not very well used by one of our family." This was the first time I had heard him refer to the Master even distantly; and I think he found his tongue rebellious, even for that much; but presently he resumed. "This is why I

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would have nothing said. It would give pain to Mrs. Henry . . . and to my father," he added with another flush.

"Mr. Henry," said I, "if you will take a freedom at my hands, I would tell you to let that woman be. What service is your money to the like of her? She has no sobriety and no economy; as for gratitude, you will as soon get milk from a whinstone; and if you will pretermit your bounty, it will make no change at all but just to save the ankles of your messengers."

Mr. Henry smiled. "But I am grieved about your ankle," said he, the next moment, with a proper gravity.

"And observe," I continued, "I give you this advice upon consideration; and yet my heart was touched for the woman in the beginning."

"Why there it is, you see!" said Mr. Henry. "And you are to remember that I knew her once a very decent lass. Besides which, although I speak little of my family, I think much of its repute."

And with that he broke up the talk, which was the first we had together in such confidence. But the same afternoon, I had the proof that his father was perfectly acquainted with the business, and that it was only from his wife that Mr. Henry kept it secret.

"I fear you had a painful errand today," says my lord to me: "for which, as it enters in no way among your duties, I wish to thank you, and to remind you at the same time (in case Mr. Henry should have neglected) how very desirable it is that no word of it should reach my daughter. Reflections on the dead, Mr. Mackellar, are doubly painful."

Anger glowed in my heart; and I would have told my lord to his face how little he had to do, bolstering up the image of the dead in Mrs. Henry's heart, and how much better he were employed, to shatter that false idol. For by this time, I saw very well how the land lay between my patron and his wife.

My pen is clear enough to tell a plain tale; but to render the effect of an infinity of small things, not one great enough in itself to be narrated; and to translate the story of looks, and the message of voices when they are saying no great matter; and to put in half a page the essence of near eighteen months: this is what I despair to accomplish. The fault, to be very blunt, lay all in Mrs. Henry. She felt it a merit to have consented to the marriage, and she took it like a martyrdom; in which my old lord, whether he knew it or not, fomented her. She made a merit, besides, of her constancy to the dead; though its name, to a nicer conscience, should have seemed rather disloyalty to the living; and here also my lord gave her his countenance. I suppose he was glad to talk of his loss, and ashamed to dwell on it with Mr. Henry. Certainly, at least, he made a little coterie apart in that family of three, and it was the husband who was shut out. It seems it was an old custom when the family were alone in Durrisdeer, that my lord should take his wine to the chimneyside, and Miss Alison (instead of withdrawing) should bring a stool to his knee and chatter to him privately; and after she had become my patron's wife, the same manner of doing was continued. It should have been pleasant to behold this ancient gentleman so loving with his daughter; but I was too much a partisan of Mr. Henry's to be anything but wroth at his exclusion. Many's the time I have seen him make an obvious resolve, quit the table, and go and join himself to his wife and my Lord Durrisdeer; and on their part, they were never backward to make him welcome, turned to him smilingly as to an intruding child, and took him into their talk with an effort so ill-concealed that he was soon back again beside me at the table; whence, so great is the hall of Durrisdeer, we could but hear the murmur of voices at the chimney. There he would sit and watch, and I along with him; and sometimes by my lord's head sorrowfully shaken, or his hand laid on Mrs. Henry's head, or hers upon his knee as if in consolation, or sometimes by an exchange of tearful looks, we would draw our conclusion that the talk had gone to the old subject and the shadow of the dead was in the hall.

I have hours when I blame Mr. Henry for taking all too patiently; yet we are to remember he was married in pity, and accepted his wife upon that term. And indeed he had small encourage-

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ment to make a stand. Once, I remember, he announced he had found a man to replace the pane of the stained window; which, as it was he that managed all the business, was a thing clearly within his attributions. But to the Master's fanciers, that pane was like a relic; and on the first word of any change, the blood flew to Mrs. Henry's face.

"I wonder at you!" she cried.

"I wonder at myself," says Mr. Henry, with more of bitterness than I had ever heard him to express.

Thereupon my old lord stepped in with his smooth talk, so that before the meal was at an end all seemed forgotten; only that, after dinner, when the pair had withdrawn as usual to the chimneyside, we could see her weeping with her head upon his knee. Mr. Henry kept up the talk with me upon some topic of the estates—he could speak of little else but business, and was never the best of company; but he kept it up that day with more continuity, his eye straying ever and again to the chimney and his voice changing to another key, but without check of delivery. The pane, however, was not replaced; and I believe he counted it a great defeat.

Whether he was stout enough or no, God knows he was kind enough. Mrs. Henry had a manner of condescension with him, such as (in a wife) would have pricked my vanity into an ulcer; he took it like a favor. She held him at the staff's end; forgot and then remembered and unbent to him, as we do to children; burthened him with cold kindness; reproved him with a change of color and a bitten lip, like one shamed by his disgrace: ordered him with a look of the eye, when she was off her guard; when she was on the watch, pleaded with him for the most natural attentions as though they were unheard of favors. And to all this, he replied with the most unwearied service; loving, as folk say, the very ground she trod on, and carrying that love in his eyes as bright as a lamp. When Miss Katharine was to be born, nothing would serve but he must stay in the room behind the head of the bed. There he sat, as white (they tell me) as a sheet and the sweat dropping from his brow; and the handkerchief he had in his hand was crushed into a little ball no bigger than a musket bullet. Nor could he bear the sight of Miss Katharine for many a day; indeed I doubt if he was ever what he should have been to my young lady; for the which want of natural feeling, he was loudly blamed.

Such was the state of this family down to the 7th April, 1749, when there befell the first of that series of events which were to break so many hearts and lose so many lives.

(To be continued.)

THE STORM.

By Zoe Dana Underhill.

West[illegible] lighten:

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MEMORIES OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

By Lester Wallack.

SECOND PAPER.

HOW singularly prejudiced the old managers were against anything like an innovation! It was thought an extraordinary thing when Garrick first put on a pair of Elizabethan trunks for *Richard III.* He played *Macbeth* in a square-cut scarlet coat, the costume of an English general, and a regulation wig with a pigtail of his own period, while Mrs. Pritchard, who played *Lady Macbeth*, wore an enormous hoop. Garrick desired very much to wear a Scotch tartan and kilt, and a plaid, with bare legs, the traditional Highland costume; but this was in the days of the Pretender, when no one was allowed to show a plaid in the streets of London. After Garrick had brought in a great deal of wise reform in the way of dress there was a lull again, and no one dared to do anything new. Many generations later my father was cast for the part of *Tressel*, in Cibber's version of "Richard III." *Tressel* is the youthful messenger who conveys to *King Henry VI.* the news of the murder of his son after the battle of Tewksbury. My father, a young, ambitious actor, came on with the feather hanging from his cap, all wet, his hair dishevelled, one boot torn nearly off, one spur broken, the other gone entirely, his gauntlet stained with blood, and his sword snapped in twain; at which old Wewitzer [illegible] middle of the pit, and in manager, and had h[illegible] down among the fore my f[illegible] at which,

should have entered in a suit of decent black, with silk stockings on, and with a white handkerchief in your hand." "What! after defeat and flight from battle?" interrupted my father. "That had nothing at all to do with it," was the reply. "The proprieties! sir, the proprieties!"

This simply goes to show how difficult it was to introduce anything new in the matter of acting or costume. Some of the papers spoke very highly of the innovation, and the audience was satisfied, if the management was not.

Elliston was another early manager of my father's. He was a man whose pomposity and majesty in private life were absolutely amazing, but he was a great actor for all that, and an intelligent manager. For example: George IV. was a most theatrical man in all he did, and when his coronation took place he dressed all his courtiers, and everybody about him in peculiarly dramatic costumes—dresses of Queen Elizabeth's time. It was all slashed trunks and side cloaks, etc. Of course the dukes, earls, and barons were particularly disgusted at the way they had to exhibit themselves, and as soon as the coronation ceremonies were over these things were thrown aside and sold, and Elliston bought an enormous number of them. He was then the lessee of the Surrey Theatre, where he got up a great pageant and presented "The Coronation of George IV." He had a platform

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was advertised to appear, the public, as in the case of the elder Kean, was never sure whether it was to see him or not. In one season, when my father was stage-manager of Drury Lane, Elliston was announced to play *Falstaff* in "Henry IV.," Macready being cast for *Hotspur* and my father for the *Prince of Wales*. The anxiety to see the performance was great, not only among habitual theatre-goers, but in the profession itself, and Macready, at his own request, had a chair on the stage to watch Elliston's rehearsals. He was highly delighted with what he saw; and he believed, with others, that Elliston was the most perfect *Falstaff* that ever lived. Even in his feeble and intemperate old age he played it magnificently. On this particular occasion, in the scene of the combat between *Hotspur* and the *Prince of Wales*, while *Falstaff* is encouraging the *Prince*, *Douglas* enters, fights with *Falstaff*, and leaves him as if dead upon the field. When he is gone *Falstaff*, looking around to see that he is perfectly safe, and that no one is by, gets up, sees *Percy* slain, and cries: "I am afraid of this gunpowder Piercy, though he be dead," and stabs the body again in the thigh. The speech ends with the words: "Meantime, with this new wound in your thigh, do thou come along with me." Then there is a great deal of "comic business," in which he tries to get *Percy* on his back to carry him in to the *King*, pretending to have killed him himself. When the *Falstaff* of the evening came to this he made one or two ineffectual efforts to get up; and the consequence was that the scene of his attempt to lift *Percy* and carry him off went for nothing. There they were, *Percy* dead and Elliston dead-drunk. My father, appreciating all this from behind the scenes, went on, and improvised some Shakespearian lines, adding to the familiar "Farewell, I could have better spared a better man"—"Meantime do thou, Jack, come along with me;" and hoisting Elliston on his back he carried him off the stage amidst the wildest applause. It appeared a tremendous feat of strength, the audience forgetting for the moment that *Falstaff* was not so heavy as he looked. All the ill-temper caused by his drunkenness immediately left them, and they roared with laughter.

Poor Elliston at last was so overcome with the gout that he could not act at all. He was then lessee of Drury Lane, and my father was his stage-manager, appearing in Elliston's old parts, *Captain Absolute*, *Charles Surface*, and the like. At that time there was no zoological garden in London, but there was a place, called Exeter Change, in which were kept a lot of monkeys and parrots, a few wild animals, some lions (particularly the lion Wallace who fought the six bull dogs), and, if not the first, very nearly the first elephant that was ever exhibited alive in England. They did not know as much about taking care of animals then as they do now, and this elephant went mad, and became so dangerous that it was feared he would break out of his cage and do bodily damage to his keepers and the public, and it was determined he should be killed. A dozen men were sent from the barracks of the Foot Guards, who fired five or six volleys into the poor beast before they finished him. At that time "The Belle's Stratagem" was being played, with my father as *Doricourt*, one of Elliston's great parts. Elliston was in the habit of going to the theatre every night, particularly if one of his own celebrated characters was performed, and being wheeled down to the prompter's place in an invalid's chair, he would sit and watch all that was going on. In the mad scene in "The Belle's Stratagem" *Doricourt*, who is feigning insanity, has a little extravagant "business," and, at a certain exit, he utters some wildly absurd nonsense such as "Bring me a pigeon pie of snakes!" On the night in question, when the town talked of nothing but the great brute who had been killed by the soldiers the day before, my father on his exit after the mad scene shouted: "Bring me a pickled elephant!" to the delight of the easily pleased house, but to the disgust of the sensitive Elliston, who, shaking his gouty fist at him, cried: "Damn it, you lucky rascal, they never killed an elephant for *me* when *I* played *Doricourt!*"

My father was still stage-manager of Drury Lane in 1827, when Edmund

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Kean withdrew his allegiance from that house to Covent Garden, to the great indignation of Stephen Price, the lessee. Kean had placed his son Charles at Eton, and was bringing him up for the Army, or the Church, or some swell profession, and Price was determined, knowing the boy had a tremendous predilection for the theatre, that he would stick a thorn in Edmund Kean's side. Consequently he sent my father down to Eton to see the lad; and the result was that he was brought up from school and persuaded to go upon the stage by Price, who had succeeded in arousing his ambition; and as at that time the elder Kean was treating his wife very badly, Charles of course was less inclined to obey his father. When the advertisements came out that Kean's son was going to appear at Drury Lane Theatre, the sensation with the public was something enormous, the simple announcement affecting Kean's houses at Covent Garden. The lad came out as *Young Norval* in Home's tragedy of "Douglas," and my father played *Glenalvon*. He dressed Kean and absolutely "shoved" him upon the stage, for he was very nervous; but he played that night to a tremendous house and to a great reception. Of course it was a very crude performance, and the endeavor to imitate his father in all the passionate scenes was palpable throughout. For a few nights the curiosity of the town crowded the house, but the excitement did not continue, and he went to the provinces with varying success.

Charles was always devoted to his mother. She travelled about with him in his early days, after his father's death, and when he was between twenty-five and thirty years of age; and he worked hard to make a mere living for the two. During his visits to Brighton he was a frequent guest at my father's house, where he was sincerely liked. On one occasion it chanced that the Duchess of St. Albans was at Brighton while he was playing an engagement there. Moved by an affectionate feeling for the father, with whom, when Miss Mellon, she had often acted, she went to the theatre to see the son; and from the moment she saw Charles his fortune was made. She said: "This young man shall go to the top of the tree," and he did. Her influence in Brighton was all-powerful. Her tradespeople with their families filled the pit, and their working people filled the galleries. She made parties for him, and even sent the Duke himself to call for him at the Ship Hotel, where he was staying. The Duchess was the queen of fashion, and of course Kean at once became popular. This led to his reappearance in London.

I remember being in Kean's dressing-room in Brighton when Bunn came in to conclude this London engagement. Bunn said: "Don't be alarmed, your success is certain. Your 'Is't the King?' in 'Hamlet' is what will bring them." When Bunn went out, Kean, who was the most suspicious fellow I ever saw, said: "Is that man serious, is that man sincere?" I don't think that in those days he had faith in anybody except Cole, his biographer.

He subsequently became very intimate with the St. Albans family, which included the niece, Miss Burdett-Coutts; and when the Duchess died, the story went around that Kean would have no difficulty in winning the hand of the great heiress. Miss Ellen Tree, who was acting with him, according to rumor had been in love with him for years. He came into the theatre one night and said, abruptly: "Ellen, if you wish to marry me, to-morrow or never!" He was in a white heat of passion, and the story was that he had just received a flat rejection from Miss Burdett-Coutts. Kean and Miss Tree were married the very next day, and on that night, by a curious coincidence, they acted in "The Honeymoon" together. This story was current at the time; I give it as I heard it, but cannot vouch for its absolute truth.

Douglas Jerrold was a great enemy of Charles Kean; there was some feud between them, what, I do not know, but he never could endure Charles and invariably spoke of him as "the son of his father." Macready, who admired the genius of the elder Kean, would not have the younger at any price, and used to refer to him before his London appearance as "that young man who goes about the country."

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Lester Wallack and his Grand-daughter; at his Country Home, Stamford, Conn., July, 1888.

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When Jerrold wrote "The Rent Day" the plan of the scenery was taken from Sir David Wilkie's great pictures "The Rent Day" and "Distraining for Rent." The part of *Martin Hayward* was written for my father. Sir David Wilkie went to see the play and cried like a baby over it. I have a letter he wrote to the then lessee of the theatre about the acting. He subsequently sent my father one of the engravings with his autograph beneath. I have the picture now. The play made a great success at the time.

Charles Kean.

Charles Kean's second visit to America was under my father's management in 1839, and he was to have acted *Richard III.* in the National Theatre, New York, the night it was destroyed by fire.

Another very popular actor, William E. Burton, first came to this country at my father's instance, and by his advice. Burton, as did very many of the debutants from the country theatres, had suffered from the envy and rivalry of those already established in the good graces of London audiences. He appeared in the metropolis, if I remember rightly, at the Haymarket, as *Marall* to the *Sir Giles Overreach* of Edmund Kean. Dowton and other esteemed favorites had been familiar in this part, and Burton had, of course, to suffer the usual agonies of comparison. He was discouraged, and on the whole treated anything but fairly. In his despondent frame of mind my father, who had met him at various provincial theatres, and who well knew his powers, told him there was a fine field open to him in America. Accordingly Burton came to the United States. He appeared in Philadelphia, was prosperous, became an immense favorite there, and was also much appreciated in literary circles, for he was an accomplished scholar. It was a great pride and pleasure to my father to be the cause of his first appearance in New York, and to bring him out at the National Theatre. His great ability was soon acknowledged and appreciated, and his ultimate success when he took the Chambers Street house was a matter of course.

Mrs. Charles Kean (Ellen Tree).

This leads me to speak here of William Mitchell, for a long time Burton's only rival. Mitchell was originally a country actor in England. I am not quite certain whether my father brought him out or found him here, but at any rate he saw him play and was struck with his cleverness and quickness. He had been stage-manager of some of the provincial circuits in England, and my father gave him the same position in the National Theatre, which was then at the corner of Leonard and Church Streets. It had been built for an opera-house for Palmo, but failed in that capacity, and when my father took it, as I have said, he gave Mitchell direction of the stage. I was over here on a mere visit then, in 1838, just as the country was recovering from the great money panic of that year; when they had "shin plasters," as they called them, instead of money, as we had during the late war. In the very zenith of the theatre's success it was burned, and the company, of course, was thrown out of employment. My father, who was a good deal knocked down at first, "shook his feathers," and as he had people coming whom he had engaged in England, he had to find some place for them, so he took Niblo's Garden and there brought out John Vandenhoff's

Douglas Jerrold.

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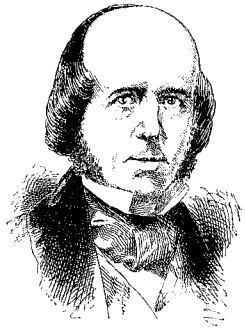
daughter, who made an immense success. This was very fortunate, because it enabled him to employ a number of actors who would otherwise have been idle and without salaries. When his short lease at Niblo's expired he went back to England; and Mitchell, as well as the others, had to cast about them for what they could get. Mitchell finally took what was then known as Tattersall's, and turned it into the Olympic Theatre, at 444 Broadway. He made it a cheap house and inaugurated what was the first reduction of prices, namely from one dollar to fifty cents for admission, and twenty-five cents to the pit. He began to produce travesties on everything that was played anywhere else. He had an actor named Horncastle, who had been a tenor singer in my father's company at the National, a fellow who had some talent for turning serious matter into burlesque. When, for instance, the opera of "Zampa, the Red Corsair," was brought out, they travestied it and called it "Sam Parr and his Red, Coarse Hair." This was the beginning of Mitchell's prosperity. He displayed immense activity in getting everything new which was farcical and burlesque. He was ahead of everybody else, and the consequence was that his house was crowded every night. I think that under his management Chanfrau first came out as *Mose*. Mitchell used to talk to the boys in the pit, who paid their twenty-five cents admission, and if they were particularly noisy, or misbehaved themselves in any way, Mitchell would go on and make a speech, saying, perhaps, "Boys, if you don't behave I'll raise the price ten cents, as sure as you live," a very effectual threat.

William E. Burton.

George Jordan.

The first serious check Mitchell received was from Burton, who was a very shrewd and exceedingly clever man. He saw from a distance, from his eyrie in Philadelphia, what Mitchell was doing; and he came here and took the Chambers Street Theatre, before long completely smothering Mitchell by doing the things he did; only doing them much better. He was a whole host in himself, certainly the first low comedian of his time. From the opening of the Chambers Street house Mitchell's Olympic went down; there is no doubt about that. Burton at last literally snuffed him out; and that, in very brief, is the history of Mitchell's theatre. Burton took care to present everything with a little better scenery, and a great deal better casts, and then he engaged John Brougham, who was worth fifty Horncastles. It was simply the very strongest attraction in New York for a long time.



Charles Walcot.

C. W. Clarke.

John Brougham left Burton, to go into management for himself at the little theatre on Broadway near Broome

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Miss Henriques.

Chanfrau.

Mrs. Conway.

Mrs. Boucicault (Agnes Robertson).

Charles Fisher.

William Reynolds.

John Dyott.

Mrs. Vernon.

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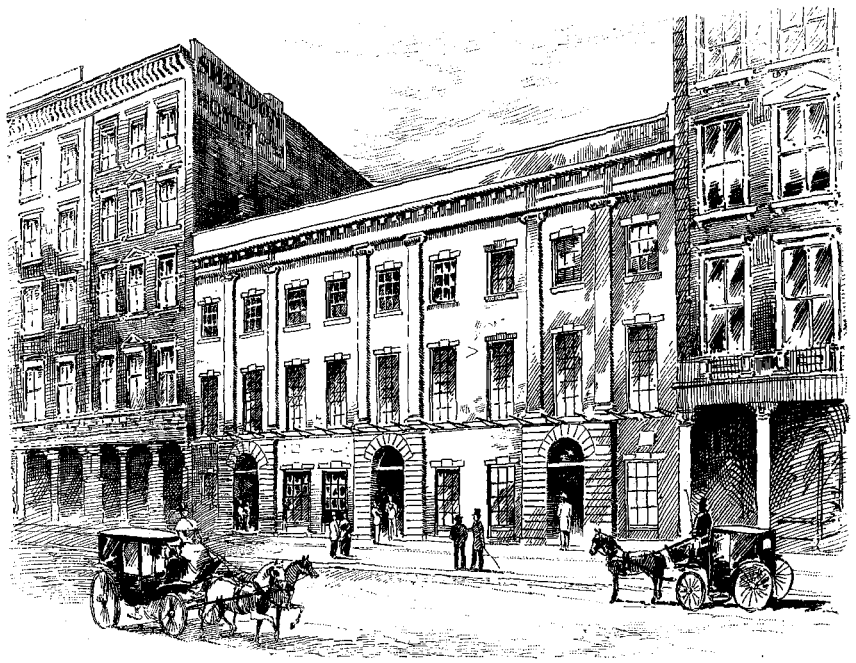
Street, built for him and called "Brougham's Lyceum." Burton engaged Mr. Blake and me; and having Mrs. Russell, the rent demanded too high, and Rogers that it was not high enough; and they had all those little disagreements



Burton's Theatre.

afterward so well known as Mrs. Hoey, and also Mr. Jordan and Mr. Tom Johnston, a strong combination, he wisely determined to present the old comedies, which became his staple commodity for that season and the next. At the end of the first of these I went to England, where I found my father rapidly recovering from what had been a very serious illness; and under the advice of his physicians I persuaded him to return to America with me. During the season which followed our arrival I was still fulfilling my second engagement at Burton's; and all this time Brougham's management was, as he himself described it to me, "a struggle; things continually going from bad to worse." It having been ascertained that Brougham must positively retire from the management, Major Rogers, the owner, determined to offer the house to my father, and the story of the transaction is rather a curious one, and perhaps worth repeating. They had various meetings on the subject of a lease, my father thinking which occur between people who are striking a bargain. They met finally on the stage one day when the theatre was quite empty and in charge of a janitor, and my father said: "Well, my dear Major Rogers, that ends the affair. I have made the best proposal I can afford, and therefore we must, I suppose, let the matter drop; but although the house is not a very good one, not so full as I could wish, I will try to explain to the audience;" whereupon he walked down the stage, and addressed the empty seats as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, in consequence of the impossibility of a definite arrangement between Major Rogers and myself, I beg first to tender to him my thanks for the patience with which he has listened to my unsuccessful arguments, and to offer to you my regrets that the kind and flattering desires that have been expressed, through the newspapers, and, by many of you, individually, that I should have the honor of catering for your amusement here cannot be real-

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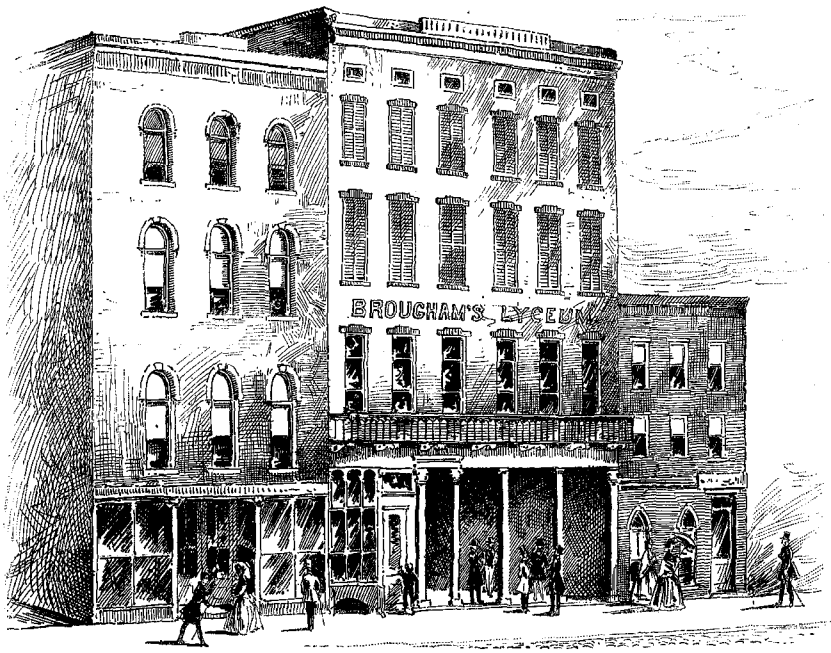
ized." He then bowed and turned up the stage to go out at the stage-door, when Major Rogers cried: "Stop! stop! was spoiling to do something more than play simple parts in Wallack's Theatre. He was a musical man, and he worked



Brougham's Lyceum.

That's enough; I consent to everything!" and the bargain was struck. The first thing my father did when he took possession of the Lyceum was to engage Brougham and Blake; and naturally, of course, I also cast in my fortune with him, and became his stage manager and leading man.

A lady came to me one day and said she had heard that we were going to bring out a burlesque written by John Brougham and called "Pocahontas." This was a Miss Georgiana Hodson, one of the handsomest women I ever saw. My father was ill in bed at this time, and I talked the matter over with her. I thought she looked like the sort of woman we wanted for the part. She had played in Boston, where she was a favorite, but she was anxious to make a New York appearance; so she was engaged, and "Pocahontas" was produced with great success. The piece was immensely clever, and Brougham and Walcot were delightful in it. There was a Mr. Fred Lyster in the company who matters until at last he persuaded Miss Hodson that there was a gold mine waiting for her in California. One night, when I had acted in the first piece and was, as my father's representative, looking after matters, the prompter came to me in a great hurry and said: "Mr. Wallack, Miss Hodson hasn't arrived." I replied: "The first piece is over; she must be here; she must certainly be dressing by this time." "She has not arrived, sir;" reiterated the prompter. I thought she might be ill, and sent to her residence to inquire; but Miss Hodson had gone, bag and baggage; and the position the management was in was a very peculiar one indeed. "Pocahontas" was a great attraction then, and what to do I did not know. I went down to tell Mr. Brougham and Mr. Walcot, who dressed in the same room. I said: "Gentlemen, we are in a fix; Miss Hodson has cut and run with Mr. Lyster and his company—all gone, I don't know where: except that I heard some talk and gos-

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sip of her ultimate intention of visiting California." John Brougham stood speechless, holding the hare's foot with which he was coloring his face. Walcot turned round and gasped, "For Heaven's sake, what are we going to do?" "I don't know, but I'll tell you what, if you are game we will play the piece without her." "Bless me," said Brougham, "play 'Pocahontas' without *Pocahontas?*" "Yes, you will have to improvise; get ready now and I will take care of the audience." I went on to the stage and said: "I am very sorry to appear, ladies and gentlemen, in the character of an apologist. You have seen a good deal of me to-night in the first play and I only wish that the extra sight you have of me could be accompanied by a more agreeable result, but I am obliged to tell you that we have no *Pocahontas.* Of course, under these circumstances we can but do what we should do, and to those who are not satisfied with this fact, and are not content to take what we can give them, we will return the money." Walcot, who was standing at the side, called out like a prompter: "Half the money, dear boy, half the money, they have had half the show," but I paid no attention to him and continued: "We can give you a charming novelty instead." Some of the people who were preparing to leave sat down again, and all were quiet, wondering what was coming. "We will give you the play of 'Pocahontas' without *Pocahontas.*" There was a shout directly. I said: "Therefore, as far as giving you 'Pocahontas' goes, there will be no disappointment." The result was one of the greatest sprees ever seen upon the stage. Those two men were so clever that they absolutely improvised all that was required in verse, and the burlesque never went better, perhaps from that very fact. Mary Gannon played the part of *Pocahontas* the next night.

It seemed decreed that when left to take care of the theatre during my father's absence I should meet the sort of things I encountered with Miss Hodson. My father went to Boston to play a star engagement one winter and left me in charge of the theatre. Sheridan's "Rivals" was running; Brougham was the *Sir Lucius,* Blake the *Sir Anthony Absolute,* I was the *Captain Absolute,* and Miss Laura Keene was *Lydia Languish.* A short time before the curtain was to rise on a certain evening the prompter came to me in a great state of mind and said: "Miss Keene has not arrived." (This by the way, was previous to Miss Hodson's flight.) I sent to her house to know if she was ill, and found she had gone off to Baltimore with a man named Lutz. This person, it is said, had induced a lot of wealthy men to take a theatre and fit it up for him, on condition that he engaged Miss Keene, and this he did. Before I had time to tell the audience about the difficulty, a Mr. Meyers, who kept what was known as Meyers's Mourning Store on Broadway, very near the theatre, and who was a great friend of Miss Keene's (he and his daughters), sent word to say that he wished to see me at once. Although I was very busy I consented, because I fancied that he was privy to this whole affair; and thought perhaps he might have some reason to give or some explanation to make. He came rushing in and said: "What are you going to do?" I told him I was going on the stage to tell the people that Miss Keene had left. He replied: "I am going out in front as Miss Keene's friend to hear what you have to say." I went on and told the exact truth; I said: "I am very sorry to have to ask your indulgence for the lady who is going, on a very short notice, to undertake the part of *Lydia Languish;* she may possibly have to read it." There was a great murmur, "Miss Keene, Miss Keene!" "If you will give me your patience for a few moments I will explain." I continued, "Miss Keene has left the theatre and left the city, I do not know anything about where she has gone, nor on what principle she has disappointed

Dion Boucicault.

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you to-night ; I only tell you she has left the theatre." The apology was accepted, the comedy was produced, and Mrs. Conway went through with flying colors as *Lydia*. Miss Keene subsequently wrote a letter to the papers in which

Laura Keene.

she said she had gone to Baltimore because she had a brother who was very ill there.

Miss Keene's place as leading lady was filled by Mrs. Hoey, who had retired from the stage upon her marriage to Mr. John Hoey, in 1851. As Mrs. Russell she had been a member of Burton's company for a number of years, and was a great favorite. Not long after Miss Keene's departure I went one New Year's Day to call on Mrs. Hoey and her husband. She said to me : "I want to speak to you ;" took me to the window, and after looking at me a moment added : "I am going back on the stage." "What, does John not object?" She replied : "He only makes the condition that if I go on the stage again, it is to be at Mr. Wallack's theatre and nowhere else." I immediately caught on to this, because Miss Keene's going away had left a gap which was very difficult to fill, and a leading lady is never easy to find. When I went home I told my father of this, and he asked, "But who is this Mrs. Russell?" "Mrs. Russell is the best lady you can possibly get. She has been off the stage two or three years, but she was a very charming person, and is exceedingly and justly popular, which, after all, is the great thing." So I introduced Mrs. Russell, or Mrs. Hoey, to my father, and the result was that he engaged her, and she made her reappearance in Sheridan Knowles's, "Love Chase." I played *Wildrake*, and she *Constance*. I have seen stage fright very often, but I never shall forget the fright she was in that night. It would have been a very mortifying thing if she had made a failure then, and she was naturally very nervous, but she soon overcame it and was the enormous favorite she had been before. That is the history of her coming back. Burton was very angry that she did not return to him, but Wallack's Theatre had become the fashionable place of amusement, and everything was going up town. Wallack's was a mile and a half above Burton's Chambers Street house ; and that was decidedly in its favor. Then we went at the comedies again, and Mrs. Hoey very soon came to the front and got her old place, and even a higher one. In fact, on or off the stage, no lady had ever been more deservedly popular than Mrs. John Hoey. When she finally retired little Miss Henriques appeared. She, also, was an immense favorite.

After the opening of Wallack's Theatre Burton introduced two admirable

Mary Gannon.

artists to this country, Charles Fisher and Lysander Thompson, who first appeared on the same night, and in the same piece, "The School of Reform," in Chambers Street, in 1852. Burton had a profound knowledge of men and of their capabilities, and very quickly learned where to place the members of

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his company to the best advantage for him and for themselves: so much so that when he brought out that clever comedy, "Masks and Faces," by Charles Reade, he played *Triplet* himself, but soon resigned it to Fisher, who made a great deal more of it. I have never seen anybody who could ever approach Fisher as *Triplet;* the whole performance was a gentle, charming, beautiful thing. When Fisher and Thompson left Burton, naturally they drifted to the new house, which absorbed all the stock talent in the country at that time, including Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, John Dyott, William Reynolds, J. H. Stoddart, Humphrey Bland, George Holland, Sothern, Henry and Thomas Placide, besides those I have mentioned before.

(Concluding article in December number.)

THE POET'S HOUSE.

By Mrs. Fields.

"For lamentation may not be in a poet's house. Such things befit not us."—SAPPHO.

BESIDE the Indian seas,
Hid in a sloping vale,
Candulla dwelt, a maid,
White as a wandering sail
That yields now to the breeze,
Now poises, unafraid.

The yellow primrose stands
Thus at the hour of even,
And seems to raise her hands
Thus in the face of heaven;
And so uplifts her eye
When the night of love draws nigh.

Candulla rose and passed
Pure to her lover's home:
A poet's perfect flower
Into his garden come;
But the blossoming day was the last—
She faded there in the bower;

And the poet stood alone!
There was silence on the stair,
There was stillness in the hall,
There was absence everywhere!
The summer of life was done,
She had vanished, his love, his all.

He saw her glimmering dress
Wave when the breezes blew,
And where the lilies shone
Her flying feet he knew:
Hers all the loveliness,
The music hers alone.

Therefore the poet said:
"Stand open, O my door!
And bid the sun illume
Thy sorrow-darkened floor;
Bring garlands for the maid;
The song of life resume."

A sound of gladness and song
Fell from his open door;
As of one who journeys in hope
Where love has travelled before,
Rejoices and is strong
In his joy for evermore.

Voices solemn and sweet,
Children laughing and gay,
Light and purpose of life,
Dawn and falling of May,
The garland of life replete
With flowers that cover the strife.

Such is the poet's home!
Open the doors to the sun!
Gladness and glory and song
Till the day of travel be done
And the day of the Lord be come!
Garlands and song to the children of love belong!

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FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE END OF THE EPISODE.

HEN the train had fairly started, that morning, Flossie sank back into her seat with a certain sensation of relief. Almost immediately, they entered the long tunnel under the city; no conversation was possible, nor could she see Mr. Wemyss's face. She had the back seat herself; Justine sat with him, on the seat in front of her. As they came out of the tunnel and crossed the Harlem River, she looked at him. He met her eye nervously, and she could see that he was embarrassed by the presence of the maid.

"When do we sail?" said she. Flossie was quite indifferent to the maid. What cared she for the maid's opinion? And she ignored his glances beseeching that she might be told to go. But Justine herself asked Mrs. Gower demurely if she should not fetch a glass of water, and went of her own accord.

"The Parthia sails at six to-night," said Wemyss. "You will have ample time to rest in Boston, if you wish, dearest." The expression of affection sounded commonplace; and Wemyss felt that it did, self-consciously. "It is infinitely better we should go from Boston," he went on; "the Parthia is slow, but that makes no difference; and there is certain to be no one in her we know, at this time of the year. I took the passage in fictitious names, of course."

"What did you do that for?"

"I thought you would prefer it," said he; and made bold to take her hand.

"It was very ridiculous and quite unnecessary," said Flossie, withdrawing it. "When I go to Europe, I am willing all the world should know."

Wemyss did not know just what to say; and fortunately the conductor made his first entry at that juncture. He attended to his business perfunctorily; and it struck Wemyss as curious that he did not note anything unusual about their trip. It seemed to him that all the world must see that he was going to England with her, and that she was not his wife.

The newspapers lay unread upon the seat. Mrs. Gower did not care to read them; and Wemyss gave his whole attention to her, as a matter of course. She was looking at the window, watching the familiar landscape fly by; and he began to think how they could pass through Boston with least certainty of being seen. He had had the passenger-list of the steamer telegraphed on the night before; and knew that no acquaintance would be on board; he felt it would be embarrassing to meet an acquaintance, until their position was regularized.

When the train had crossed the Harlem River, Wemyss felt as if the Rubicon were passed. But already the feeling of elation, the flattery to his *amour-propre*, began to pass away. There were certain difficulties, even in the Décadence; conventions yet remaining which annoyed him.

It had been tacitly agreed between them that when Gower got his divorce, he was to marry her. In the meantime, he was to escort her to England, where they both had many friends. And Wemyss reassured himself by thinking how these friends had treated similar cases; leniently, he was sure, with result of a not wholly unpleasant notoriety, and even, in the man's case, of a certain glamour. A little temporary retirement, of course, was fitting enough.

How long would that have to last? Six months? A year? They could go abroad—to the Mediterranean—up the Nile—that is, if he could persuade Mrs. Gower to do so. It would be terribly slow, being in England through the London season and not going out; for of course he could not honorably go out without her.—Not but that, of

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course, he would always be happy wherever he could be with her; as, correcting himself, he hastened to think.—The train stopped at Bridgeport; and looking out, he saw a company of blue-coated, elderly men, rigged out with swords and divers sashes and parti-colored orders. It was some post of G. A. R. marching in procession, with a brass band; they did not march well, and yet seemed gravely impressed with the importance of the occasion. They took themselves seriously; and had not yet discovered the Décadence. Wemyss called Mrs. Gower's attention to them with some amusement; she looked at them listlessly, with her mind on other things. "Don't you want to go and smoke?" said she.

Mr. Wemyss had never felt so much need of a cigar in his life, but he felt bound to deny it. The train pulled out of the station; and he saw the blue-coats, now portly citizens, with weapons that seemed curiously out of place, marching cheerfully through the snow. He wondered what he ought to do, if Gower should challenge him. Wemyss was no physical coward, and he felt he ought to be true to the code of honor. But did not English ideas rather cast ridicule upon duels in such cases? And Wemyss dreaded ridicule more than anything else in the world; and was an Englishman above all things—particularly for the future. There was no question that the bourgeoisie of Boston would never condone his offence. Still, if Gower sent a challenge, he should certainly have to meet him.

"I wish you would go and smoke," said Flossie, impatiently. "I want to go to sleep."

"True—and forgive me, dear—I ought to have remembered you have been up all night, and your triumphs at the ball." He took her hand, and bent over it; and the trivial thought came into his head to wonder if Flossie had any doubts of her complexion; the thought annoyed him, coming at such a time; it was not like a Lancelot, hardly like Lauzun. But he walked away regretfully, and went to the smoking-room, where he did take the cigar he really needed; for he too had been up all night, and he, at least, was worn and weary. When he was gone, Flossie closed her eyes and went quietly to sleep.

There were two men in the smoking-room; but Wemyss looked in before he entered, and made up his mind that they were neither of them gentlemen. He sat down, and lit his cigar without fear that they could recognize him. He looked at the two other occupants of the place, who were evidently on some business journey, and fancied to himself what they would say if they knew the object of his own. For all his indifference, Wemyss was more nervous after his *grand coup* than had been Jem Starbuck.

He reminded himself that he must think, like other heroes of great passion, of his lady fair. Last night, at the ball, he had really adored her; if, to-day, there was the faintest possible reaction, was it not natural, after all? It takes a Dresden-china shepherd rather than a man of the world to be idyllic in a railroad-car; he was sure that he admired her, that she fascinated him, that if he was not in love with her, he had never been in love. He had contemplated this step for years. He was ready to sacrifice his whole future for her.

Another man entered the car, a younger man; he looked at him almost inquisitively, and Wemyss felt sure that he had seen his face before. His cigar was nearly done; moreover his *savoir faire* reproached him with staying so long away from Flossie, and he left his place to the new-comer. But he found her still asleep; though she opened her eyes at his entrance. "Where are we?"

"New Haven." Flossie sighed.

"Don't let me disturb you," he added.

"Oh, I shall sleep no more." He sat down opposite, looking over at her tenderly; Justine sat up sphinx-like, and he was losing the constraint her presence at first had caused him. The fact that she took the situation so as of course even gave him a certain support. In this French maid's trained face he had much comfort. A new conductor came in to take their tickets; and they drew out again into the gray-white landscape of New-England winter. Wemyss had made the journey many hundred times; and yet, as he sat there looking at Flossie, his one thought was a sur-

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prise that it did not seem more novel, even now. He tried, like Claude Melnotte, to think of Italy and Como villas; but his imagination failed to go beyond their arrival in Boston and his arrangements for the voyage.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Gower's thoughts were larger and less troubled. She had no thought for the immediate future, at least. And as to the distant future—well, she, too, had made up her mind. They were both rich; and she had tried her woman's weapons on the world before. She by no means meant to give up her position in society; she purposed leading it with more celebrity than ever; and in Paris, London, not New York. They had no divorce in France; and no one she cared about would blame her for having exercised that envied American privilege. While in England—she could not go to court, of course; but what cared she for that? She had been presented once; and the more fashionable London court, the circle to which all her social friends belonged, would not dream of caring what the status or position of an American had been. Her springs in Paris, her summers in London, her winters in Pau—ah, this last was the life she secretly looked forward to. She knew that she could be as full of conquests, brilliant, captivating, as any of her favorite Feuillet's heroines. She knew that she could still be there a *reine du monde.*

She smiled to herself as she thought how the news would fly around New York. She delighted to think that with Baby Malgam, her nearest friend and rival, a certain almost envious admiration would mingle with pretended triumph. Flossie had led them up to the very end; and then, when she was fairly bored with winning, she had dared the very steepest fence of all. But how the old madams would chuckle to themselves and the blue-blooded coterie she had laughed at so! She had driven a coach-and-four through all their stupid conventions, and led the fashion to its very end. And twenty years ago she had not been "in society."

She took up the newspaper, and read the long account of the ball. She had always liked to see her beauty and her dresses hymned in the daily prints; and two whole paragraphs were given to her to-day. "No one attracted so much admiration as Mrs. Levison-Gower"—Poor Lucie! She almost wished she had a different husband, though. Poor Lucie was likely to be simply sorry. She almost despised him again for this; if he had been a man like Kill Van Kull, for instance, it would have been an added excitement; and that faint reproach that came rather from her good nature than her conscience would have been gone entirely. She laid the paper down, and fell again into a reverie; not reading the news of that great fire which the ball had relegated to the second page. On such trivial chances do the actions of our lives depend.

She in turn looked over at Mr. Caryl Wemyss, sitting opposite; he met her eye with a glance of adoration that seemed affected to sharp-sighted Flossie. A well-bred, polished person this; but hardly that Guy Livingstone of her youthful fancy. The journey was certainly tedious; they were not at Hartford yet, and she looked out the window and watched the rude fences of her native land fly by, in dwindling perspective. She half-divined his thoughts—he was still reflecting of de Musset and George Sand; of Byron and the Countess Guiccioli; or perhaps, more recently, of Lord Eskdale, his friend, and Mrs. White-Thompson. She, however, for long had had no romance in her composition; but only love of adventure, admiration, social primacy, for good or evil. She tried to banish her companion from her mind, and scheme of future triumphs. Yet she knew that his position was safer in the world than hers.

Already the gray day was growing dark; and the monotonous white wooden houses that they passed were beginning to be lit with evening lamps. The empty fields and wooded hills about them made her lonely; and she pictured to herself, with a shudder, their commonplace firesides. Heavens, how stupid a thing must life be to some! They passed an ugly manufacturing village with its dull wide streets and garniture of unpainted wood; and her fancy seemed to paint to her all their obscurity of life, their ox-like submission, with really no more faith or virtue, as she

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thought, than she, only more hypocrisy and less courage. Yet she remembered just such a village, hereabout, in her awkward youth; and something of the view of life it taught came back to her, now; abandoned, as it had been, from her very girlhood.

So this was the climax, after all! And all her triumphs and all her cleverness had led to this? Some people would call it but a common elopement, and say that her position in respectable society was gone forever. She had not valued this, nor all these things, when she had got them; not even perhaps as any Jenny Starbuck valued her diamond ring; would she care for them more, now she had lost them? She fancied not. And she looked over the unpicturesque New-England landscape and pretended that she was a French duchess, travelling in some barbaric province. And then she looked at Mr. Wemyss once more, and again half wished that it had been Van Kull. She knew very well that there was no *grande passion* in her case.

When they got to Springfield, Wemyss got out; and came back in some trepidation. "I have seen Charlie Clarendon," said he; "but I don't think that he noticed me."

"And what does it matter whether he noticed you or not?" said Flossie, opening her eyes.

"Why, I thought—that you—that is, I wanted——" He broke off in some confusion at Flossie's laugh; and nothing more was said between them, all his well-worded compliments meeting no response. "She snubs me as if I were her husband," thought he; and he wished the awkward journey well over, and they were safely on the steamer.

There was something pitilessly practical in the dull light of the winter afternoon; commonplace, dispiriting, and the twilight hour least suited of the twenty-four for daring deeds. The very way the newsboys cried the evening papers jarred on Wemyss's mood. Mrs. Gower had insisted on opening the door of their compartment, for air; and he could see his fellow-travellers. As Wemyss sat studying them, they seemed types too simple even to weave imaginations about; their natures could better be taken apart, like a piston from its rod, than painted, like a flower. He felt that his orbit transcended their imagination. Opposite him was a girl of twenty or more, but going back to school; attendant on her was a boy of nearer thirty, most obviously wishing to be contracted to her for matrimony, and most probably about to be. When his eyes returned from this roving, they met Flossie's; hers were fixed on him, and remained so, though she did not speak, all the way to Worcester.

There she alighted for a little walk; and so they passed Charlie Clarendon, who recognized them and bowed. "Pray heaven he does not fasten to us in the train," thought Wemyss, devoutly. The young girl of twenty had also got out, and passed them, walking with her adorer, to whose arm she naïvely clung. When they got back to the car, Wemyss drew the sliding-door before their compartment, but Mrs. Gower again objected; and, as he feared, Clarendon was not the man to lose the chance of recommending himself to such a social shrine as Flossie Gower's. As the train drew out of the station, he stood before their door, smirking with delight and pulling his travelling cap like Hodge his forelock. But Wemyss had to curse him inaudibly; for Flossie looked up with a brighter glance than she had worn that day, and a certain gleam of her old audacity in her famous eyes.

"So glad to see you honoring Boston in the middle of the season," said Clarendon. "Ah—Mr. Gower with you?"

"No," said Flossie, "Mr. Wemyss is with me. Do you not know each other? Mr. Clarendon, Mr.——"

"I have the *pleasure* of Mr. Clarendon's acquaintance," broke in Mr. Wemyss, dryly.

"Er— Gower too busy to get away, I suppose?"

"Not at all," said Flossie. "He did not know I was coming."

"Ah—quite so," said Clarendon. "I hope you mean to stop some time with us?"

"No," said Flossie. "I leave Boston to-morrow for——"

But here Wemyss took the word from her. "Mrs. Gower has only come on for the bachelors' ball, to-morrow night," said he. As he spoke, Flossie looked

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at him, amazed, as if about to speak; then pressed her lips together scornfully. Clarendon had been congratulating himself on his success so far; but now he seemed to meet with difficulties. For Mrs. Gower became obstinately silent; she turned her face to the window, though it was little better than a slaty square, and looked obstinately out of it. Wemyss made no offer to give up his seat, and answered mostly by unflattering interjections.

When Clarendon had gone, Mrs. Gower continued silent. He watched her for some minutes; then he ventured a remark. "That little Clarendon is the greatest gossip in Boston."

Flossie made no reply; and there was silence between them until the train reached Boston. Justine made a motion to go, as if to prepare herself for the arrival; but Mrs. Gower bade her stay. "We are here, dearest, at last," said he, taking her hand; but Mrs. Gower withdrew it without a word.

They alighted, and Wemyss looked about him; the electric light made the faces of a welcoming crowd terribly distinct; but he was inexpressibly relieved to find no familiar face among them.

He engaged the first carriage that he found, and put Flossie into it with the maid; and then went in search of her travelling trunks. The coachman put them on; and Wemyss began to tell him the hotel.

"I have already told him where to go," said Flossie. She shut the door; and before Wemyss could find his speech, the carriage had driven rapidly off and left him standing there, alone, in the Boston railway station.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FLOSSIE DECLINES.

Flossie had given the driver the address of her only cousin she remembered; a certain Mrs. Lyman, whose husband she believed was some instructor or professor at some college, she could not remember where. They had sent her cards upon their wedding; but Flossie had never been near them in her previous trips to Boston. She had an idea they might be poor; and did not wish to trouble them; and after all, what could there be between her life and theirs?

So she had some qualms of social conscience when the carriage stopped at the little brick house; the first time, perhaps, in twenty years that she felt the slightest doubt as to her reception. But she was determined that she would go to no hotel, where Wemyss might find her.

But they proved hospitable people, and really glad to see her, if just the least bit surprised. Evidently they were much afraid of her, and still more of her maid; but a room was found for Justine too; and in the morning Mrs. Gower dismissed her, with her wages paid some time ahead. And gradually Flossie found that they doubted not so much their breeding as her own; they were by no means ashamed of the little house and its two maid-servants, but feared that Flossie might be. And they knew people high-placed enough in the world to be known, by name, even to her. "How different from New York!" she said to herself; perhaps she should have said, how different from that New York that she had made. They had several children, who all came to the breakfast-table; and Flossie noted, with much compassion, that Mrs. Lyman was her own nurse. She was persuaded to stay with them over the next day; their mode of life was a curious study to her. She did not envy it; possibly she even looked at it with horror, for she never lost her essential love for wealth; but she was quite clever enough to have for it a certain respect. Her favorite classifications seemed to fail; they were not bourgeois, but even gentlefolk, such as she had read poor rectors' families were in England. And such as there are many in America, though she did not know it.

Flossie went back to New York on the morning train the next day, the same way she had come. She read in the paper that Mr. Caryl Wemyss was a passenger in the Parthia for Europe. It was the best thing he could do.

She had given much thought to her coming meeting with her husband. Would he suspect anything, she won-

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dered? She hoped not; and she turned about the paper to see what had happened in New York. She had not read a newspaper for several days; her own news she had made, and she cared for no other. A black headline caught her eye: *Failure of the Starbuck Oil Company.* Great heavens!

All her fortune was still in that; save only the house upon Fifth Avenue. She read it with avidity. The failure appeared to be complete; and from the account she gathered also the facts of the great fire. It was believed to be incendiary the paper said. How terrible that people could commit such crimes; what were the laws for, and the decalogue? The house of Townley & Tamms had also failed; it was believed the assets would not realize ten per cent. As most of the loss fell upon trusts held for rich private individuals, it was thought the failure would have no further disastrous consequences upon the street, the paper added grimly. Mr. Phineas Tamms was known to be in Montreal; young Mr. Townley was also a fugitive. The Allegheny Central was also heavily involved, but it was believed this property might recover. Warrants were out for the arrest of Mr. Townley, Senior.

Flossie put the paper down with horror. She found it impossible to believe that she was ruined; that she could really ever be poor.

And then the thought came to her, what a fortunate escape; Lucie still had money; but what would she have been, as his wife, undivorced perhaps, who had fled from him with Caryl Wemyss? She shuddered at the idea; well she knew how her world would have regarded her, poor, no longer able to dazzle her careless court into complaisance, no longer materially able to set the fashion she could lead so well. I cannot say she felt any remorse; women like Flossie Gower do not feel remorse; but she was at least devoutly thankful she had not made a worldly blunder.

How would Lucie take it? This was her one thought, now. He had been absent on his sporting trip; but was certain to be back the very day she left. How fortunate, after all, had been poor Wemyss's cowardice! She had all a woman's ignorance of business; and she felt, for the first time in her life, a need of leaning on her husband. Poverty was the one thing she dreaded, more than death, more even than old age; in dishonor she did not much believe. But she had never been frightened in her life before.

The journey passed much more quickly than her journey on; and arriving, back at the great terminus she had never thought to see again, she got nimbly into a carriage and drove quickly to her house. It was Lucie himself who met her at the door.

"I am so glad to see you again, Flo," said he; and she let him kiss her twice. "I have been so terribly anxious!"

"Tell me, Lucie—is it all gone?"

"All what gone?" said he; and he took her in his arms again. "You left no word where you had gone; and I have been almost crying!" And the honest fellow did let drop two big salt tears upon her little hand.

"I have been to Boston—staying with my cousin—for a little rest. But do tell me—have we lost everything?"

"Lost? Oh, yes, I believe the Starbuck Oil has pretty well gone up," said he. "But what does it matter? I've got enough for two, you know. My dear, I haven't told you, but I've made some money lately! Isn't it a joke that I should make money? And I can't tell you how glad I am that I can give you something at last! Your income shall be just what it always was—I'll take care of that." Flossie gave a sigh of relief; and actually kissed him, all herself.

Poor Lucie! He had never been so happy in his life. Not even when they had first been married; for though he was a simple gentleman, his heart had grown, since then; and hearts do more of God's work than intellects, even now in the world. And that very day, he went down and bought her diamonds, even finer than those he had given her upon their wedding-day.

Did Flossie change? I think not. It is only in novels that such natures change at nearly forty; it is only in novels, too, that the unrepentant are brought up with a round turn, and a moral pointed, in a flare of transformation-scene blue lights. But Flossie is

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still rich, and still she leads her set; she is still successful, and will doubtless be so to the very end. It is true some people say she is in her decadence. She seems to have resigned herself to her final place in life; and other younger members of her set, Baby Malgam, perhaps, or Mrs. Jimmy De Witt, are passing her. She will have no catastrophe; and though (perhaps) against all morals of romance, it must be said that she is making simple Lucie happier than he has ever been before.

She still had one great scare, however. It was some weeks or months after this, that the servant brought Lucie word a lady wished to see him. It was in the early afternoon; and he said that it must be for Mrs. Gower; but no, she insisted, the man told him, that it was for him. She was a veiled lady, the servant said, and he ran to his dressing-room and gave orders for her to be ushered to the parlor.

Going down, to his astonishment, he met Justine. He commonly took little note of his wife's maids; but this one he remembered because she had been with them so long. "You must wish to see Mrs. Gower," he said. "I'll go and find her."

But no, simpered the Frenchwoman, her business was with him.

"Has she not paid you your wages? she told me she had dismissed you—and for cause."

A black scowl disfigured the handsome face. "Madame has turned me out—like a dog. And I have had no time to get even the dresses that I left. And—" the maid looked at him curiously. "I do know somesings about Madame Monsieur would like to know—and Madame, she would give almost her beaux yeux not to have me tell."

Lucie's eyes opened wide; but in a moment their honest wonderment was changed to a look that Justine misinterpreted. "If Monsieur will make it worth my while—*je connais la générosité de Monsieur*—I can tell of Madame's voyage to Boston—sings zat he would like to know!"

She stopped; for Mr. Gower was struggling with many words. The soubrette looked cunningly at the gentleman; and he began with an indignant burst; but then he mastered himself. He took her by the wrist, and led her forcibly to Mrs. Gower's room. It must be confessed that Flossie's color changed when she saw the strange pair enter.

"Has this woman been fully paid?" said he to his wife.

"Of course," said Flossie. "I had to discharge her for insolence to me, and she went away vowing revenge."

"I thought so," said Lucie. "James, show this woman the door; and hark ye, Pauline, Fifine, whatever your name is, if you even ring this door-bell again, I'll have you arrested."

Ah, Miss Flossie, there are some advantages you had not understood, in marrying a gentleman, though not a clever one—are there not?

And this scene ended Flossie Gower's episode. She lived on, and still went to balls, and gave her dinners; some people even say that she fell in love with her husband. But this the author, at least, takes liberty to doubt; she liked him, in a way, for he made his own way hers so good-naturedly. I do not even know if she be contented; but she certainly has more than her deserts. Perhaps she still hears, with half a sigh, of Kitty Farnum's—the Countess of Birmingham's—success in England; and casts a glance of envy at that lady's varied photographs in the shop windows, if she ever walks down Broadway. But then her whilom protégée had married a peer of the realm; and I am sure that she is glad she has not married Caryl Wemyss.

But Mrs. Gower leads no longer. She even has little influence for ill; or if she has, she does not choose to exert it. She is a model no longer; the débutantes have taken other patterns. I am not sure that Mrs. Haviland even has not greater influence—but this is anticipating. The young men no longer cluster round her carriage at the races; poor Arthur's was perhaps the last of all the lives she injured.

Let us turn to others, in whom, as may be hoped, the reader takes more interest. But first, we turn one glance at Mr. Wemyss. One glance will be enough. No one, of course, ever knew of his great adventure; he has sometimes wished to tell it, but never wholly

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dared. Moreover, his honor as a gentleman forbids. Clarendon has sometimes spoken of his queer meeting with him and Flossie Gower; people wonder idly, when they grow scandalous, what has been between them; but no one really cares. Mr. Wemyss himself, as Flossie thought, did the best thing possible under the circumstances; he went to Europe on the Parthia, and has stayed there ever since. Let us dismiss him from our thoughts; he is surely not a hero of romance, nor yet even a man in a French play, as he fondly fancied; nor yet even a real man at all. Perhaps there will even be no Décadence.

Of his life he made a poor play; yet could not even play it to the end.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE FLOWERS IN THE HARVEST.

No sheriff's warrant was ever served on Mr. Townley. Lionel Derwent took care of that, and stayed with him (for he was childless) for some few weeks, until the old man died, of softening of the brain. Then Derwent went away again; to Asia, I believe, or to Africa, or Australia. Before he left, Gracie had a very curious call from him. He said a word or two to her of Mamie, and then a word or two of Arthur, and then a word or two of John Haviland; and then he took his leave, shaking hands with her in his awkward English way, and she never saw him more. For he never met another woman whom he loved.

He did not ask to take farewell of Mamie, and she was very glad when she heard that he was gone. She had no love for him; and she had had none even for Charlie Townley. But for this young man she did now feel a vast pity; he was a fugitive from justice, and yet all the world admitted he had been innocent of purposed wrong. Mamie herself could, perhaps, have brought the heaviest indictment against him; but it had never occurred to her that so great a personage as he could have sought her out for any worldly reasons. Now, perhaps, she measures excellence with different eyes; but she was very sorry for him, and I know not what might have happened had Charlie, in his poorest days, asked her to be his wife. But he never did, and the suits against him were soon withdrawn, and now he is again in business in a small way.

And soon the glass roof, and the tempered light, and the parent trees about which Mamie's pretty flower had thrived so pleasantly, were gone, and her poor vanities were rudely stripped away; for Mr. Livingstone did not survive his loss of fortune and his oldest friend's disgrace, and his wife soon followed him; and Mamie was left—no, not alone; with Gracie. It is only Gracie who was lonely then. Gracie had little money, and Mamie was left almost poor; but she grew up to be a very lovely woman, and I know two or three good fellows who are now in love with her.

And Arthur, our hero—did I say he was our hero? All the world will still tell you, Arthur Holyoke is a successful young man. His practicable ambitions have all been realized. And, after all, which one of us has realized our youthful dreams? Arthur has written no poem, to be sure, but he is making money; enough to pay all his club bills, and his salmon fishing, and his trip to Europe once a year. And nobody blames him for not having written any poem; on the contrary, they praise him for his clever head, and his handsome face, young looking for his age, and admire his faultless style. He is a butterfly, but a butterfly with a bee's brains; he has a head for business; of such is the republic of America, not of wan, unpractical poets. Will he ever marry? Oh, yes, perhaps he will, at forty; perhaps he will not. But what does it matter to the reader?

On that snowless winter's day, Gracie sitting alone in her one own room had bidden him in her heart farewell. She was glad to hear that he was doing well, and she will be the kinder to his sons and daughters, when he has them; they will not know why, but they will be fond of her. His friendship with Mrs. Gower continued; but he saw Gracie less and less.

When the old people died, Gracie and Mamie lived together, as I have said; and I wish that I could tell how our

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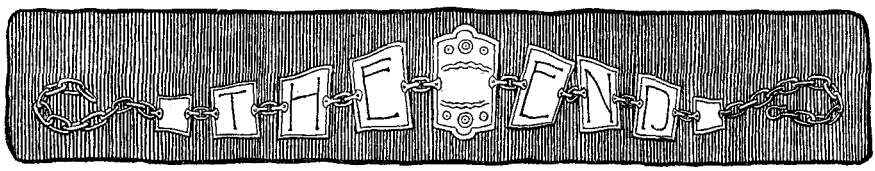
friend Haviland went on, and worked, and watched for her, and dreamed of her, and won her at the last. But that would be writing another novel, would it not?

It is now three years since the great fire. James Starbuck has not been heard of since; not yet, at least. John Haviland and Gracie have been married, and Mamie still lives with them. They live in a smaller house than Mrs. Gower's, to be sure, but they manage to be happy; and their sons will be strong-souled, large-hearted, to meet the Jem Starbucks that are to come; and Gracie's daughters will be like to her, and bear from her the vestal fire, each one to her own household, not advertised, perhaps, to thousands, but yet a kindly warmth to the few that stand within its circle of light.

For on gentle people such as these shall the future of our land depend.



WHERE SHALL WE SPEND OUR WINTER?

By A. W. Greely.

THE reasons which induce travel in winter are quite apart from the causes that stimulate human migrations in the summer time. The Northern forest, the Western lakes, and the Eastern sea-coast furnish forth abundant amusement and pleasures to summer saunterers, who quit these resorts and byways just as the fall equinox brings cool, delightful nights and mellow days, while the gorgeous autumnal colorings of the forest foliage and the neutral russet browns along the sea-strand harmonize delightfully with the grays of rock and beach.

Beauties of mountain and seaside, and the tonic of ocean breezes avail not longer. The touch of the first frosts and the wine of autumn air have given tone and vigor to body and mind, so that the tasks and delights of home and the serious affairs of life, after summer outings, are entered on with a new zeal. But the frail folk note too soon that the late autumn rains have washed from the skies the purple haze of Indian summer, and when there follow shortening days and sharpening frosts, the invalid is brought to realize that strength and sun are in the south. The bright sunny days come less frequently, and in passing only serve to make more keen the contrasts of winter's biting blasts.

The selection of a temporary home for the many thousands who cannot withstand the rigors and changes of their local winter weather is a hardship which is too often aggravated by climatic unsuitability, discovered too late, after often ill-afforded trouble and expense.

The proper adviser in such matters is the physician, and the writer seeks to aid the doctor and patient by simply illustrating that this country can furnish for Americans climatic conditions as genial, delightful, and favorable as any in the world.

The elements which constitute a perfect winter climate are not all meteorological. While ideal weather is the predominating part of a perfect climate, yet the physical characteristics of certain localities often neutralize the effect of blue sky, balmy breezes, and equable temperature. A friable ash-like soil, which easily lends itself to fill the air with fine dust, the presence of low-lying swamp and morass to send forth noisome exhalations and poison the otherwise pure air with germs of malaria or fever, are important elements in winter

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climate, but their description and limitations belong rather to the domain of the chemist and physical geographer than to that of the meteorologist. It is the meteorological phases with which this article must particularly deal.

This line of research excludes, then, two important climatic essentials: the purity of the air and the relative dryness of the soil—essentials which for any health-resort must be chronicled by the local scientific and medical authorities.

Other very important qualities are moderate warmth, small *variability* of temperature, with less than the average *daily range*, freedom from excessive phases of either *absolute* or *relative* humidity, genial, gentle winds, frequent but not heavy showers of rain, and a large proportion of possible sunshine. In short, a moderately *temperate, fairly dry* and *sunny* climate is the desideratum, the difficulty of finding which in perfection has well been termed an idyllic quest.

Among the winter health-resorts, there is probably none more famous than that of Nice, where the climate is represented to be all that is desired in the way of softness. A critical examination of the climatic conditions of Nice obliges one to believe that the flavor of a foreign name and the fashionable repute of the place itself have contributed largely to its reputation. It is true that at Nice nearly every other winter day is sunny, but at irregular intervals cold, dry, and piercing winds sweep over the place, bringing sudden and violent changes in the temperature, twenty degrees or more in a day. At times, also, the air is so dry that in calm weather the sun acts strongly and induces perspiration at the slightest exertion, a dangerous condition in such a cold, dry atmosphere. The mean winter temperature is barely forty-eight degrees, while that of January is but forty-seven. The temperature occasionally sinks four degrees below the freezing point, and the midday temperature is at times as low as forty to forty-two degrees. In January snow falls occasionally on the surrounding hills, and hoar-frost is not infrequent. The winds in the last half of February and in March are high and exceedingly trying, owing to the dryness and dust, and such strong winds blow on an average of once in every four days.

Of these winds the great Scotch meteorologist, Buchan, has written: "In the south of Europe during the winter and early spring, peculiarly dry, cold, and violent northerly winds are of occasional occurrence. Of these winds the 'mistral' is one of the most notorious, which is a steady, violent, and cold northwest wind blowing from central and eastern France down to the Gulf of Lyons. It is particularly trying while it lasts to invalids who are spending the winter at the various popular sanatoria which are scattered along this part of the Mediterranean coast. The great cold that took place in the north of Italy and south of France in the beginning of 1868 was a good example of the mistral."

In order to set forth more clearly climatic characteristics, Charts I. to VI. have been prepared, so that the reader may see at a glance the relative merits of widely separated sanatoria during the three winter months. The probability that freezing temperature or rain would occur on any day is best shown by percentages, since February is a short month, and any other treatment would weigh unduly for or against it. For instance, if rain falls on an average fourteen days in each of the winter months, the probability of rain falling on any day in February is fifty per centum, but in December and January only forty-five.

Chart I., giving the probability of freezing temperature, illustrates also, in a general way, the march of temperature, the greatest cold falling in January.

In the annual march of temperature the coldest days, along and to the southward of the 30th parallel (northern Florida and southern Texas) occur about the beginning of the year. To the northward the coldest period falls later—about one day and a half to each degree of latitude—so that in New England and New York the coldest days are in the last decade of January. It is significant and worthy of attention that St. Paul, Minn., has nearly as many freezing days in February as during

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January, and that at Boston the percentage increases steadily from seventy-four

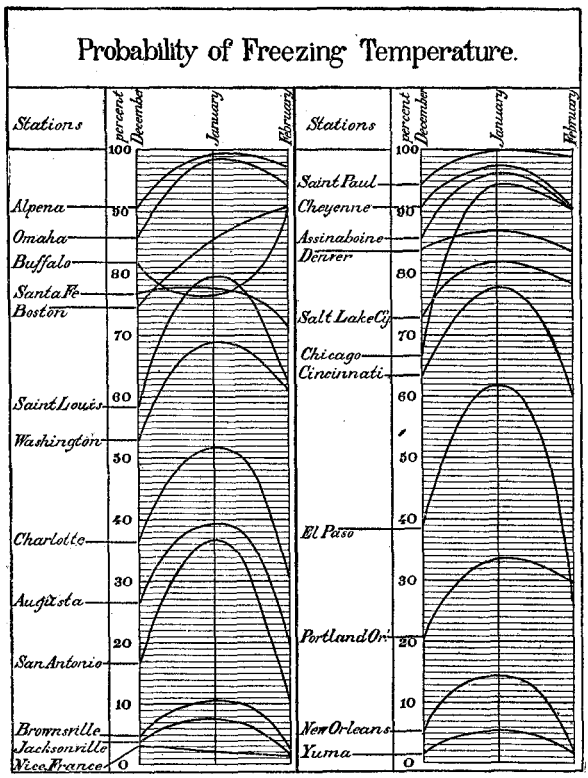

Chart I.

December to ninety-one February. It follows that February is a month to be avoided in New England and other extreme northern portions of the country by those unable to endure freezing temperatures.

The question of moderate temperature is easily determined, since there is but a very small part of the United States which is not subject every winter to freezing temperatures — the southern half of Florida, and, for a hundred miles inland, the California coast region from San Diego northward to San Francisco and Sacramento. Along the northern limits of the districts named, light frosts occur occasionally, and freezing temperatures under rare and unusual conditions, but in the more southerly localities frosts are unknown.

In Chart I. is shown the probability of freezing temperatures occurring on any day during the winter season. The data used herein pertain to twenty-two Signal Service stations in the United States, to which, for comparative purposes, these data for Nice, France, are also added. The selected stations are so distributed that from this chart can be closely approximated the chances of freezing temperatures at any point in the United States. Nice is at a great disadvantage compared with a considerable part of the United States in this respect, being surpassed by all central and southern California (except mountain stations of considerable elevation), and the southern half of Florida.

It should be added that the small percentage of freezing days at Nice may be looked on with suspicion, since the Nice *Medical Journal*, from which the data are drawn, says there was no freezing weather in December, 1887, and that the minimum temperature, on December 15th and 16th, was 3.6° Centigrade, or 38.5° Fahrenheit. "On that night, however," continues the *Journal*, "it froze in the country and in the river bed of the Paillon; there was also seen a *little ice in the city* on the morning of the 16th around the edge of the basin of the Place Garibaldi and in other exposed localities."

Next in importance to the temperature is the humidity of the air, a subject to which the public generally does not pay due attention, partly through inadvertence and partly through lack of accessible data.

The condition of the atmosphere as to moisture is expressed in two ways, the first of which, often called the *absolute* humidity, gives the grains of water present in each cubic foot of air. The second method shows the percentage, or ratio of the vapor present to the total amount the air can hold at the actual temperature, and is termed the *relative* humidity. While at all times sensations of dryness or moisture (and in summer

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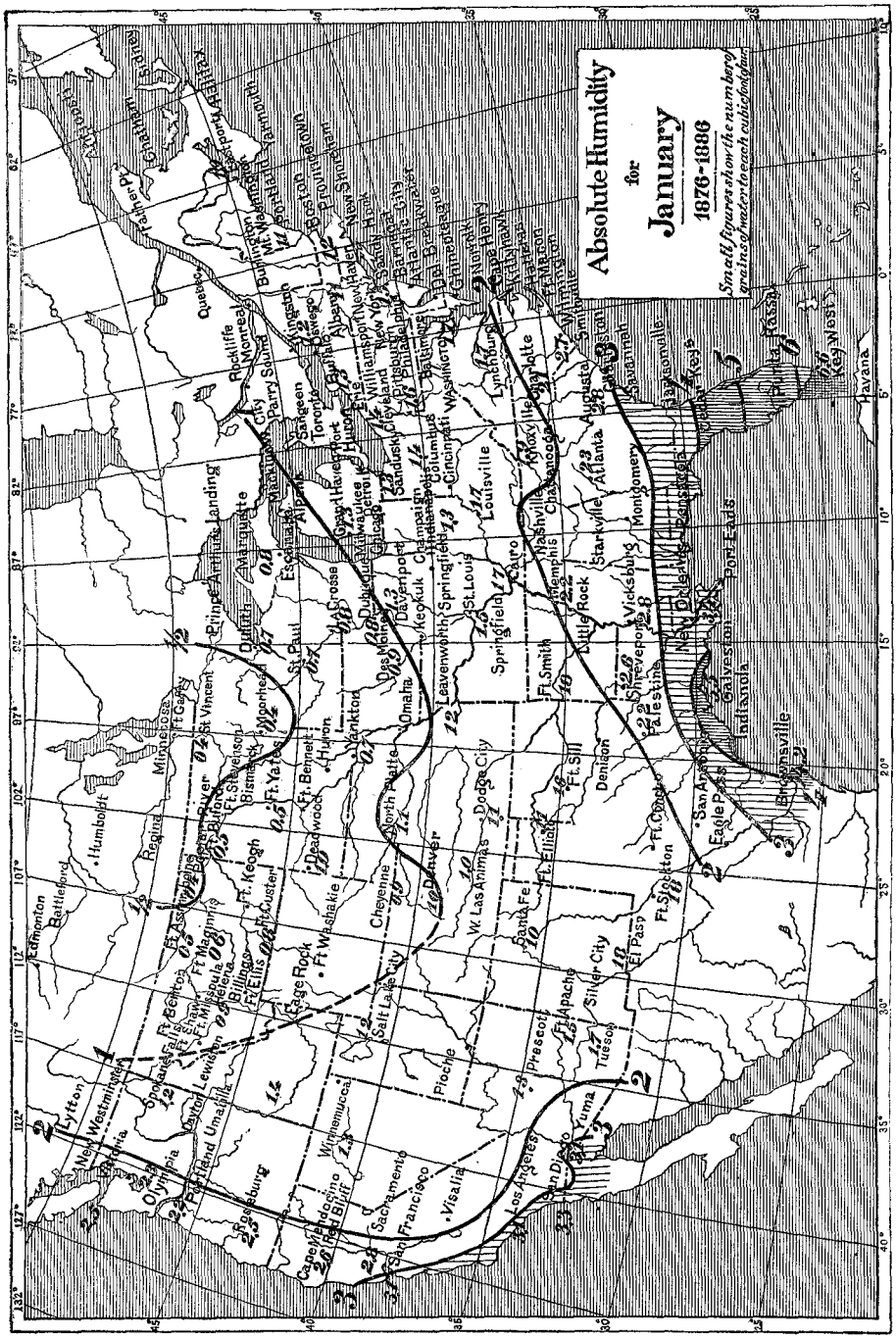

Chart II.

rapid evaporation, which lowers temperature and promotes comfort) depend largely on the *relative* humidity, yet during the winter season the *absolute* humidity becomes a most important and potent factor in determining the fitness of any particular climate as a sanatorium.

The low *absolute* humidity at Nice, and other adjacent health-resorts of the Riviera, accounts in part for the ability

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of prudent, cautious invalids to endure the comparatively low winter temperature. The small amount of aqueous vapor permits the solar rays to transmit their heat, without much absorption by the air, to the body of the invalid. But let him once quit the sunshine and he realizes the force of the Italian proverb: "Only dogs and strangers seek the shade." Since differences of 30° to 40° obtain at Nice between sun and shade, the need of prudence and experience to preserve or recover health is but too evident.

It is significant of the state of public knowledge in respect to humidity that local writers use, and all interested quote, that phase of humidity which best suits their line of argument.

In Chart II. will be found the conditions of absolute humidity for the United States, as determined for January from ten years' observations. Attention is invited to this map, which shows the grains of water in each cubic foot of air. Although less than one grain per foot is present in the air during January over the greater part of the upper Lake region, yet it is not unusual to see the statement made that the air is very moist since the *relative* humidity is high. Similarly in Florida and Georgia where from 2.5 to 5 grains or more of water is present in each cubic foot of air, the atmosphere is often said to be dry or moderately dry, even drier than in the northern section of the country.

Apart from the effect of *absolute* humidity directly on the comfort of man, by abstracting heat from the body, may be mentioned the necessary consequence on the respiratory organs, in cases of a very low or a very high degree of *absolute* humidity. In certain portions of the country, assuming three hundred cubic feet of air to be inhaled daily, a man takes into his lungs in January one hundred and twenty-five grains of water each day, while in other localities he inhales over eighteen hundred grains. Since the amount of moisture exhaled by a man in health is fairly constant throughout the year, it follows that in one case nearly seventeen hundred grains more of water must be extracted from the blood through the lung-tissues than in the other case. The writer has no knowledge of the physical changes wrought in an invalid transferred from a locality having a very high *absolute* humidity to a very low one, but he deems it desirable to draw attention to this point as illustrating the very great importance of *absolute* humidity as a climatological factor of health conditions.*

The map of *absolute* humidity for January shows, with other data herewith, that for *dry cold* air one must seek Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, northern Michigan, and northern Iowa. *Dry warm* air is found in southwestern Texas and the southern portions of Arizona and New Mexico, during the winter.

The great German meteorologist, Dr. Hahn, has very accurately and graphically set forth the fact that there is no element of the climate which so certainly marks its softness or severity as the variation of the average temperature from day to day. In determining this *variability* of the temperature, the mean is obtained from the changes which take place, whether they are plus or minus, since a sudden fall in temperature and a sudden rise are almost equally trying and injurious.

Chart III., on the opposite page, shows the average changes in temperature, from day to day, for the entire year, as deduced from many years' observations of the United States Signal Service. It may be fairly assumed that changes in the mean daily temperature exceeding five degrees, from day to day, mark a winter climate which is more or less trying to all, and absolutely injurious to invalids or persons of delicate constitution.

It needs but a casual inspection of the map to show that such mildness of climate obtains in the United States only in the Florida peninsula and in the country to the west of the Rocky Mountains. While the variability in the Peninsula of Florida is slight, yet for weather which is practically unchangeable one must go to the westward of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges.

Along the immediate Pacific coast, from San Diego northward to Vancouv-

* Those who are further interested in the possible effect of low absolute humidity and low temperatures may find a discussion of the subject in "The Causation of Pneumonia," by Dr. H. B. Baker, Michigan State Board of Health. Lansing, 1888.

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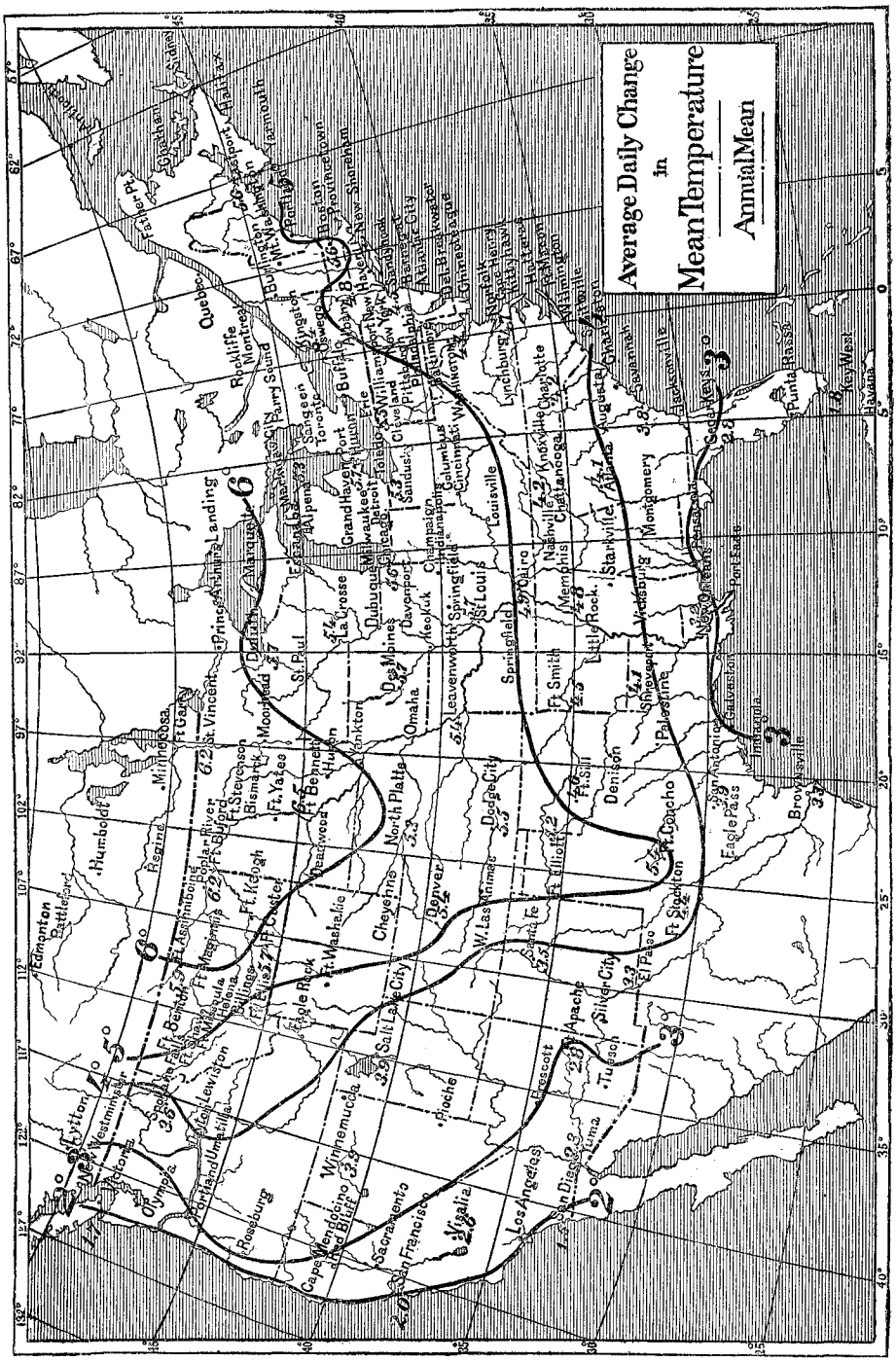

Chart III.

er's Island, the days are substantially of the same temperature, not only throughout January, but the entire winter months, the variation from day to day scarcely exceeding two degrees Fahrenheit, while in the interior valleys of California it barely reaches three degrees.

During February the variability of

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the temperature changes is so modified that they average five degrees or less along the immediate Gulf coast, while in March the conditions are further ameliorated, and sudden changes are few and far between as far northward as Charleston, Augusta, Montgomery, or Little Rock; while similarly favorable conditions obtain in the Northern States along the Jersey and southern New England coasts and Long Island. In the northern parts of New York and New England, the climate does not, however, soften to this extent until the middle of May.

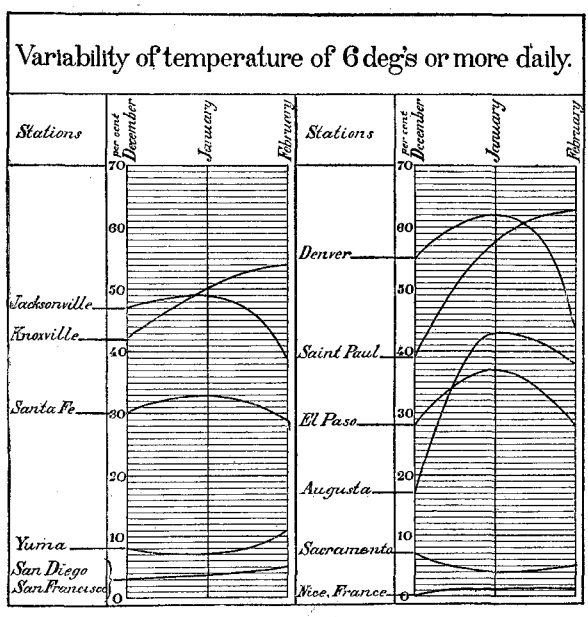

Chart IV.

Chart IV. illustrates further the variability of temperature at Nice, France, and eleven stations in the United States, which cover those sections having strong climatic claims as winter sanatoria. This chart shows, in percentages, the chances of any day in December, January, or February being followed by a day whose *mean* temperature will be more than six degrees warmer *or* colder. The limit of six degrees has been assumed as the largest change in *mean* temperature compatible with comfort, as any greater rise or fall of temperature, even in the United States, is considered a decided change. Colorado, Minnesota, northern Florida, and northern or upper Georgia, in order named, most frequently show excessive changes in temperature from day to day. New Mexico is somewhat more equable. California and southern Arizona, however, have remarkably equable temperatures, the least degree of variability being found along the immediate coast from San Francisco to San Diego, with slightly but not materially larger changes from Sacramento southward to Yuma, Ariz. Of data charted, San Diego and San Francisco show conditions most nearly approaching that of Nice, which latter place, while excelling the California coast stations in this respect, is inferior as regards low temperatures, high winds and especially the presence of snow and ice—unknown conditions along the coast of southern California.

One of the greatest benefits to be derived from health-resorts in winter is the opportunity and inducement for exercise in the open air, and since invalids shrink from chilling temperatures, there is a necessity not only of warm days, but also absence of high winds and low *relative* humidity, conditions which, especially the winds, tend to rapidly abstract heat from the body.

Besides, clear bright days without too frequent rain are needful to enliven and cheer the invalid, and remove him from the depressing impressions which always result from confinement through stress of dull or stormy weather.

Chart V. gives for fourteen stations, covering the country most frequented in winter, the velocity of the wind at 3 P.M., about the hour at which the wind is at its highest. Winds below ten miles an hour may be considered satisfactory. El Paso, Charlotte, and St. Paul show the least wind. Santa Fé, San Francisco, and San Antonio are most liable to high winds. All these stations are far superior to Nice, where the probabilities of strong winds on any day increase throughout the winter, being 16 per centum of the entire number of days

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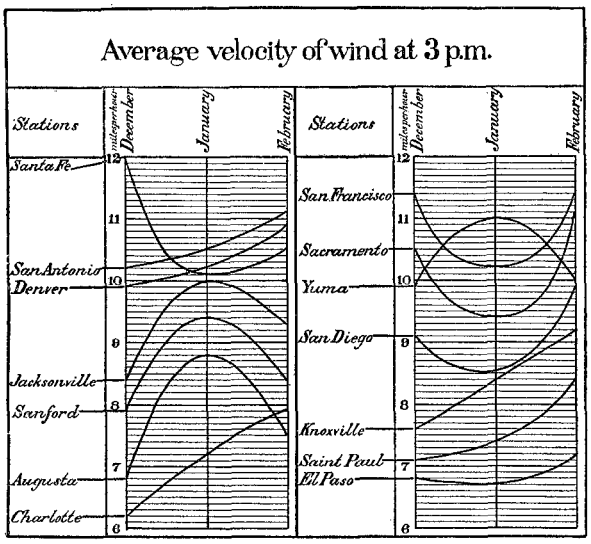

Chart V.

in December, 18 in January, and 25 in February. As many as 16 cases of strong winds, or 57 per centum of days in February, have been known to occur at Nice. In connection with the velocity of the wind, the tendency is general for winds to increase in strength from December to March, which latter month in the United States is marked, if not with the lowest and most sudden changes of temperature, yet with the highest winds. At Augusta and Jacksonville the wind is higher in March than in February, although at Yuma the reverse holds good. This emphasizes the fact that higher winds are usually to be looked for in the opening month of spring.

As regards the number of rainy days, including those on which snow falls, it will probably surprise Americans to know that rain or snow during the winter months is more frequent at Nice than from western Texas to Arizona; and even as shown by the curve of rain for San Diego, the percentages are in favor of southern California during January and February. California is supposed by many to have continuous rain during the winter, but Chart VI. shows that Sacramento is favored with substantially as many rainless days in winter as northern Florida, while San Francisco has the same as Augusta, and less than Charlotte, N. C. Thirty per centum is about as high a percentage of rainy days as can be commended to invalids.

As one of the ablest and most distinguished physicians of the country has said, little or nothing can be done to modify the course and prevent the development of epidemic diseases dependent on atmospheric changes, but certainly much can be done in determining the meteorological conditions which promote or facilitate the disease, so that with an accurate knowledge of the varied climatic conditions to be found in our vast territory the skilful physician can ameliorate the conditions, check the disease itself, or, better still, forestall it by sending in time for prevention those most liable to attacks into a favorable and proper climate.

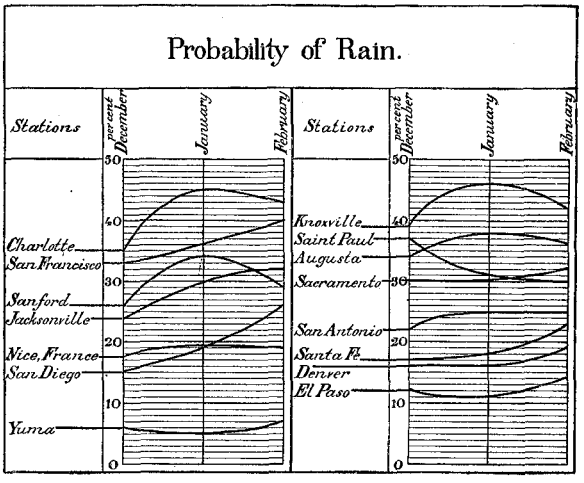

Chart VI.

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THE PORT OF MISSING SHIPS.

By John R. Spears.

THE big sky-sail clipper ship Governor George T. Oglesby, of Bath, lay beside the pier at the foot of Wall Street, almost loaded with a miscellaneous cargo for Portland, Oregon. A line of trucks with goods for the big ship reached from the ship's gangway across South Street and nearly half way up to Front Street. The engineer in the little coop that covered the hoisting engine on the pier was red in the face from his extra exertions with throttle and coal shovel, for the stevedore up on the ship's rail was making things jump, in the hopes of completing the cargo before six o'clock that night. The 'longshoremen on the pier, about the deck, and in the hold of the ship worked with unwonted zeal, while the ship's mate, having set a young man from the agent's office to checking off the goods that were hoisted from the pier to the tune of the stevedore's whistle, was trying to see how near he could come to standing in two parts of the ship at once without splitting himself, and at the same time keep his two eyes aloft on the riggers at work on all three masts. The riggers were stretching the sails, fresh from an overhauling in the sail-loft, along the yards and making them fast there, and the mate was taking his oath that he "never see such a gang of lubbers as them riggers," and offering to bet his soul against a worn out chew of tobacco that the first capful of wind that struck the ship would strip the canvas off her, fore and aft. The ship's master, Captain Walter W. Allen, of Newburyport, was not in sight, having gone to the office of the agents to settle some accounts and sign the papers, but what with the moving of the trucks, under the shouts of noisy truckmen, and the hoisting of the cargo, with the noise of whistle and steam engine, and the hoisting and stretching of sails to the orders of mate and riggers, there was no end of animation about the Governor George T. Oglesby; a landsman would have said there was a babel of confusion, but to the eye of the sailorman everything was working with a smoothness and regularity seldom to be found under like circumstances except on the deck of a Yankee clipper.

Just after three o'clock—six bells, the stevedore called the hour—when the stir and noise, as he would have said, had reached flood tide, there was a splash in the water alongside the big clipper. Half a dozen loungers on the next pier on the south side became suddenly animated with the appearance of life, and hurried to the string-piece, over which they leaned and pointed excitedly toward something that was struggling and splashing about in the water.

"It's a woman," said one, excitedly, "I see her har."

"What's yer givin' us? It's the dog off'n the Guv'ner Ojelsby," said another.

"Yer a stuff; it's a man. Why in hell don't some of yous run for a cop?" said a third.

Nobody ran, but every one knew just what was the matter and what some one else ought to do. There was a man drowning in the water close alongside the big black hull; that was plain enough. One big, dirty hand was clawing at the smooth copper in a vain effort to reach up so that the ends of the fingers could catch in the seam between two of the wooden planks. Although unable to reach the seam, the efforts, somehow, kept the man from going under for good, but he was fast getting weaker when the mate of the big ship heard enough of the disturbance on the adjoining pier to cause him to give one impatient glance in that direction. That glance was enough. To his eye it was

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plain that some one was overboard; nothing else ever excites the dock loungers enough to make them gather excitedly together at the string-piece of the pier. Grasping a coil of rope that hung on a belaying pin under the main rigging, he gave it a throw that sent it flying, lariat fashion, out over the water. As the end whizzed down he climbed over the rail and in a moment more was up to his waist in the water, clinging to the rope with one hand and holding the drowning man's head by the hair above water. Finding the man docile, the mate supported him by twining his legs under his arms and then made the loose end of the rope fast to him and bawled to the men on deck to "hist away, keerful like," which was done.

The mate himself scrambled up hand over fist and lent a hand, as he said, in getting the man on deck, where he was soon stretched out in the sun. The ship's boy was sent to ask a policeman to call an ambulance, while the mate tore the man's shirt open, wiped his face, neck, and chest dry with a towel and then, finding that he breathed regularly, poured a liberal dose of whiskey, which the ship's steward had brought from the cabin with the towel, down the man's throat, "jest to take the wire edge off the salt water he's been a swallerin'," as he said.

Under this treatment the man revived quite a little, but he "was loony yet," as the mate said afterward.

"Did they both sink?" asked the man.

"Was there more on ye?" said the mate.

"Aye. Did the collision sink ither vessel?"

"What ye givin' us?" The man looked around as if bewildered and then said:

"I say, matey, what ship is this?"

"The Governor George T. Oglesby, of Bath," said the mate.

"I seed she was a Yankee," said the man, glancing with admiring eyes aloft. Then he noticed the riggers and the tackle by which the cargo was hoisted in. He looked perplexed at this.

"Did ye have to jettison the cargo? Carried away every rag, eh, matey? Bendin' on new sails, eh?"

The mate looked puzzled. "What ever is he talking about?" he said.

"What did ye make yer longitude, to-day?" continued the man. The mate turned to the stevedore and said:

"He thinks he's at sea. Crazy as a loon."

Just then the pilot of a Wall Street ferry-boat, starting to leave the adjoining slip, blew a long blast on the steam whistle. The man raised himself on one elbow, looked off over the bow of the ship where the end of the jib-boom seemed about to poke itself into the second story window of a red brick building, looked at the long row of old-fashioned buildings to the south, and then at the endless number of spars that towered at the adjoining piers.

"God," he said, "this is New York. How in —— did I get here?"

Then he fainted away. The mate, thinking he had died, had him carried aft and laid out beside the wheel-house and covering him with a tarpaulin left him there to await the arrival of the ambulance.

An hour and a quarter later the ambulance with much clanging of the gong worked its way through the trucks on the pier and stopped at the gangway ladder. The ship's boy had found a policeman around in Water Street talking to a young woman who was selling early editions of evening papers to downtown merchants. The policeman, after hearing what the boy had to say, had walked down to the pier, where he hailed the stevedore.

"Is it all roight about th' ambylince?" he said.

"Yis," said the stevedore. Then the policeman walked hastily to the Old Slip station, where the sergeant, after hearing the facts repeated twice, telegraphed for the Chambers Street ambulance.

Walking up the inclined ladder to the ship's rail the surgeon met the mate, who said that the patient was dead. The surgeon was about to return to the hospital, at this, and notify the keeper of the morgue, but concluded to examine the patient to see whether he really was dead, and on laying his hand over the man's heart found it still beating.

Among the flotsam and jetsam of the

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street that had swirled in behind the ambulance as it headed out on the pier were The. Kelly, the keeper of a sailor's boarding-house in Peck Slip, and a Sifter of Rumors. Kelly looked at the face of the half-drowned sailor in a queer way for a moment and then said hastily to the surgeon.

"It's Jack Servenmalet, surgeon. He's a frind o' moine, and ef yous can pull 'im through Oi'll take 'im."

The surgeon thought he could pull him through, and the man was accordingly bundled into the ambulance and carried to Kelly's house. As the vehicle left the pier Kelly turned to the Sifter of Rumors and said:

"It's Jack Servenmalet as was wint last out of this port as carpenter into the Nucleus, Captain McDonald, for Rio, and she given up for lost and the insurance paid on ship and cargo more nor a year agone. How'd he git here? Will yez tell me that, now?"

That was a question no one about the ship could answer. The mate of the big ship, the men about her deck, the loungers on the adjoining pier were all questioned, but not one of them had seen him before Spook Maguire, one of the loungers, so called because of his affection for the mysterious, saw him struggling to get his fingers into the seams between the planks near the waterline of the big clipper.

The Sifter of Rumors followed the ambulance to Kelly's place along with the usual riffraff that forms the wake of these vehicles as they plough their way about the streets of New York. Kelly's place was a four-story brick building, painted yellow, with a cheerful saloon in the basement and a barren sitting-room on the first floor front. Above this the floors were cut up into little rooms with two beds in each of them, except those at the front ends of the halls, which had but one bed each. These were for the use of the mates and captains who sometimes patronized Kelly.

Into one of these hall-rooms Jack was carried and there cared for by the surgeon. The. Kelly and the Sifter of Rumors helped to remove the man's clothing and rubbed him with dry cloths and did such other things as are commonly done for the partly drowned. After a while Jack opened his eyes, and the surgeon gave him a stimulant of some kind that still further revived him. After looking at each of the three men present severely, he recognized Kelly.

"It's all straight and reg'lar," he asked, "about this bein' New York?"

"Yis, hyar y' are, Jack," said Kelly. "What Oi'm wantin' to ax yez is, how'd yez git hyar, and whar yez might av left the Nucleus?"

"Aye, the Nucleus," said Jack in a low voice, with his eyes on the ceiling as if he were looking through it to something a good ways beyond. "She's in port, The.; I don't understand it, but I'd a been there now ef I had kept my eye on the Atlantic steamship when we bumped up alongside of her. I was picking a rope yarn as was dangling about on the spanker boom, ontidy as a cobweb in a parlor, when her guard-rail struck us on the stabbord quarter, and the shock threw me into the water. While I was floundering about some one grabbed me by the hair, and the next I knew I was on the deck of that 'ere big clipper at the foot of Wall Street."

"He's wandering yet," said the surgeon to Kelly. "The Atlantic, you know, was the big steam packet that sailed for Liverpool some time in the fifties and was never heard of again. There were several hundred passengers on her."

"Aye," said Jack. "The deck was covered with 'em, but I was under water and out agin that suddin I don't know whether she lowered a boat or not."

"Tell us all about it," said the surgeon, whose curiosity happened just then to be stronger than his professional zeal.

"Give it to us straight, Jack," added Kelly. "Take yer deparcher from the Hook, see? Did Spencer thump all hands before yez dropped the Neversink as Oi promised yez?"

"Aye," said Jack, rallying, at the thought, "Spencer was as handy with his daddles as any mate I was ever ship-mates with, and he didn't limit himself in nowise in the matter o' implements for the crackin' of a sailorman on the nut. Bein' somewhat quicker on my pins than the most of 'em, ef I do say it, I didn't get my sheer of the

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hard knocks, but don't none of you go to thinkin' he was that partial as to neglect me altogether. It was a heap more knocks nor doughboys for all hands.

"Hows'ever, that's nither here nor there. We had fair slants of wind till we be to strike the no'theast trades, somewhere in about 21 degrees of latitude, and mayhap 32 of longitude, and then the weather began to thicken and the glass went down ter'ble. The wind, as had been singin' sweet for a week or more in the riggin', begin for to tune up. That was during the afternoon watch, and we on deck, somewheres about June 21. The watch be to get in the kites suddin', see, and then all hands was turned to to snug her down.

"'Twant no reg'lar storm, d'ye mind that. The weather just thickened till the sun got the color of a ghost, then went out like a fog had covered it, and the wind increasin' sure and steady like, and the waves rollin' up faster nor I'm tellin' of it. Not that we had much time for noticin' these things; that 'ere Spencer were right after us. First he scattered us about stowin' the flyin' jib and the fore and mizzen to'-gallant-s'ls. Then he bunched us into two lots and driv one on 'em to the main to'-gallant and t'other to brail the spanker.

"By the time that was done the wind was boomin', and the rain comin' down in solid chunks fit to knock a man off the yard, and things was gettin' lively.

"'Lower away yer fore and mizzen topsail halyards. Lay aft to the main clewgarnets and buntlines. Ease away yer tack and sheet—Made a mistake there, eh? Too much of a hurry, eh?' Up goes the old Nucleus's stern, on a comber as gripes her under the weather quarter and tosses her up where the seffer as was bowlin' along gives 'er one for keeps, and the next minute that 'ere mainsail were slatted clean outen her bolt ropes. Swear? You bet. Knock the men endwise as let go of the tack and sheet? One on 'em, The.; only one on 'em, fer Spencer hisself was at the tack.

"'Now aft agin and get both the mizzen topsails,' for no man could steer and she a gripin' so. 'Up you go and furl that upper topsail. Now, down on deck and clew up the lower.' Jump or Spencer'll lay yer head open. 'Clewlins and buntlins, slack away to leeward. Now you've got 'er. Ease off to windward.' Boom! The old ship rose on another big comber, and away went the upper main topsail.

"'Now git aloft and furl the mizzen before it blows away, too. No use, yer too late.' In spite of yer clewlins and yer buntlins, she begins to slat out and you'd better look for'ard a bit. For'ard we runs, chased by the mate like a flock o' sheep with a dog arter 'em, and lucky we did, for just then one of them combers as had been chasin' us catches up and walks over the quarter, sweepin' things clean. Good luck the man at the wheel had lashed hisself fast, and the captain were under the weather rail, else both 'ud gone overboard sure.

"How long will she stand that? Not long, me b'y. The gale's risin', and the seas gettin' up stiddy. Better lay 'er to. Aye. We'll lay 'er to. 'Man the jib down haul. That's well; now the forestaysail.' Lay out there and furl 'em? No. Too late for that. The man as goes out there washes off. 'Git the fore-lower topsail then, and be quick about it.' Aye. We do that. Now for the foresail, and then we'll put the helm down and see her come up. That's what we think. We man the strings again. We're savin' the ship, now. Ease off the tack first. Zip! zip! Boom! We didn't save no foresail, that's for sartin.

"Ha! she was boiling along in a smother of foam without any canvas a pulling, but the main-lower topsail, but t'want no fun, ef we were a headin' of our course. 'Git a tarpaulin in the weather mizzen riggin' and cut away that flappin' headgear.' No. The gale saves us part of that work, and makes more, for a big sea shoves the ship's nose under like a rootin' hog's, and when she wallers up out of it she leaves 'er jib-boom behind in the water and the foreto'-gallant mast goes over to stabbord. Now we go at it with axes to clear the stuff away, and then we're ready to bring her up to the wind.

"It's an even chance that she won't make it, but if we hold on as we are we are lost for sartin'.

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"'Lay aft all. Haul in the lee braces and ease away to windward. That's well; belay. Now git yer tarpaulin into the mizzen-riggin'. Stand by, you at the wheel, and when you git the word jump on 'er, d'ye hear? Wait a minute till this big 'un clears us——

"'Now hard down! hard down! Jam 'er.'"

"'Aye, she's hard down, sir.'"

"Great Lord, and still she hangs, and there's a tidal wave makin' to windward! 'Show the peak of that spanker. Haul her out! Haul, you ——'

"Too late! Too late! The wave's atop of us, even as we git the word, and we be to scamper like rats to git under the rail or wherever we could get a line to take a turn around ourselves with and cling for life to it, and so the wave sweeps slow across the deck, and the screamin' o' that 'ere storm and the sight of it is lost in the roaring waters that presses us down and a' most crush the life out of us."

As he told the story of the gale the sailor became more and more flushed and excited until he came to tell how they vainly tried to get her head to the wind. Here he rose up in bed and bellowed the orders at the top of his voice, and struck out with his fists as if driving obdurate seamen before him. Then he fell back, saying, "too late," and half gasped for breath as he told of the crushing weight of water that bore down on the ill-starred ship.

This done, he stopped talking for a time, while the look of anxiety that had been on his face slowly gave way to one of peace. Closing his eyes for a time he opened them with a smile on his face and went on with his story.

"How long we was under that 'ere wave is more nor I knows, but it seemed like a trick at the wheel in the mid-watch. We just hung on to our lashin's and held our breath till I was ready to give up that the ship had gone down. Then all onexpected the wave passed away, and the Nucleus was atop agin, but I was that beat out I dropped down on the deck.

"While I was a layin' there onable to help myself and waiting for Spencer to come along and burst in my ribs with the toe of his boot, and order all hands to jump to that 'ere outhaul again, I feels one o' them catspaws on my face what a sweetheart o' mine used to call gentle seffers. I opened my eyes suddint at that ere, and what d'ye think? The storm — wind, clouds, and the whole smother of it—had passed away with that 'ere tidal wave, and there we was a rollin' in as pretty a seaway as ever the trades kicked up. I never hear of a storm, as lasted like ourn had, goin' away that suddint, but there was no denyin' what I see with my own eyes arter I'd rubbed 'em wery hard to make sure on 'em. So I makes shift to git on my pins again, and has a severe look around to see whar them clouds had gone, and didn't see nothin' of 'em nowhere."

"Wonderful change of the weather, that," remarked the surgeon.

"True for it, sir; but strange things be to happen in them latitudes, and I don't pretend to understand 'em at all, nither, sir. Hows'ever, there was the ship with her top hamper in a ter'ble mess—we be to understand that; there was the men, crawlin' from their lashin's and what not, as they'd been hangin' on to, and nary a one be to lose the number of his mess; there was the officers and the man at the wheel—all on us more nor less used up, in course, but all on us oncommon well pleased to find the Nucleus on top agin, and the storm gone.

"As I was a sayin', though, sailormen on ships as has had their sticks knocked outen them don't have no time to go a pherloserphizin' about things they don't know nothin' about, and you'd a lay yer last dollar on that 'ere ef you'd seen the mate start for'd the moment he'd got a bit over the daze what the weight o' the water 'ud give him.

"'Here, git up, y' lazy dev—' says he; and then he clapped a stopper on to that 'ere, and didn't finish his remark, while a quare sort of a look come over his face. So he swallers wery hard like suthin' was into his throat, and heads away on a different tack, some'at.

"'Now, then, me bullies,' he says, 'clap on to them fore and main staysail halliards and snake 'em up. Hard down with yer wheel thar, Jimmie, and we'll have her nose to sothard agin, eh?'"

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"Hold fast, Jack," said Kelly. "Give us the straight on it, see? D' ye mane to soy them was Spencer's wurruds?"

"Aye, in course."

"Poor Jack," said The., mournfully, "and him sich a fine mon in his day. Would a sup of ould rye help 'im a bit, now, docther, do yez think?"

The doctor, impatient at the interruption, gestured dissent, and Jack, with a grin at The.'s mournfulness, continued:

"Done him good to git the life squeezed outen his gall, hey? That's what I thought then, anyhow. But that 'ere's nither here nor thar, for we be to clap on to them halliards, and so, the helm bein' down and the head of her to sou'west, and the wind easted, we 're soon comin' to.

"'How's her head?' says Spencer, when the sinkin' sun comes abeam.

"'The binnacle's bust,' the man says, arter he has a look at the compass; and when the captain and the mates has a look at the binnacle and then at the telltales into the cabin they finds there's nary a compass on board but's bust, while even the two chronommyters was stopped out o' hand when the wave struck us. I don't remember to a ever hearin' of a ship gittin' quite that short-handed in the matter o' navigatin' implements. Hows'ever, matters might a been worse, as the captain said, for any one can steer to sothard when he can see the sun and stars; and so arter a lookout were sent to straddle the r'yal yard if so be any other ship might be sighted as we could get a compass of, as well as the time at Greenwich, we fell to makin' sail and repairin' damages.

"I don't need to go spinnin' to you about that ere, only I make bold to say that when me an' the second mate got the new jib-boom ready for to be shipped at the end o' the mid-watch arter eight hours' work, there didn't never nobody see a dandier one nor it."

"But what about your meals all this time?" asked the Sifter of Rumors.

"Ay, the grub. We didn't even have a biscuit. Forgot it clean, from feeling that oncommon good over our narrer escape, I reckon, and bein' all took up with gettin' of her to rights. Jim McCaig, the docter, in course he goes ahead and gits supper ready, but when he were ready to sarve it the old man says:

"'Avast! whatever is the use o' botherin' and interferin' with men as is enj'yin' of themselves?' and Jim, he says, 'True for it, sir, whatever is it?' and so there didn't no supper git sarved. But when Captain McDonald see that 'ere jib-boom me an' the second mate had blocked out, he wanted ter do suthin,' I reckon, as 'ud show us he sot a vally on our work.

"'Gentlemen,' he says, 'that's the fashion'blest stick I ever see. Why, any heathen cannyble in the middle o' Africa as never see a ship 'ud know what it were; but afore we ship it I'm a thinkin' we'll pipe to breakfast,' and we did. We hadn't had it a weighin' on our minds afore, but when we gits our messkids full we was sharp set and no better stores was ever sarved aboard ship."

"Must 'av served cabin grub to yous *gintlemen*," said Kelly with marked emphasis. He had snorted at Jack's use of the word "gentlemen."

"I don't dispute y', The.," said Jack in a helpless sort of a way. "Things never was the same arter that 'ere wave swept over us. I hain't got no learnin', The., and can't give no whys nor whyfors."

"How far did you find you'd sailed and drifted during the storm?" asked the Sifter of Rumors.

"Ay, the latitude and longitude. 'Twar a lettle cur'us, now I think on it, though nobody didn't hold no convention in the lee of the galley for to consider it then. When the old man found his chronommyters was bust he says, and he says it quite solemn: 'We be to sail by dead reckonin'.'

"We hove the log as soon as ever we got all plain sail onto her and she were a reelin' off eight knots, and from that 'ere time we never teched glass nor reel.

"Arter breakfast, see, which it were arly and afore seven bells, the old man said for to call the watch and the rest turn in, which we weren't expectin' nor axin' for, seein' we was feelin' all right and all that 'ere work to do, and so I makes bold to say as we was ready to turn to. But the captain he says stow that 'ere, for 'taint square for no man to do no more nor he signed articles for, and so we turns in. As for me, I no sooner

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lost my reckonin' in my bunk nor I went off dreamin' I was carpenter an' cooper aboard a whalin' vessel. Hows'ever that's nither here nor thar, only I be to dream the stuff every watch below.

"As I was a sayin', so soon as ever we gits the new spars on end and the yards crossed and the canvas bent, we turns to and begins to paint her. Spencer he explains that this 'ere breeze from eastard and sothard was a liftin' of her across the doldrums, and we be to make port in three or four weeks. So we gits up the paint pots, and the second mate he serves out white lead and ile—say, ye never see the likes of it; none of yer yellerish fever-colored common stuff, mind, but a genuin' white like the smother under the bows of her, see, and we begins at the truck and we paints down, includin' doublin's of the masts and the yards and the lower masts fit fer a gentleman's yatchet. Then, in course, we takes the hull in hand and done that likewise, and what with a runnin' a belt o' carmine around 'er in the wake o' the plankshear, and a touchin' up the gold scrolls under her bowsprit, and a polishin' of the bright work, she were gallus.

"Hows'ever, that wasn't all we done. When Captain McDonald he comes for'd fer to have a severe look around and says as how we'd done him proud, we gives him a surprise party as was a stunner to him, and now I comes to think on it, it were quare. It was as I be to tell, but how it were and the whys and the wherefors, as The. may be puttin' in his oar for to ask, I can't say."

He stopped talking for a moment, at this, as if considering "the whys and the whyfors" but continued shortly.

"We be for to notice afore we'd been puttin' her to rights many days that when we done anything it were done to stay. There didn't no bright work turn yeller and green, nor no iron work as was rubbed up ter sparkle get no rust on to it no more; and no scrubbin' of the decks arter we done it once, nor no chafin' gear wearin' out. So in our trick below we turns to unbeknownst to the captain and polishes up the anchors till you'd a tuk yer dyin' oath they was silver plate from shackle pin to crown, and didn't the old man's eyes bung out some'at, when he see us snatch the tarpaulins off as we'd covered 'em up with?

"With that we says, 'Captain, is it the standin' riggin' next?' and he says, 'It be and I'm with ye,' and what does we do but turn to and polish them 'ere shrouds and stays, every wire and every inch on 'em, and the chain-plates, until I reckon ef any one 'ud been a steerin' our way, so as he be to get the glint o' the sun on to us, he'd a made sure our top-hamper was a blazin' burnin' offen us. Last of all, one at a time we takes the sails down on deck and scrubs 'em like snow, and when we gits 'em done there we was, sailin' like—sailin'——"

The sailor stopped talking again and lay perfectly still, staring at the blank wall, trying, perhaps, to think of words to fitly describe the ship as she then appeared to him, but after a moment he shook his head and continued:

"How long was we doin' of it? Give it up. All I knows is I didn't care. It were proper work for a sailorman and couldn't last too long. That 'ere evening arter we got it done, and all hands be to eat supper in the cabin in honor on it, we dresses up in our shore togs, and at four bells the starboard watch be to eat first. We was all on the quarter deck and bein' carpenter I was a leadin' the way down into the cuddy and the captain standin' at the foot of the ladder ready to give us a hearty welcome when the look-out as was a straddle the fer-r'yal yard sings out:

"'Sa-a-i-l ho-o-o! One pint for'ard the stab-bord be-e-am!'

"With that we all rushes down to the stabbord rail. Sure enough, there be the r'yals and the to'gallants'ls of a full rig ship jest a pokin' across the sun as was a droppin' rapid out o' sight, and there we stands leanin' out over that rail and strainin' our eyes till she crosses the sun and gets fogged in by them colored hazes and mistses beyand.

"So we be to have somethin' new ter talk about at supper, and we gits that 'ere strung up over it, not a one of us be to sleep a wink that blessed night, only tramp the deck and work our jaw tackles. In course we'd kept a way a bit, if so be we might head her off.

"With the fust streak in the east away we all goes to the r'yal yards and

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hangs there, a peerin' into the dark and waitin'. Our trick on lookout weren't fer long, hows'ever, for we soon sees a shadder of her as the gray of the mornin' was a spreadin', and then, suddin like, up comes the sun. Whew! I e'na'most fell offen the yard. She were scrubbed and painted and polished alow and aloft like the Nucleus.

"While we were a starin' there and a never sayin' nothin', only breathin' hard, we sees a line a hardenin' above the horizon beyand her, which all on us recognized to oncet, and we hails the deck together.

"'Land ho-o-o!'

"Meantime the breeze had been freshenin' with the risin' sun, and it drives us swishing and splashing along and the coast rises rapid. While we was waitin' for to git a some'at better squint at it we notices the shore fishes to be oncommon plenty—more nor any of us ever see, and such flocks of birds as I never hearn on afore. In course we don't be to pay much attention to them 'ere, only the captain, as noticed 'em likewise, says he see plenty of birds among 'em as he supposed had been done for long ago, and in consequence we be to come to a island or coast o' some sort what nobody didn't know much about.

"So the captain and Mr. Spencer be to keep screwin' the binoculars into their eyes and goin' down and lookin' at charts by turns, and the more they looked the puzzleder they gets, especial when they sees a bay or harbor openin' out afore them with two headlands of cur'us form a guardin' of it. The both on 'em had sailed the length of the whole coast of Americ a many's the time, and the Nucleus were oncommon well found in charts, but neither on 'em ever see or hearn of a coast and harbor like this, and so the captain he says we're comin' to a port as ain't down in no chart, and if so be it are a undiscovered country, all we can do is to keep a sharp lookout.

"It were soon settled about it bein' a country as hadn't been discovered, for wery soon arter the captain were sayin' of it we begins to sight sails atween them headlands, and by and by, as that 'ere bay opens out afore us, we sees that a mighty fleet had gathered there. How can I tell it to you what I see and make you believe it, about the great open hulks as had only one mast and was rowed with oars and yet could carry the Nucleus's cargo; the ships with jib-booms and no jibs but squares'ls instid; ships with lateen fores'ls and others with lateen mizzens, and no end of other rigs such as no man ever see nor no sailorman 'ud have nothin' to do with, not to mention the craft rigged as we've seen ships rigged aforetime, and them as was shipshape, and some as I remember of seein' afore. Wherever did they all come from? whatever were they there for? How did we happen to be sailin' into that ere harbor? Why did hundreds—aye, hundreds on them cur'us hulks, with cur'user flags and streamers, and with their sails embroidered all over with pictur's, and the crews playing on no end o' musical instruments, come out alongside the ship as was ahead of us and give her a welcome heartylike, as we could hear a mile away, and then bear up to meet us?"

"We tumbled down from aloft, and standin' on the rail about the quarter-deck, right glad as we'd got the ship to rights in time, stood by to greet 'em as was becomin' in a Yankee ship. I see them as they comes veerin' around, I sees the smiles on their faces, hears ther shouts and their music, notices in partic'lar that 'ere big side wheeler the Atlantic, as was headin' for our lee quarter like she would give us a line or suthin'; and then Captain McDonald, as was a lookin' aft, happens to see a rope-yarn a danglin' from the end o' the spanker boom as untidy as a cobweb in a lady's parlor. Pintin' at it quick he whispers to me:

"'Mister Servenmalet, kindly remove it.'

"I jumped fer to do it, feelin' wery much ashamed on account of its bein' there, and just as I gets my fingers on to it that 'ere Atlantic with her big paddlewheels reversed sweeps up alongside and the swell bumps her agin our stabbord counter, and off I tumbles, with the shock. I flounders about for a time and then some one grabs me by the hair and pulls me out. I opens my eyes—alas! I finds myself—here."

The Sifter of Rumors had a copy of the *Commercial Bulletin* in his pocket.

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He drew it out and began to glance down the column headed "Marine News." An item caught his eye, and he read it aloud. Here it is:

"NEW LONDON, October 11.

"Whaling schooner Henrietta Hazeltine, Norton, from South Atlantic, arrived with full cargo. June 22, 1886, latitude 21° 17′ north, longitude 32° 3′ west, during prolonged squall, in which had main trysail carried away, saw ship sink about half mile to leeward, being swamped by a tidal wave, which the Hazeltine rode in safety. On drifting down to where ship disappeared, found one man clinging to a spare spar, and having bad cut in head. He afterward signed articles as Jack Servenmalet, cooper and carpenter. Never fully recovered mentally from effect of wound, but did duty in a satisfactory manner. He could not remember name of ship, but talked in his sleep a good deal about the New Class or some such name of a ship."

The sailor listened attentively to the reading of the item, and when it was done said:

"The Henrietta Hazeltine, whaler, me cooper and carpenter. Sure, that do be the name. Cur'us things be to happen at sea, eh?"

After a few moments he turned on his side, and putting out his hand took hold of Kelly's, and then said, in a lower tone:

"Matey, did ye say the Nucleus had been missing nigh hand to a year 'n more, and that that 'ere Atlantic were a missing steamship too. I don't know; I don't think so. I think I be to go back to the Nucleus, matey. My head feels a bit quare, but I reckon I'll soon make that 'ere harbor and that 'ere fleet agin."

And he did. He turned to the wall, at this, smiling at the thought of once more joining his shipmates in the beautiful harbor, and closed his eyes as if to sleep. A clock in the barren sitting-room below began to strike, and the sailorman counted the strokes of the bell in a whisper.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Aye, aye, sir; eight bells. All the starboard watch, sir."

He sprang up from his pillow as if to leave the bed, and then dropped back again and lay perfectly still. The surgeon looked alarmed now and hastily felt of his pulse. There was none in wrist nor temple, nor could any beating of the heart be felt. Jack Servenmalet had gone to join the crew of the missing Nucleus. He was dead.

THE FLIGHT OF JOY.

By Henry Shelton Sanford, Jr.

As sometimes in the very heart of June,
Which still remembers all the buds of May
And half-foresees the Autumn's rich display
And all the splendor of the Harvest moon:
As if November had returned too soon
Cold winds blow, and the sky is chill and gray,
And all is dreary that but now seemed gay,
And nature with herself seems out of tune.
So, in the early summer of my life,
Instead of happy strength and strenuous play
Eld's cares have come, long wearied of the strife
That youth delights in, and my summer day
Is darkened as by Death's impending knife,
And I would die, for joy is far away.

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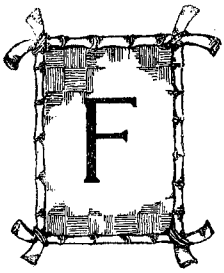
FRENCH TRAITS—MANNERS.

By W. C. Brownell.



RENCH manners are artistic; they are systematized and uniform; they are not excessive as we erroneously imagine; they are frank; they are gay and gentle, but they are above all else impersonal. In this sense the French are not merely the most polite nation in the world. They are the only people who of the communication of man with man distinctly and formally make a recognized medium, an objective "third somewhat," in metaphysical phrase, in which the speech and action of each communicant encounter those of the other without in any degree involving either individuality behind them—which is, on the contrary, left pointedly alone in its separate and independent sphere. With regard to this last indeed there is never, except in violation of the social code, any curiosity manifested, unless the degree of intimacy is such that manners themselves are of no importance, or the individuality is of so accentuated a type as to escape divination—both of which contingencies are rare. And it is perhaps this indifference that is mainly accountable for the general Anglo-Saxon position concerning French politeness, for our esteeming it incurably artificial. We no more like to submit to the perfect unconcern as to the subtiler points of our individuality which we cannot fail to remark in the way in which the politest Frenchman treats us, than we like the persistence with which he appears to esteem his own personality a matter of no moment to anyone but himself. We are as solicitous to impress him with our qualities as he seems to be to impress us with his accomplishments; and we resent what we insist on considering his carefulness to conceal his real opinions, disposition, character in the same measure with which we are piqued by his concentration upon our own superficial graces—or our lack of any. Ingrained frivolity, absolute superficiality, is invariably our verdict—secret or outspoken according to the degree of our weakness for seeing the charm of purely objective and impersonal intercourse illustrated by others in a perfection only consistent, as we profoundly, though perfunctorily, believe, with a lack of deep and large sincerity of character. It is so difficult for us to realize that in manners as the French understand them there is no more question of character than there is in any other fine-art. They illustrate the individual's ideal, not himself; his aspirations, not his qualities; and his ideal and aspirations in an absolutely impersonal sphere where what serves as stimulus and all that is at stake are the sense of external propriety and the artistic fitness of things.

How exquisitely adapted the French are to excel in precisely this sphere is indicated, I think, by the most summary view of their most salient characteristics. The social instinct which subordinates the individual and suppresses eccentricity, the social and tolerant nature of a morality which recognizes its lack of jurisdiction in questions of manners, a highly developed intelligence and the absence of that sentimentality in conjunction with which it is impossible to find the refinement of manners which is based on reason, however it may inspire that *politesse de cœur* in which Prince Bismarck finds the French lacking, afford precisely the conditions for producing in perfection an impersonal, artificial, graceful, and efficient medium of social intercourse. And, in fact, of manners as the French understand and illustrate them it may be said that we lack even the conception. Of other manifestations of the artistic spirit we at least permit ourselves the luxury of an ideal. It does not "cost much anyhow" we say; and indeed it does not, much of it; our painting and sculpture and poetry and music have cost as little probably as the fine-art of any nation of the world

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that has devoted any attention whatever to fine-art. Our amateurs and artists are nevertheless active and numerous, and it can no longer be said of us that fine-art does not occupy a considerable share of our attention. In what is sometimes esoterically called "household art" we are even already distinguished. A few New York palaces vie with those of Genoa—whose "household art" had a similar origin; on the other hand the chromo and the Christmas-card have penetrated social strata which in France enjoy only white and blue wash. But as for the manifestation of this same artistic expansiveness in social life and manners, the idea simply never occurs to us. It would be a pardonably fanciful exaggeration to say that by manners we are very generally apt to understand "table manners;" it is at least true that we use the terms manners and etiquette interconvertibly and in a narrowly specific sense. In "table manners" as a rule we excel. We are not perhaps so distinguished as the English from whom we inherit the conception, but it is generally conceded in France I suppose that the English and Americans "eat better" than the rest of the world. "Table manners," however, as Anglo-Saxons illustrate them, are rather a department of science than of fine-art. A solecism in them has a fatal importance, and a mistake is mathematically an error; they offer no field for that human quality which is necessary to constitute art. The French certainly do not "eat well;" that is to say, as a rule. French people would at table permit themselves, and overlook in others, phenomena which Anglo-Saxons of the same social grade would not permit themselves and still less overlook in others. But in other ways they certainly carry manners to an extent we but vaguely appreciate and perhaps a little disapprove. It is indeed noteworthy that all other manifestations of the artistic spirit they are apt to make subsidiary and subservient to manners; whereas we consider these ends in themselves very often, as the Talmud does study, and the English neopagans consider dress. In France they are popularly regarded as humanizing agents, a higher class of social influences perfecting the mind and temper and preparing them for success in the one great art of life from the French standpoint—social intercourse. The opera, the *Salons*, the *expositions rétrospectives*, the *concours hippiques* and *agronomiques*, classical concerts, the theatre itself afford to countless people—secondarily, to be sure, a great deal of indirect enjoyment, more intelligent enjoyment, very certainly, than is anywhere else to be witnessed, as the occasion of it is almost invariably superior to such things elsewhere—but primarily and directly social rendezvous on a large scale and of a gay character. Artists complain loudly of this. The Théâtre Français is, two days in the week, transformed into a social court, as it were, before which the actors play as, *mutatis mutandis*, their predecessors used to before Louis XIV.; the play is distinctly not "the thing;" the thing is the rendezvous. The two arts in which the French excel all peoples ancient or modern, with possibly the exception of the Athenians for a brief period, comedy and conversation, namely, are particularly adapted to French excellence because of their intimate and inextricable connection with manners. Painting and music and poetry are all very well, but they necessarily take the second rank after manners in French esteem, and French proficiency as well, because as professions they are limited, whereas in manners all Frenchmen are artists.

What degree of perfection comedy has reached in France it would be a wholly superfluous undertaking to point out. It is conceived in a larger, more universal way than elsewhere. The muse of comedy presides over every Thespian temple. Tragedy still has her stilts on, not because the French have never heard of Euripides and Shakespeare, but because everything not distinctly grandiose falls naturally into the domain of comedy. The mere titles la Comédie Française, la Comédie Humaine, l'Opéra Comique, where Auber and Hérold dominate Offenbach and Lecocq, indicate the extension given to the term which thus includes every mimic representation of reality from *Le Misanthrope* to the veriest vaudeville. And the stream of French comedy inundates and fertilizes all Europe. From Stockholm to Seville and

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from London to Moscow it is a commonplace that every stage-manager and every dramatic author looks constantly toward Paris, where each has learned his trade and whence most have borrowed their substance. And in the art of conversation, which plays in private life the part of colloquy on the stage, the nation is equally unrivalled. All the French activities are called into exercise, and all French qualities are illustrated in the conversational crackle and sparkle of daily intercourse, in which constant practice and ceaseless pleasure lead to a marvellous artistic proficiency. At the table, in the drawing-room, in the cafés, in the open-air public rendezvous which abound everywhere and vary in importance but hardly in character from the Champs Elysées or the *potinière* of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne to the little *place* or *boulevard extérieur* of a village *en province*, at every leisure moment in the day—and overflowing into the hours of industry, which themselves, indeed, are never, even in their most secret recesses, sheltered from its spray—the stream of conversation ripples ceaselessly on and on. All Frenchmen breathe the atmosphere thus affected and, however great their differences, are thus subject in common to a potent unifying influence; so that each individual, even supposing him to have no natural bent therefor, no Gallic alertness and lingual felicity, becomes an educated artist in the great French art. To be convinced of this, one does not need to remind himself of the Hotel Rambouillet, of the *salons* which since Richelieu's time have flourished on every hand, of the society of the *grand siècle;* one has only to enter a café or even a cabaret, or chat with an omnibus-driver, or one's next neighbor in black coat or *blouse* on a seat in a public square.

About this conversation there are two striking peculiarities: It is in the first place literally *con*versation, and in the second it is, like any other fine-art, practised for its own sake. It need hardly be said that in each of these respects French conversation differs from our own. What in general passes for good conversation with us is really monologue —sometimes, in fact, so circumscribed as to constitute a sort of informal lecture; what the French, indeed (who are strangers to our lyceum, for which they substitute a considerable higher education), call a *conférence*. This is the sense in which it is discussed by Dr. Holmes, than whom no one has touched the subject with a lighter charm. Dr. Holmes's view of conversation is extremely autocratic, and would be intolerable to a democratic people like the French. In his opinion the cardinal offence is interruption; the literal and unimaginative interrupter is the individual he denounces, but it is plain that it is the fact of the interruption not the interruption of fact, as he might say, that really exasperates him. French conversation is in great part made up of interruptions. Its essence consists in "give and take." The most brilliant conversationalist is he, or she (for in France women practise this art as well as men) who succeeds best in *donner la réplique*. Hence epigram and repartee abound. With us the analogous triumph is to state some truth, sentiment, fact most felicitously and to draw from it some apposite conclusion. Hence the little preachments, anecdotes, sermonettes which season our dinners. As for *post*-prandial eloquence, in which our prandial conversation so often culminates upon the slightest excuse, to which it is merely the modest prelude, and toward which it tends with increasing momentum from the soup on, it is nearly unknown in France. Imagine Mr. Evarts at a French dinner. On such an occasion his "speech" (for which the French language has no word) would, we may be sure, be qualified with an epithet for which the English tongue has no equivalent; it would be pronounced *assommant*. And after the formal speaking at a Delmonico dinner, say, is over, and the toasts (another word which illustrates the poverty of the French vocabulary) have all been drunk, and what we understand by general conversation again sets in, conducted by General Horace Porter, that prince of anecdotists, the Frenchman would certainly find himself at fault. In an analogous position at home he would be sure to interrupt. The French *raconteur* is, it is true, a well-known type, but he is oftener than not, perhaps, a bore, owing in great measure to the per-

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fection to which he has carried his style, which tempts him to apply it to the decorative presentment of wholly trivial substance. And in France when a man is a bore the fact is discovered with electric promptitude. And in any event, bore or not, the *raconteur* never enjoys the esteem of our "good-story-teller" who frequently possesses not merely a local but a national reputation, as it is called. The introduction of the personal note is distinctly disagreeable. The force of our "good-story-teller" though always personal is often histrionic, and the French have, it is true, a talent and a passion for acting. But even in acting they care most for the *ensemble*. On the stage an actor who should force his part into the foreground would displease, however admirable in itself his performance might be. And in actual life the social comes to the aid of the artistic instinct in protecting an entire company from resolving itself into a lyceum audience and an amateur lecturer.

French conversation thus is social and artistic first of all—never personal and utilitarian. Communication being its end, it is moreover always admirably clear. Precision is as eminent a characteristic of spoken as of written French. Each *nuance*, and *nuances* abound, is unmistakable. More even than by its grace and its vivacity it contrasts with our own more serious conversation in absolute exactness. The exactness is in expression merely; it never becomes literal and exacting. When a trivial mistake is made, a sophism uttered, a person or thing unfairly ridiculed or ridiculously praised, the Frenchman does not experience the temptation, so irresistible with us, to set wrong right at any expense to the conversation. The conversation itself is the object of his solicitude. Besides, he realizes that out of the pulpit *persiflage* is as potent as preaching. His expertness in treating serious subjects with the light touch that avoids flippancy has its moral side as, imitating Carlyle's obtuseness about Voltaire, we are slow to perceive. With us it is the essential levity of the subject discussed rather than a deft and lively treatment of it that causes the superficial sparkle. We associate the two things so closely as to infer one from the presence of the other, an error which French clearness avoids. Hence French conversation is far freer than ours. It not only compromises no personality, and essays no ulterior result, but its scope and style are in consequence very extensive and very varied. It has terms summing up phases of social life to characterize which we should need long phrases, and employs them as counters, as bankers do checks and drafts instead of exchanging coin. It tends naturally out of its abundance to include topics with which we easily dispense, in mixed company at all events. It is very outspoken without being brutal. It makes, indeed, such a specialty of suggestion for the sake of the art itself as sometimes to lose all sense of the substance suggested; otherwise at least some allusions are unaccountable. And this freedom, which occasionally no doubt fringes license—but probably less often than with us offends the proprieties conventionally determined—helps to confer the great charm of naturalness upon French intercourse. One's impulses find themselves less restrained in being more explicitly directed. The manner is as artificial as you choose, the matter is apt to be genuine and to lack the quality which constitutes pose. On a high level and in a rarefied atmosphere there is far more naturalness because there is a far greater sense of freedom than in the lower regions, amid denser air, in which the sense of freedom is really the lack of energy and to issue out of which demands discipline and attention.

"But are they sincere?" is the universal Anglo-Saxon demand in reply to all that one can say in characterization of French manners and of their articulate manifestation in the exquisite art of French conversation. On this point we are, apparently, all agreed. Charming, intelligent, graceful, everything else you will that is admirable, at that vague quality known to us as sincerity we draw the line. A recent clever book makes a character say that "French sincerity is a subject he never cares to enter upon. He likes too many French people." That is the utmost concession I at least have ever seen made. Yet an intelligent observer familiar with the French must, I think, whether he like them or not,

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feel disposed to plead weariness whenever the time-honored question of French sincerity is mooted anew. One sympathizes with Hawthorne's exasperation at the public curiosity concerning the ears of his Donatello. In this instance also a delightful and delicate thing is being brutally treated. The stupidity is carried so far as to awaken that sense of helpless resentment which one feels in the presence of wilful wrong-headedness on a large scale among intelligent people. The truth is the French are as sincere as any other people, only they manifest the virtue in their own way. French manners include a great deal of compliment, and compliment is taken literally only by the savage. To argue individual insincerity from the perfection which compliment has reached among the French is like arguing that every American who pays his bills in silver dollars is personally corrupt. Compliment is merely the current coin of the French social realm. Nor in nine cases out of ten is it actually debased. Very slight familiarity with French compliment is sufficient to enable one to see that the French sense of intellectual self-respect almost invariably prevents them from trusting solely to the intelligence of the complimented for a complete understanding of the fact that the accuracy of compliment is not that of algebra. Somewhere in most French compliments you are sure to find the intellectual corrective of their sensuous charm. Your unfamiliarity with this circumstance and your failure to notice it may lead you to blush at the moment of receiving a genuine French compliment yourself, but subsequent reflection is apt to make you blush at having blushed; there was really, you will infallibly perceive, less cause for confusion than you imagined. Take, for example, a typical compliment by a characteristically courteous and sincere Frenchman. During a visit to England in 1868 the late Prevost-Paradol was received "avec ces empressements flatteurs," says a French writer, "que la société anglaise sait si bien prodiguer pour peu que l'envie lui en prenne"—"with those flattering attentions which English society knows so well how to lavish when it happens to take a notion to do so." Ladies contended for the honor of being taken down to dinner by the brilliant French journalist. The London press commenting on this *engouement*, and on its striking contrast with the lack of consideration manifested for English journalists of equal parts, called attention anew to the important rôle which the esteem of his compatriots permits the French journalist personally to play in his own country;—to which the Frenchman naturally replied by a compliment. "Un Français," said he, "a rarement une passion réelle pour le véritable pouvoir ou pour la fortune. Son ambition vise surtout à la réputation, à l'éloge, à l'espoir de donner une haute idée de lui à ses concitoyens, ou même à un cercle étroit de familiers; il se console aisément de bien des déboires s'il peut croire que ceux qui l'entourent le considèrent comme supérieur à sa fortune. . . . Il donne le premier rang aux plaisirs de l'esprit;"—"A Frenchman rarely has a sincere passion for real power or for fortune. His ambition is above all else to achieve a reputation, to win eulogiums, to succeed in giving a high idea of himself to his fellow-citizens, or even to a narrow circle of intimate friends. He is easily consoled for many mortifications if he can convince himself that those who surround him consider him superior to his fortune. He gives the first place to the pleasures of the mind." Fancy the audience to which that compliment was addressed speculating as to its sincerity!

The truth is that the matter of personal genuineness is not at all in question. So far as sincerity in compliment is concerned it depends upon the specific truth or falsity of the words employed and their impersonal suggestion. Of course the French do intrude the personal equation into this sphere; they do occasionally endeavor to make one believe they mean what they say in a special and intense sense; the phenomenon is not absolutely unknown. But it is far less common than with us; and it invariably denotes in the practitioner a lower grade of person. The large part played by the emotions in our activities of this kind causes us to regard the passage from compliment to flattery as venial whenever the heart is

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in the right place. The circumstance that compliment is in France a fine-art makes the same error there far more grave, and consequently far less frequent. It becomes a sign of *grossièreté*—which is the French unpardonable sin.

Furthermore the French compliment never means more than it says. The national turn for intelligence serves as a great safeguard for sincerity here, whereas if we examine closely our own way of allowing the heart to dictate to the judgment we cannot fail to see how inexact our sincerity often becomes. The Frenchman if he wishes to compliment you will select some point about you that will bear it. His language regarding this may at first (and, as I have indicated, only at first) seem exaggerated, but the basis of it will be sound. With us in sincere instances the process is this: a genuine esteem precedes the desire to please; the desire to please takes the form of an expression of this general feeling of esteem; this form itself has nothing more to do with the facts it states than had the compliant admissions of Polonius to Hamlet, "very like a whale," "it is backed like a weasel"—which furnish a not bad illustration indeed of our ordinary form of compliment, all question of Polonius's sincerity, of course, aside.

The foreigner's notion that the French "do everything with an air" is perfectly sound. The author of "Living Paris," who is an unusually liberal observer, adds that "they do it all the same." This is quite true. If there was ever a practical and positive people under the sun it is the French. But it answers only an elementary vulgar error. A more plausible yet equally erroneous notion is that this "air" is affected and theatrical. Theatrical it may sometimes become in that excess which is uncongenial to the French character and therefore rare. But the noticeable thing about it is that it is not theatrical. Such poses, tones, and gesture as are common to our stage and occasionally overflow into so opposite a place as our pulpit would excite amazement at a *théâtre de banlieue*. Dramatic is the true epithet for that systematization of expression noticeable in the French. The "air" with which they do everything has nothing of ill-regulated emotion in it; nor, on the other hand, is it often characterized by that sensuous magic inseparable from Italian native grace. It is in nowise sentimental; it is simply expressive. It may be more or less ornate, now structural, now decorative, as individuals differ. But what is to be noted is that it is invariably the "air" which the individual deems appropriate, and that fitness is his sole criterion. The reason for our failure to perceive this is that in every serious matter we rely on the impression produced by personal character to convey its importance to the listener or spectator. The more weighty the substance the more condensed the statement, the more poetic the theme the balder or at least the briefer its expression. In fine our idea of expression is repression. We appeal to the imagination, not to the sense or the reason. We find the French "air" theatrical instead of logically and aptly dramatic because our ideal is to have no "air" at all. We are egoists, not artists; it is not what we say or do that we wish to count, but ourselves.

Hence manifestly the paradox of which we are guilty in accusing the French of affectation at the same time that we speak of them as naturally theatrical. But they are no more affected than they are theatrical. By our exaltation of character over manners, by our adjusting of manners to personal expression, by our sentimental and inartistic substitution of a thoroughly contained and intense air for the natural and spontaneous one which fits the thought, we are in far graver peril from this subtle foe than is the Frenchman, whose manner alone, at any rate, is attacked and whose character escapes. Tell over scrupulously the list of your friends, American or English. How many of them are there who do not affect some character or other, some moral rôle foreign to their native disposition, with which their effort to harmonize their demeanor is quite as obvious as it is successful? In one's own case this may be aspiration, but in that of others it is invariably affectation. And the attempt to impose it results in a kind of pervasive and general hypocrisy beside which the explicit and defi-

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nite *cafardise* of the French has the merit of being a frank foe. In France a man's valuation of himself is much more nearly that which his friends set upon him. Even in the French manner what we mistake for affectation is merely intention. To bring all one's physical activities into the sphere of culture and reason, to suit the gesture to the word and the word to the thought, to stand and walk and sit decorously, to enter a room, to bow to a lady, to carry on a tête-à-tête, or share a general conversation, to avoid controversy, to attain repose—to do all this respectably requires intention. So far as communities are concerned fine natural manners are a myth, but this probably does not prevent the Sioux and Apaches from considering our manners artificial, or us from finding affectation in those of the French, owing to the distinctness which unfamiliarity gives to intention in either instance, and to the failure in each case to appreciate the importance of intention in everything of importance.

In fine the vulgar mistrust of French sincerity is based on nothing more nor less than the fact that French manners are studied, artificial, conventional, which does not of course mean that they are of necessity inelastic or excessive or superficial, but that the French put the same intention into manners that all civilized peoples do into language, and have systematized them with the same care for correctness on the one hand and pliability on the other. We have no exactly equivalent word for what the French call *tenue*, and if we have exactly the thing it is infinitely less developed and less nearly universal than in France, where it is as characteristic of manners as are the impersonal and artistic spirit. *Tenue* means restraint, order, measure, style, consciousness, intention in demeanor and bearing. Owing to his natural turn for these qualities the Frenchman is rarely tempted to permit himself indiscretions. He is not solicited by whimsical impulses. He has no desire for relaxation, and does not chafe under restraint. It is not difficult for him to feel at ease in an erect posture; he supports the greater muscular tension involved with less evident fatigue; his hands do not automatically seek his trousers pockets nor his knees cross one another. Consciousness and self-consciousness are not identical terms to him. Nor does the artificiality of the drawing-room atmosphere oppress him and entice him into mistaking buffoonery for the talismanic touch of thawing nature, into spasmodic laughter, into long stories, into that amusement of the *ensemble*, which involves neglect of the members of the company. Of course perfect breeding is perfect breeding the world over. But the perfectly bred man is born, not bred, if the paradox may be permitted. The mass of mankind have no more genius for manners than for tight-rope dancing, but it is easy to see that the mass of Frenchmen have a talent for them in adding a talent for *tenue* to the social and the artistic instincts.

It would be difficult to find in any *bourgeois* interior the entire absence of form characteristic of many of our own average homes. Not that in moments—or hours—of mutual *ennui* and common *délassement*, the average *bourgeois* interior does not, from the point of view of pure form, leave something to be desired. But, in seasons of entire sanity, the respective shapes expansiveness takes in a French home and in one of our own differ prodigiously. Take a large French family reunion. Few social pictures are prettier. There is very likely an entire absence of that hearty familiarity which characterizes our Thanksgiving or Christmas gatherings. The children do not romp, the grown people do not appear as if at last the moment had come when all outward restraint and formality could be thrown aside with a clear conscience. The visitors do not "make themselves perfectly at home," the hosts do not invite them to do so, or treat them as if such were the case. There is everywhere perfectly apparent the French veneer of artificial courtesy. Children are treated with politeness and not hugged; babies are banished—are generally, in fact, in a state of chronic exile; if at times everyone is talking at once it is evidently because of the social desire to contribute to the conversation, rather than because of the unsocial disposition to neglect one's neighbor's appreciations—an abys-

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mal difference in itself; there are no uncomfortable silences passed in simply "sitting round" and cudgelling one's brains as to what to do next; the great art and enjoyment of social life being conversation—exchange of ideas, or notions, original or trite, but always cast in more or less careful form—games are far seldomer than among us resorted to as a substitute, and being invariably for money probably owe their popularity to the ingrained French disposition toward avarice; an avarice which always seems curious to us but about which in its milder manifestations there is never any concealment. Games themselves are never conducted in silence. The solemn stillness that with us accompanies the rubber of whist which is more and more tending to become, even as played by the young and frivolous, a tremendously serious thing, and which indicates clearly that the game is an end in itself and not a pastime, is unknown outside the clubs in France. An occasional old gentleman who when the stakes are high insists on a subordination of talk and vigorously represses his partner's tendency to discursiveness is voted a nuisance. Naturally thus, there is nowhere to be seen, perhaps, such wretched whist-playing as in French *salons*.

Universally in French interiors an American perceives at once the absence of effort at "entertaining people," in our phrase. The entertainment is a phenomenon spontaneously generated when people come together. The various social amusements are certainly cultivated; dancing and singing and the piano are, of course, merely subordinated, not suppressed—one cannot converse forever. But dancing is nowhere the passion that it is with us; if it were, the French, who dance detestably, would perhaps dance better. People dance, but then, also, occasionally they desist from dancing; in the cotillion the prettiness of the figure occupies much more attention than its duration. As for music the French are decidedly ahead of us. They already very generally recognize the caricature which ordinary amateur effort is; they are well known to have far less respect than our race for what bores them; and now that so much professional effort is had at *soirées* they have become exacting and only extraordinary amateur skill is tolerated. As for our readings, Browning societies, and in general the class of literary entertainment provided by the thousands of provincial and rural "sociables" from one end of our country to the other—many of these half-acknowledged *pisallers* would seem grotesque to the most long-suffering Latin; in France, especially, elocution and erudition, general and special information and all cognate acquirements are taken seriously. The end and aim of society is in fact simply human intercourse, decorated with infinite variety but never needing to be buttressed—recognized as a natural satisfaction of a profound instinct and needing no extraneous stimulus, only a careful and elaborate development and ordering.

This ordering necessarily results in uniformity of manners, and uniformity is as foreign to our manners as is the impersonal, artistic, or conventional spirit. But it is to be observed that uniformity of manners is a great humanizer. It is perhaps the simplest means of bringing persons of different idiosyncrasies into sympathetic relations. Our own diversity is grotesque and is responsible for much estrangement between our different sections. A Chicago journal, for example, treating of courtship, apostrophizes plaintively "the turned down light, the single chair," but it would be idle to pretend that the milieu thus briefly characterized is congenial to all of us. As yet with us every man is his own Chesterfield. We have individuals with the charm which in Emerson struck Carlyle as elaborate, not to say excessive. We have the average rural New Englander whom Emerson found picturesque, but whose charm is distinctly not excessive. We have the entire gamut run by the Southron describing a dinner party composed to his sense of "an elegant gentleman from Virginia, a gentleman from Kentucky, a man from Ohio, a fellow from New York, and a galoot from Boston." Our society thus has the advantage of not being monotonous to the artist; but the dead level of steel rails has this superiority over the interesting diversity of corduroy roads that it makes travel easier and arrival more hopeful. The avoidance

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of friction secured is incalculably delightful. The social machinery so scrupulously attended to runs far more smoothly than ours, which we imagine will quite take care of itself if we fulfil the condition that made such a carver of men's casques of the sword and such a sure-thruster of the lance of the pure-hearted Sir Galahad. No Frenchman to whom you talk punctuates your sentences with an eager and admonitory "yes, yes, yes." Nor does appreciation of his own wit or of yours involve distracting excursions. Nor does he show you plainly how hard it is for him to wait till you have finished, or let his attention wander, or try to save time by the surreptitious reading of a letter or a glance at a newspaper heading, or indicate in any way as so many of us do, the manner varying with individual character, that conversation is not the most important affair in the world. He knows that for the moment it is. On the other hand susceptibilities escape wounding with a completeness that seems as wonderful as the means by which it is secured is seen to be simple. In France it is in the first place bad manners to be too susceptible; in the second place it is a mark of that conceit always ascribed to a lack of intelligence; in the third place one's susceptibility is justly wounded only when an offence has been committed against the code of manners. These sound like commonplaces. But they are practically not accepted by us. Practically we believe in "taking no offence where none is intended;" and we really think that when the social code of the Golden Age comes to be discovered this will be found to have been its spirit, too. On the contrary giving unintentionally just ground for offence is precisely what the French find it impossible to support. Provided with a conventional and uniform code, they concentrate their attention upon the *grossièreté*—to them the most repugnant quality in the world—of the offence, and whether or no it is accompanied by design, by *malhonnêteté*, is a subordinate consideration. Accompanied by *malhonnêteté* it may or may not be, but aggravated by it or by anything it cannot. In this way the French avoid the habit so prevalent with us of always seeking the motive of everyone's speech or behavior and the suspicion, the morbid sensitiveness, which is the inevitable result of this habit. So long as the *convenances* remain undisturbed people's motives are assumed to be amiable. It is our notion on the contrary that observance of conventions can mean very little, and our own experience, in fact, teaches us that they are often extremely deceptive indices of both the feelings and the character. So long, accordingly, as we are sure that a person is well-disposed and worthy, he may, within certain ill-defined limits, say and do what he chooses; so long as we are convinced that right feeling presides at their sacrifice our solicitude for conventions ceases. We do not in this way reach much eminence in what is strictly defined as civility, but that is a commonplace which does not greatly disturb us; we readily reconcile ourselves to the impeachment; we easily console ourselves with the notion that we possess what is far more important and perhaps after all inconsistent with that "outward grace" which Mr. Lowell assures us we know to be but "dust." But this attitude compels us to be continually "making allowances" for people who are, though kind, still uncouth or inconsiderate; and uncouthness and inconsiderateness are, however tolerable, nowhere agreeable qualities in a positive sense. And one cannot continually "make allowances" or have them made for him without great detriment to his dignity. Consequently we do feel a vague discomfort, which the French with their concentration on the dust of outward grace are spared, in a hundred more or less trifling details of social intercourse. And occasionally when an individual of either of the two great branches of our race contemplates such an individual of the other as chance may be trusted now and then to bring into contact with him, in encounters of this sort with which every travelled American or Englishman is familiar, scales seem to fall from his eyes. French manners appear transfigured to him. Mere "outward grace" rises prodigiously in his esteem. Few cultivated Englishmen probably have escaped a shock when subjected for the first time to the

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unrestrained familiarity and the empty-headed effusiveness characteristic of many of our compatriots. Few Americans probably have not flushed with a sense of outrage at the tactless incivility of the worthy but forbidding Briton. The American "drummer" narrating his experiences and making his "effect" at a Continental *table d'hôte*, and the English lady opposite him visibly wondering how he can eat butter with hot meats and carefully manifesting an exaggerated disgust in consequence, tend, for example, to excite in each other a feeling of toleration for manners as the French conceive them—manners which in seasons of calmer weather they find excessive.

Nothing, however, could be more erroneous than the popular Anglo-Saxon notion that French manners are excessive. Like all our notions about the French this is with us an inheritance. English manners are in general reserved, brusque, embarrassed perhaps in reality, if you choose to examine into the real nature of puerilities, but superficially—that is to say in the sole sphere of their action—splenetic, bald, absurdly uncivilized as manifested toward strangers, and characterized in intimacy by what Emerson calls "unbuttoned ease." By force of contrast French manners are bound to appear excessive to Englishmen. Positively speaking, of all possible qualities that of excess is the most foreign to French demeanor as it is to the French mind. The Italian manner is excessive, if you choose—and are ill-natured enough to mention it. And curiously enough our own and that of the English—when any value is attached to it, when account is really taken of it, when we wish to be "especially polite," as the singular phrase is—may certainly be thus described. But French manners are saved from excess by the very fact that they are so thoroughly conventional. Nowhere is convention more esteemed, although nowhere are its terms more elastic. Nowhere, as one has occasion to remark there at every turn, is a given convention so frankly accepted as the formulated opinion of mankind concerning the subject of it. To dispute it, to advance individual notions in modification of it, is clearly regarded as more *naïf* than even courageous. That "common consent of mankind" which certain moralists make the arbiter in ethics is in France applied to almost every conceivable act of man with an elaborateness and system that rival those of the Code Napoléon itself. Nowhere, perhaps, outside the precincts of the Court of Castille, is etiquette, that codified system of manners, carried so far; nowhere is an offence against it more quickly noticed. Violations of it are readily excused if justifiable; there is no pedantry; there is even a special interest exhibited in *originalité*—a word which it is significant that we have to render by eccentricity. But violations are invariably remarked and the proper deduction made therefrom. Nevertheless, etiquette itself being not a court affair but something thoroughly understood and practised by everybody, French manners are thereby saved from excess, as they are from every other form of eccentricity. They strike one, rather, as being almost business-like; at any rate their design is clearly to remove friction as well as to decorate intercourse. In Peking, doubtless, the French manner would seem meagre. In Virginia, "before the war," the Frenchman would certainly have found much in that courtly and elaborate bearing of which we still read in Southern literature and of which we observe the majestic remains whenever a Southern orator delivers a set speech, which would have seemed to him Oriental. The grandiose is almost never to be encountered in France—except in art or literature where it is sought of set purpose and expressly, as who should say "let us now intone instead of simply speaking." On the other hand the sincerely familiar manner, that manner which is the absolute absence of manner, is quite as uncommon. Drop into the little stuffy hall in the Boulevard des Capucines of a Thursday evening, and listen to one of M. Francisque Sarcey's charming *conférences* on the stage, on poetry, on literature. His manner is admirably free from pose of any kind; it passes in Paris for the manner suited to a *bonhomie* almost, if not quite, *bourgeoise*. It is familiar in a sense unknown to our lyceum; M. Sarcey, who is in the first place seated, stops over a citation to laugh or admire with

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his auditors; occasionally one of these hazards a suggestion to which the *conférencier* bows agreement or shrugs dissent; one is almost *en famille*. But the family is clearly a French family. There is no relaxation, no unbending, no flaccid abandonment. Of familiarity as we understand the term and as we illustrate it on the rostrum, as well as in the "back-store," there is none at all. Quite as watchful a guard is kept over the moral muscles as if the occasion were a wholly different one. M. Sarcey and his auditors are as much on "dress-parade," as we sometimes say of this attitude, as the soldiers at a Longchamps review. They have simply, morally speaking, learned so well to use their faculties by the habit which is a second nature that that first nature which as Pascal observed (long before Mr. Darwin) is perhaps only a first habit, seems to them rudimentary rather than specifically *natural*, as it appears to us. Suppose—if such a thing can be supposed—M. Sarcey forming one of the late Mr. Beecher's audience at Plymouth Church on a Sunday morning. The time, the place, the theme are sacred, but he would be certain to find a lack of correspondence between this fact and the manners of the occasion—he would be sure to esteem unfair any criticism of French manners as excessive which should be based on the standard there confronting and surrounding him. He would be sure, on the other hand, to find excess in the occasion's absence of *tenue*. He would reflect: "Our manner is business-like rather than Italian, it is direct rather than rococo. We are familiar, we are free, we are frank, we are gay; but we are not gay like *that*."

Finally, French manners are gentle. A certain mildness of demeanor, which is among us mainly confined to such individuals as do not fear the consequences of failure in self-assertion, is everywhere observable. The fiercely mustachioed concierge shares it with the bland academician. It is the rarest imaginable chance to hear an oath. There is something feeble and inefficient, an acknowledgment of inarticulateness, about the intenser sort of expletives, which are wholly foreign to the French temper, accustomed to perfect facility and adequacy of expression. Similarly with slang. French *argot* is almost a language by itself. Slang as we comprehend the term, and as Walt Whitman eulogizes and employs it—namely, as the riotous medium of the under-languaged, is unknown. One may in a week hear more oaths and more slang of the coarse and stupid sort in Wall Street, at the seaside, in the hotel corridors and street-cars and along the sidewalks of New York and Philadelphia, say, and in public generally among us than in the length and breadth of France in a year. There is not the same burlesque of "heartiness," the same slapping on the back, the same insistent invitations to drink, the same *brutalité;* in fine there is infinitely more gentleness. Their occasional savagery strikes us as ineffective aud amateur, their fury seems fustian. The "rapier-thrusts" of sarcasm, the kind of writing and talking to which some of our newspapers apply their most eulogistic epithet, "scathing," the bitter banter to which not a few of the best bred of our young girls seem just now especially addicted would excite amazement in France. *Persiflage*, there, is never personal when it is not also good-natured. In any event there is far less of it than of compliment; and this compliment is less factitious than are our personalities of the uncomplimentary kind. The difference shows an important temperamental distinction as well as anything can. The French are as inclined to the amiable, the agreeable, the social, the impersonal as we are to avoid being the dupe of these qualities; perhaps they are less duped than we are, and at any rate the amount of fruitless friction which they save over us is very great. Indeed with us this friction grows by natural selection; it is popular because, conscious of immense kindliness at bottom and our own withers being for the moment unwrung, we like to see the galled jade wince. The Chamber of Deputies is sometimes a bear garden, and the air is thick with denunciation, but such a speech as Mr. Blaine's famous characterization of Mr. Conkling or Mr. Conkling's of Mr. Curtis was never heard there. In private life there is more refined *malice*, more gayety, and more

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gossip—if possible—in a Paris *salon* than in a Fifth Avenue drawing-room or on a Newport piazza: but there is nothing of what we have come to know as personal "rallying," and the gossip is about the absent.

We, on the other hand, are all familiar, Mr. Arnold reminds us, with the notion of "hewing Agag in pieces," and our ungentleness of manners proceeds largely from the astonishing way in which this Teutonic and Puritan passion has penetrated our very nature. How English literature witnesses this from the time of Milton to the very latest number of the *Saturday Review* we all know. The greatest and kindliest natures are not exempt from it on the other side of the water. Not only does Macaulay riot in it, but such a good-natured soul as Mr. James Yellowplush indulges in many a swing of the axe—when Agag is for the moment personated by Bulwer, let us say. Not only is the hewing done with the grandiose strokes of Carlylean brutality, but it is amiably and dexterously performed by the advocate *par excellence* of "sweet reasonableness" and the chief critic of the custom, Mr. Matthew Arnold himself. Carlyle's description of Mr. Swinburne as "sitting in a sewer and adding to it" differs mainly by its outrageousness from the implacable way in which a long catalogue of saints and sinners is subjected at the hands of Mr. Arnold to an illumination as indiscreet as it is discriminating. There is much discussion as to whether it is as a critic or a poet that he will appeal to "the next ages," but there is a side of his admirable and elevated genius in virtue of which it is not difficult occasionally to fancy him gracing the Pantheon of the future in the harmonious guise of Apollo flaying Marsyas. No Anglo-Saxon would wish Mr. Arnold different, but it is worth pointing out that the respectably sized and felicitously executed "Dunciad" which might be collected from his works is incontestably due to the personal attitude, the personal way of looking at many questions and discussing many subjects. His gentleness in consequence is rather express than ingrained and now and then has something feline in its velvety caress.

In this country, I think, we are less disposed to censoriousness. At any rate our more refined spirits are—from the various reasons which spring from the American differentiation of the race. We have more room, and more equality. Our manners are affected by our greater amenity. But we do not need the abundant testimony of the daily journals to assure us how thoroughly personal is, in general, our point of view, how instinctive is our protest against the impersonal and artistic way of discussing and deciding any serious problem, how distrustful we are of the earnestness of whatever bears no personal indorsement. "It makes a great difference to a sentence," says Emerson somewhere, "whether or no there be a man behind it." That is our universal feeling. It is impossible to conceive the serene and charitable Emerson finding the flaying of Marsyas work so congenial as to be worthy his best and most vivacious effort, but it cannot be doubted that the operation would awaken his interest and, if neatly performed, win his approval. To the most malicious Frenchman on the other hand, the flaying of Marsyas by Apollo would seem a work of supererogation. Neither in literature nor in life does he practise it. "That is a fine legend, a most significant myth," he would remark to us, "but you materialize it atrociously. The only part of it with which we are directly and actively concerned is the contest—that part which Raphael painted with a real personal feeling, as you may see in the Louvre. The consequences to incompetence of its insolence are, as he has conventionalized them in the Vatican, natural and necessary; they follow without the interposition of the god, who was born for higher things. Agag is sure to be satisfactorily hewn in pieces, and the work is accomplished by the matter-of-course operation of impersonal forces. Individually and socially we are only concerned with recognizing Agag when we see him and with showing ourselves superior to him. He is so little liked among us, his following is so entirely inconsiderable compared with that he can boast among you that his fate, indeed, is sealed from the beginning. To denounce him would be to utter platitudes."

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BARUM WEST'S EXTRAVAGANZA.

By Arlo Bates.

BARUM WEST threw down his pen and looked about his attic with a gloomy face. The light from his one window, a dormer, facing the east, was too faint to permit his writing any longer, even had he been in the mood; and how far he was from desiring to go on with his work was shown by his seizing the sheets which were the result of his afternoon's labor and angrily tearing them into bits.

The room was not unlike the traditional abode of that melancholy thing, a poor devil author. The roof sloped from the middle of the ceiling almost to the floor—the niche of the dormer-window where his writing-table stood being the only part of the eastern side of the chamber where one could stand upright. In the corner on the opposite side stood an old-fashioned high-posted bedstead; a bureau, over which hung a tarnished mirror of antique frame, was placed opposite the tall stove, in which was carefully cherished a frugal coal fire; a black trunk was pushed under the eaves; while some pine shelves held the young man's unimposing library. Both carpet and wall-paper were dingy and faded, and in the darkening winter twilight the attic was gloomy enough to depress the spirits of one in a far more cheerful frame of mind than that in which West found himself.

Most authors are too unhappily familiar with the fact that a financial crisis is apt to be so desperately unproductive of marketable ideas that even the excitement of a definite order is likely at such a time to beget in the brain rather a confused sense of impotence than a creative inspiration. One must be well seasoned in the vicissitudes of a literary career to be able to do his best under the combined pressure of sore need and the necessity of seizing at once an unusual opportunity. West was still young in his profession as well as in years, and the wild exhilaration of receiving a conditional commission had given place to an awful feeling of despairing helplessness. A friend who had considerable confidence in him, and, what was more to the purpose, some acquaintance and influence in theatrical circles, had persuaded a manager to promise to consider an extravaganza from the pen of the would-be playwright, and Barum felt as if his whole future depended upon his success.

He had started upon his task with the utmost hope and confidence. He had for a couple of years been studying stage work, writing plays that nobody would touch, and serving that dreary apprenticeship which comes before literary success, but which is, unhappily, not always followed by it. He had pinned above his writing-table a sentence from "Earl's Dene," which had afforded him a sombre support often enough: "The only road to the skies, Mademoiselle, is up the garret stairs. Mozart climbed them, Moretti climbed them, . . . everybody who has ever done anything has had to climb them; and you, Mademoiselle, are one whose duty for the present is to starve." It may be because he secretly felt that he had starved long enough, or it may have been from the buoyant hope pathetically natural to youth, that West was convinced that his time had come; but at least he had no doubt of that fact.

When, however, he sat down to write, in place of valuable ideas he found his brain teeming with the notion that this time he must succeed; instead of a plot, his mind spun visions of coming greatness; and in place of elaborating witticisms his thoughts turned alternately to dismal memories and yet more gloomy forebodings. To-day ended a week of futile endeavor, and the unlucky writer was forced to confess to himself that, so far from being farther on in his work than he was seven days earlier, he was where he set out, and encumbered with the fatal hindrance of a self-distrust which benumbed all his powers.

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It grew quickly darker as he brooded, the brief February twilight shooting down rapidly. It was so dark when at last he got heavily upon his feet that he was obliged to fumble about for his shabby hat and coat in the shallow closet which held his scant wardrobe. He muttered to himself as he did so a quotation from Octave Feuillet. He could hardly have been an aspirant for literary honors and not be crammed to the throat with quotations.

"*Ce n'est donc pas un vain mot, la faim?*" he said aloud, with so much bitterness that a hearer, had there been one, might have forgiven his sentimentality. "*Il y a donc vraiment une maladie de ce nom-là.*"

He went down the three flights of stairs which lay between his chamber and the sordid street, taking his way to a cheap restaurant, which his soul loathed, but to which the narrowness of his purse constrained him. The waiter girls, gossiping together, knew his shabby figure too well to hasten to serve him with any alacrity born of expectation of tips; but one of them came to stand, leaning by one hand upon the table, while he studied the bill of fare in a vain attempt to discover some dish which would be alike satisfactory to his appetite and his finances. There were stains of coffee and of soup upon the card, which gave him a feeling of disgust as if his food had been served in an unwashed dish; but he repressed his feelings and made his meagre order. The damsel filled him the usual glass of ice-water, gave him an evening paper, and betook herself to cry the supper he had called for into the mouth of a rubber tube, which hung flabbily out of the wall. West could hear the voice of somebody underground repeating the order, and he was peevishly half inclined to fling a plate at the head of a man at the next table on the supposition that that individual might have been listening to this double disclosure of the straitness of diet to which his poverty constrained him.

He tried to interest himself in the paper which had been given him. He picked out the smallest paragraphs with a feeling of being so much at variance with the world in general that nothing could possibly interest him which was not held to be of no especial moment to the majority. Suddenly he felt that little thrill with which a man always comes upon his name in print. Among a lot of brief jottings was the statement that a man in Chicago had left $200,000 to Barum West. For a moment his heart seemed to stand still, but instantly his common-sense reasserted itself and he smiled with the bitter but fleeting cynicism of youth at the impossibility that a fortune should come to him by any lucky throw of Fortune's dice. The name was sufficiently uncommon, however, to make the coincidence striking, and what artistic youth, so placed, with his wits more or less disconcerted by the unevenness of life, could fail to make the paragraph the starting-point for a thousand dreams.

All that night, when he should have been sleeping, and when he really was under the influence of slumber, Barum West's thoughts, which should have been devising stage situations, droll dialogue, and popular allusions, occupied themselves with that illusive fortune. He considered what he would do, how he would enjoy it, what delights he would purchase and what miseries escape. In dreams his fancy wove a gorgeous tissue of enchantment, at which he smiled when he waked, although in reality it was little more extravagant than the airy fabric of his waking fancies. When once an imaginative youth gives rein to his fancy, especially if hope and need prick the tricky steed forward, there is no telling to what lengths the race run may not stretch. West certainly did not believe that the legacy of which he had seen mention was really intended for his pocket, and yet the coincidence of the name seemed to him so good proof that it went far toward persuading him that he was in truth the legatee. For the rest, he perhaps not unconsciously humored a little a dream which at least amused for the time being a life all too little lightened by frivolity of any sort.

It was not until the following evening that it occurred to West that, having a fortune in hand, it would be necessary for him to invest it. He was once more at the eating-house, which to-night he

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regarded with less bitterness than hitherto, so strong was the effect of his dream in putting him in better temper toward life and the world. As he scanned the paper in the hope that he might come upon some further information in regard to Barum West's fortune, his eye lighted on the stock reports, and with a sudden sense of importance he reflected that with $200,000 to take care of, it behooved him to furbish up whatever knowledge he possessed of stocks. The unintelligibility of the stock reports was sufficient proof that he had little knowledge to furbish, but this only aroused his combativeness, and made him determined to learn.

When he left the restaurant he bought a paper of his own, and, taking it to his room, he passed the evening in studying finance as represented in the columns of the daily journal. There was something amusing or pathetic about the absorption with which he gave himself to the occupation of deciding what he should do with $200,000 if he had it. He reflected shrewdly that it were wise not to invest his whole capital in a single stock, and he tried to recall whatever he had heard of the relative safety of different classes of security. He guessed at the amount of commission he would be obliged to pay a broker, his guide being a confused remembrance that in a play he had heard a certain rate mentioned. He carefully tabulated his investments, and retired at length the possessor of an income of something over $11,000, all commissions having been paid.

It was perhaps not strange that Barum was in absolute ignorance of the fact, since the vagaries of the stock market were decidedly outside of his world, but the truth was that he had begun to manage his fancied fortunes on a falling market when the bears were raging in Wall Street. While he slept that night a combination was being completed which was the next day to run down twenty-five per cent. the conservative railroad stock in which West had felt it safe to put half his fairy gold. When Barum took up the paper at the restaurant on the the third evening he had lost about $40,000: a fact which could hardly have caused him more chagrin had he really possessed the money to lose. The game he was playing interested him like a new novel. His quick imagination had taken fire, and this defeat spurred him to a fresh endeavor. He felt himself in honor bound to regain what he had lost; and this evening went like the last, in complicated and decidedly amateurish efforts to bring his imaginary finances into a satisfactory condition. The writing of the play of which he was to read the skeleton to the manager in a fortnight advanced not at all. He took his pen to write, and laid it down to refresh his memory on the latest quotation on some stock; he tried to think of his plot, and found himself reflecting concerning debenture bonds and second mortgages, with the vaguest possible notion of what either might be.

The strange possession which a vivid fancy may take of a lonely and imaginative mind is a phenomenon not unfamiliar to those who have studied the lives of men of fervid temperament; and the whim to which West now gave himself up was no more extravagant than many another which has had consequences far more serious. For days he went on, becoming more and more completely engrossed by the folly he was following. His writing-table was covered with papers upon which he had memoranda of stocks, of sales, of investments, calculations of commissions, and all the rest of it. He even thought of going down town to watch the bulletin boards at some broker's, but he would hardly have been the fanciful dreamer he was, had he not shrunk from actually coming in contact with men and the reality of the business at which he played.

For a week this absurdity continued. Sometimes West gained a little in his visionary speculations, and this inspired him with new courage, although whether he won or lost he was still possessed with the fatal gambling mania. His work meanwhile was not advancing. It is true that he sat for hours at his table nominally at work upon his play, but he interrupted himself constantly to consider whether there were not some way of recovering the money he had lost.

When Saturday night came he looked back over his week with regret and shame. The date fixed for his presenting his sketch to the manager was

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now only eight days off, and he was practically no further advanced in his preparation than on the day when his friend brought him the delightful news that that elusive personage had consented to make the appointment. He had wasted the past week in a foolish day-dream, as profitless as it was absurd. Yet he smiled to himself at the reflection that his day-dream had at least been amusing. It had been like creating a story or the plot for a play; and with a characteristically bachelor thought, he added to himself that it was at least less dangerous to play with visions of fortune than of love, and quite as sensible.

He could not, on the whole, however, be satisfied with the result of his week, and he determined to have no more of this folly. He must set to work in earnest, and he resented the consciousness which forced itself upon him that his lonely life and imaginative turn made it possible for him to fall into vagaries which to the practical common-sense of mankind in general would be held to indicate anything but a sound mind. He started up suddenly and gathered all the papers upon which were recorded his unlucky stock transactions, and began to thrust them into the stove. He would make an end of the whole foolish business. And yet, so far from entirely burning his ships, he at least left for himself a little boat in which to continue his explorations into the delusive regions of financial fairy-land, since he saved the one slip which contained the statement of the present condition of his much-diminished fortune. He condescended to the weak, but eminently human trick of attempting to humbug himself in regard to his reasons for doing so. He said to himself, exactly as if he were explaining to another person, that the bit of paper would serve as a warning to him, should he ever be tempted to indulge in so idiotic a diversion again; and he added, as if to quiet the least suspicion that he meant to use the memorandum, that the morrow being Sunday there would be no market with which he could play.

And yet, so weak is human resolution, such a rope of sand is it to fetter the resistless progress of character which is destiny, that the next evening found West with the Sunday paper spread before him, carefully studying the financial article, and elaborating his plans for a grand *coup*, by which he should regain all the thousands he had lost. He had become very canny during the week's study of the market reports, and he felt this Sunday evening all the pleasant satisfaction of one who, out of sight, cunningly devises the overthrow of clever enemies. On Monday morning he would—in imagination, of course—go into the field with a shrewdly devised scheme of buying and selling which should result in the triumphant re-establishment of his financial standing. When one is dealing with life in imagination merely, there is, of course, no limit to the extent to which one may make himself master of events, and partly from a keen fancy, partly from pure *naïveté*, West's plan involved nothing less than bulling the market himself, upon his visionary capital, now shrunken to some $70,000.

All day Monday West was in a state of excitement absurd when one considers that the course was wholly fancy. When a drunkard returns to his cups he is notoriously more intemperate than before, and in delivering himself up for a second time to the intoxication of his vagaries Barum plunged more recklessly than ever into its extravagances. On Tuesday he was once more to be rich, and then he would speculate no more. Safe mortgages and government bonds should suffice him as investments, even though the rate of interest they paid was low. He would not again expose himself to the chances of such feverish excitement as that in which he had spent the past week. So real had the whole business become to him, that while he smiled at his own folly as he took up the Tuesday evening paper, he actually felt a pang of disappointment to discover that his imaginary operations had produced no effect on the stock market. So far from rising, stocks had that day gone almost out of sight, so great had been the fall in the price of securities of all sorts. A feeling almost of despair came over the young man as he read. He had gone out into the street to buy the earliest edition

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which would contain the account of the sales that day, and as he walked toward his attic he experienced almost as sharp a pang as if the absolute wreck which he found had overtaken his imaginary fortune had befallen a genuine bank-account. That unreasonable youthful disappointment which arises from a sense of failure *per se*, with little reference to the real importance of the stake, stung him keenly; and he was one of those men who cannot but confound real and æsthetic grievances.

He returned to his attic and figured it out. He was absolutely and hopelessly ruined. He had not only lost every dollar of his imaginary fortune but he was—on paper—some seven or eight hundred dollars in debt to his brokers for commissions. He was so overwhelmed by this catastrophe that he sat brooding over it in the darkness of the February twilight and gathering night, until it was far past the hour when he usually took his apology for a dinner. He was not without a sense of humor sufficiently vivid to make him laugh at himself, and mentally mock at the vexation which the result of his airy speculations caused him; but this did not prevent his being vexed or take his thoughts from laborious calculations how a different result might have been reached. He went off to dinner at last with a sober and abstracted mien, ordering a repast even more economical than usual, as befitted one who had just lost his whole fortune in ill-starred speculation.

It was his custom to time his visit to the restaurant so as to dine before the crowd of customers came for their evening meal. To-night, however, he was behind them. The place was no fuller than he usually found it, but it bore signs of the recent crush. The cloth of the table was crumpled and soiled, the glass in which the inevitable ice-water was poured was yet warm from being washed, while the evening paper the waiter gave him was adorned with an irregular stain of coffee. In the midst of the brown blotch of this stain was a patch undiscolored; and by an odd coincidence, in the midst of this spot of dingy white Barum West once more caught sight of his own name. The whimsical fate which had started the fantastic train of thought in his mind ten days before now finished its work by a paragraph stating that the will by which $200,000 had been bequeathed to Barum West by Richard Granger, of Chicago, was now found to antedate a second testament by which the money was left to Harvard College.

Barum West went home with the light step of a boy. A great responsibility seemed suddenly lifted from his shoulders. The capricious fancy which had insisted that he should be depressed because he had lost an imaginary fortune had apparently been willing to accept the fact that even in hypothesis the possession of the money had been a mistake, and the unlucky speculator was formally acquitted at the bar of his inner consciousness. He lit his lamp and his pipe, seated himself in his chintz-covered rocking-chair, with his heels on the top of the coal stove, and ruminated. He reflected upon the fact that it was only five days before he was to meet the manager, and nothing was done in the way of a play which he could for an instant regard as at all satisfactory.

"Instead of writing an extravaganza," he thought, with mingled amusement and self-reproach, "I have been living one."

The form of the thought struck him instantly. His feet came down to the floor with a crash, and in his excitement his pipe went smashing down beside them.

"By Jove!" he cried aloud, "I have it!"

And the plot of the extravaganza, which everybody will remember as being so successful the following winter, "A Speculator in Air," and which set Barum West on his feet financially, was only a properly modified version of the vagaries in which the author had indulged in the handling and the losing of his imaginary fortune.

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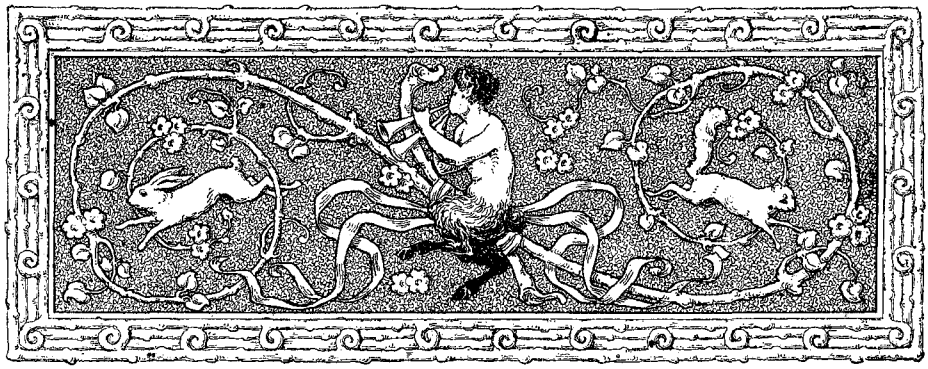

THE EDUCATION OF AN ENGINEER.

MORE RANDOM MEMORIES.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

ANSTRUTHER is a place sacred to the Muse; she inspired (really to a considerable extent) Tennant's vernacular poem *Anst'er Fair;* and I have there waited on her myself with much devotion. This was when I came as a young man to glean engineering experience from the building of the breakwater. What I gleaned, I am sure I do not know; but indeed I had already my own private determination to be an author; I loved the art of words and the appearances of life; and *travellers*, and *headers*, and *rubble*, and *polished ashlar*, and *pierres perdues*, and even the thrilling question of the *string-course*, interested me only (if they interested me at all) as properties for some possible romance or as words to add to my vocabulary. To grow a little catholic is the compensation of years; youth is one-eyed; and in those days, though I haunted the breakwater by day, and even loved the place for the sake of the sunshine, the thrilling sea-side air, the wash of waves on the sea-face, the green glimmer of the divers' helmets far below, and the musical chinking of the masons, my one genuine pre-occupation lay elsewhere, and my only industry was in the hours when I was not on duty. I lodged with a certain Bailie Brown, a carpenter by trade; and there as soon as dinner was despatched, in a chamber scented with dry rose-leaves, drew in my chair to the table and proceeded to pour forth literature, at such a speed and with such intimations of early death and immortality, as I now look back upon with wonder. Then it was that I wrote *Voces Fidelium*, a series of dramatic monologues in verse; then that I indited the bulk of a covenanting novel —like so many others, never finished. Late I sat into the night, toiling (as I thought) under the very dart of death, toiling to leave a memory behind me. I feel moved to thrust aside the curtain of the years, to hail that poor feverish idiot, to bid him go to bed and clap *Voces Fidelium* on the fire before he goes; so clear does he appear before me, sitting there between his candles in the rose-scented room and the late night; so ridiculous a picture (to my elderly wisdom) does the fool present! But he was driven to his bed at last without miraculous intervention; and the manner of his driving sets the last touch upon this eminently youthful business. The weather was then so warm

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that I must keep the windows open; the night without was populous with moths. As the late darkness deepened, my literary tapers beaconed forth more brightly; thicker and thicker came the dusty night-fliers, to gyrate for one brilliant instant round the flame and fall in agonies upon my paper. Flesh and blood could not endure the spectacle; to capture immortality was doubtless a noble enterprise, but not to capture it at such a cost of suffering; and out would go the candles, and off would I go to bed in the darkness, raging to think that the blow might fall on the morrow, and there was *Voces Fidelium* still incomplete. Well, the moths are all gone, and *Voces Fidelium* along with them; only the fool is still on hand and practises new follies.

Only one thing in connection with the harbor tempted me; and that was the diving, an experience I burned to taste of. But this was not to be, at least in Anstruther; and the subject involves a change of scene to the sub-arctic town of Wick. You can never have dwelt in a country more unsightly than that part of Caithness, the land faintly swelling, faintly falling, not a tree, not a hedgerow, the fields divided by single slate stones set upon their edge, the wind always singing in your ears and (down the long road that led nowhere) thrumming in the telegraph wires. Only as you approached the coast, was there anything to stir the heart. The plateau broke down to the North Sea in formidable cliffs, the tall out-stacks rose like pillars ringed about with surf, the coves were over-brimmed with clamorous froth, the sea-birds screamed, the wind sang in the thyme on the cliff's edge; here and there, small ancient castles toppled on the brim; here and there, it was possible to dip into a dell of shelter, where you might lie and tell yourself you were a little warm, and hear (near at hand) the whin-pods bursting in the afternoon sun, and (further off) the rumor of the turbulent sea. As for Wick itself, it is one of the meanest of man's towns, and situate certainly on the baldest of God's bays. It lives for herring, and a strange sight it is to see (of an afternoon) the heights of Pulteney blackened by seaward-looking fishers, as when a city crowds to a review—or, as when bees have swarmed, the ground is horrible with lumps and clusters; and a strange sight, and a beautiful, to see the fleet put silently out against a rising moon, the sea-line rough as a wood with sails, and ever and again and one after another, a boat flitting swiftly by the silver disk. This mass of fishers, this great fleet of boats, is out of all proportion to the town itself; and the oars are manned and the nets hauled by immigrants from the Long Island (as we call the outer Hebrides), who come for that season only and depart again, if "the take" be poor, leaving debts behind them. In a bad year, the end of the herring fishery is therefore an exciting time; fights are common, riots often possible; an apple knocked from a child's hand was once the signal for something like a war; and even when I was there, a gunboat lay in the bay to assist the authorities. To contrary interests, it should be observed, the curse of Babel is here added; the Lews men are Gaelic speakers. Caithness has adopted English; an odd circumstance, if you reflect that both must be largely Norsemen by descent. I remember seeing one of the strongest instances of this division: a thing like a Punch-and-Judy box erected on the flat grave-stones of the churchyard; from the hutch or proscenium—I know not what to call it—an eldritch looking preacher laying down the law in Gaelic about some one of the name of *Powl*, whom I at last divined to be the apostle to the gentiles; a large congregation of the Lews men very devoutly listening; and on the outskirts of the crowd, some of the town's children (to whom the whole affair was Greek and Hebrew) profanely playing tigg. The same descent, the same country, the same narrow sect of the same religion, and all these bonds made very largely nugatory by an accidental difference of dialect!

Into the bay of Wick stretched the dark length of the unfinished breakwater, in its cage of open staging; the travellers (like frames of churches) overplumbing all; and away at the extreme end, the divers toiling unseen on the foundation. On a platform of loose planks, the assistants turned their air-mills; a stone might be swinging be-

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tween wind and water; underneath the swell ran gayly; and from time to time, a mailed dragon with a window glass snout came dripping up the ladder. Youth is a blessed season after all; my stay at Wick was in the year of *Voces Fidelium* and the rose-leaf room at Bailie Brown's; and already I did not care two straws for literary glory. Posthumous ambition perhaps requires an atmosphere of roses; and the more rugged excitant of Wick east winds had made another boy of me. To go down in the dress, that was my absorbing fancy; and with the countenance of a certain handsome scamp of a diver, Bob Bain by name, I gratified the whim.

It was gray, harsh, easterly weather, the swell ran pretty high, and out in the open there were "skipper's daughters," when I found myself at last on the diver's platform, twenty pounds of lead upon each foot and my whole person swollen with ply and ply of woollen underclothing. One moment, the salt wind was whistling round my night-capped head; the next, I was crushed almost double under the weight of the helmet. As that intolerable burthen was laid upon me, I could have found it in my heart (only for shame's sake) to cry off from the whole enterprise. But it was too late. The attendants began to turn the hurdy-gurdy and the air to whistle through the tube; some one screwed in the barred window of the vizor; and I was cut off in a moment from my fellow-men; standing there in their midst, but quite divorced from intercourse: a creature deaf and dumb, pathetically looking forth upon them from a climate of his own. Except that I could move and feel, I was like a man fallen in a catalepsy. But time was scarce given me to realize my isolation; the weights were hung upon my back and breast, the signal rope was thrust into my unresisting hand; and setting a twenty-pound foot upon the ladder, I began ponderously to descend.

Some twenty rounds below the platform, twilight fell. Looking up, I saw a low green heaven mottled with vanishing bells of white; looking around, except for the weedy spokes and shafts of the ladder, nothing but a green gloaming, somewhat opaque but very restful and delicious. Thirty rounds lower, I stepped off on the *pierres perdues* of the foundation; a dumb helmeted figure took me by the hand, and made a gesture (as I read it) of encouragement; and looking in at the creature's window, I beheld the face of Bain. There we were, hand to hand and (when it pleased us) eye to eye; and either might have burst himself with shouting, and not a whisper come to his companion's hearing. Each, in his own little world of air, stood incommunicably separate.

Bob had told me ere this a little tale, a five minutes' drama at the bottom of the sea, which at that moment possibly shot across my mind. He was down with another, settling a stone of the sea-wall. They had it well adjusted, Bob gave the signal, the scissors were slipped, the stone set home; and it was time to turn to something else. But still his companion remained bowed over the block like a mourner on a tomb, or only raised himself to make absurd contortions and mysterious signs unknown to the vocabulary of the diver. There, then, these two stood for awhile, like the dead and the living; till there flashed a fortunate thought into Bob's mind, and he stooped, peered through the window of that other world, and beheld the face of its inhabitant wet with streaming tears. Ah! the man was in pain! And Bob glancing downward, saw what was the trouble: the block had been lowered on the foot of that unfortunate—he was caught alive at the bottom of the sea under fifteen tons of rock.

That two men should handle a stone so heavy, even swinging in the scissors, may appear strange to the inexpert. These must bear in mind the great density of the water of the sea, and the surprising results of transplantation to that medium. To understand a little what these are, and how a man's weight, so far from being an encumbrance, is the very ground of his agility, was the chief lesson of my submarine experience. The knowledge came upon me by degrees. As I began to go forward with the hand of my estranged companion, a world of tumbled stones was visible, pillared with the weedy uprights of the staging: overhead, a flat roof of green:

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a little in front, the sea-wall, like an unfinished rampart. And presently, in our upward progress, Bob motioned me to leap upon a stone; I looked to see if he were possibly in earnest, and he only signed to me the more imperiously. Now the block stood six feet high; it would have been quite a leap to me unencumbered; with the breast and back weights, and the twenty pounds upon each foot, and the staggering load of the helmet, the thing was out of reason. I laughed aloud in my tomb; and to prove to Bob how far he was astray, I gave a little impulse from my toes. Up I soared like a bird, my companion soaring at my side. As high as to the stone, and then higher, I pursued my impotent and empty flight. Even when the strong arm of Bob had checked my shoulders, my heels continued their ascent; so that I blew out sideways like an autumn leaf, and must be hauled in, hand over hand, as sailors haul in the slack of a sail, and propped upon my feet again like an intoxicated sparrow. Yet a little higher on the foundation, and we began to be affected by the bottom of the swell, running there like a strong breeze of wind. Or so I must suppose; for, safe in my cushion of air, I was conscious of no impact; only swayed idly like a weed, and was now borne helplessly abroad, and now swiftly —and yet with dream-like gentleness— impelled against my guide. So does a child's balloon divagate upon the currents of the air, and touch and slide off again from every obstacle. So must have ineffectually swung, so resented their inefficiency, those "light crowds" that followed the Star of Hades and uttered "exiguous voices" in the land beyond Cocytus.

There was something strangely exasperating, as well as strangely wearying, in these uncommanded evolutions. It is bitter to return to infancy, to be supported, and directed, and perpetually set upon your feet, by the hand of someone else. The air besides, as it is supplied to you by the busy millers on the platform, closes the eustachian tubes and keeps the neophyte perpetually swallowing, till his throat is grown so dry that he can swallow no longer. And for all these reasons—although I had a fine, dizzy, muddle-headed joy in my surroundings, and longed, and tried, and always failed, to lay hands on the fish that darted here and there about me, swift as humming-birds—yet I fancy I was rather relieved than otherwise when Bain brought me back to the ladder and signed to me to mount. And there was one more experience before me even then. Of a sudden, my ascending head passed into the trough of a swell. Out of the green, I shot at once into a glory of rosy, almost of sanguine light—the multitudinous seas incarnadined, the heaven above a vault of crimson. And then the glory faded into the hard, ugly daylight of a Caithness autumn, with a low sky, a gray sea, and a whistling wind.

Bob Bain had five shillings for his trouble, and I had done what I desired. It was one of the best things I got from my education as an engineer: of which however, as a way of life, I wish to speak with sympathy. It takes a man into the open air; it keeps him hanging about harbor-sides, which is the richest form of idling; it carries him to wild islands; it gives him a taste of the genial dangers of the sea; it supplies him with dexterities to exercise; it makes demands upon his ingenuity; it will go far to cure him of any taste (if ever he had one) for the miserable life of cities. And when it has done so, it carries him back and shuts him in an office! From the roaring skerry and the wet thwart of the tossing boat, he passes to the stool and desk; and with a memory full of ships, and seas, and perilous headlands, and the shining pharos, he must apply his long-sighted eyes to the petty niceties of drawing, or measure his inaccurate mind with several pages of consecutive figures. He is a wise youth, to be sure, who can balance one part of genuine life against two parts of drudgery between four walls, and for the sake of the one, manfully accept the other.

Wick was scarce an eligible place of stay. But how much better it was to hang in the cold wind upon the pier, to go down with Bob Bain among the roots of the staging, to be all day in a boat coiling a wet rope and shouting orders—not always very wise—than to

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be warm and dry, and dull, and dead-alive, in the most comfortable office. And Wick itself had in those days a note of originality. It may have still, but I misdoubt it much. The old minister of Keiss would not preach, in these degenerate times, for an hour and a half upon the clock. The gipsies must be gone from their cavern; where you might see, from the mouth, the women tending their fire, like Meg Merrilies, and the men sleeping off their coarse potations; and where in winter gales, the surf would beleaguer them closely, bursting in their very door. A traveller to-day upon the Thurso coach would scarce observe a little cloud of smoke among the moorlands, and be told, quite openly, it marked a private still. He would not indeed make that journey, for there is now no Thurso coach. And even if he could, one little thing that happened to me could never happen to him, or not with the same trenchancy of contrast.

We had been upon the road all evening; the coach top was crowded with Lews fishers going home, scarce anything but Gaelic had sounded in my ears; and our way had lain throughout over a moorish country very northern to behold. Latish at night, though it was still broad day in our subarctic latitude, we came down upon the shores of the roaring Pentland Firth, that grave of mariners; on one hand, the cliffs of Dunnet Head ran seaward; in front was the little bare, white town of Castleton, its streets full of blowing sand; nothing beyond, but the North Islands, the great deep, and the perennial ice-fields of the Pole. And here, in the last imaginable place, there sprang up young outlandish voices and a chatter of some foreign speech; and I saw, pursuing the coach with its load of Hebridean fishers—as they had pursued *vetturini* up the passes of the Apennines or perhaps along the grotto under Virgil's tomb—two little dark-eyed, white-toothed Italian vagabonds, of twelve to fourteen years of age, one with a hurdy-gurdy, the other with a cage of white mice. The coach passed on, and their small Italian chatter died in the distance; and I was left to marvel how they had wandered into that country, and how they fared in it, and what they thought of it, and when (if ever) they should see again the silver wind-breaks run among the olives, and the stone pine stand guard upon Etruscan sepulchres.

Upon any American, the strangeness of this incident is somewhat lost. For as far back as he goes in his own land, he will find some alien camping there; the Cornish miner, the French or Mexican half-blood, the negro in the South, these are deep in the woods and far among the mountains. But in an old, cold and rugged country such as mine, the days of immigration are long at an end; and away up there, which was at that time far beyond the northernmost extreme of railways, hard upon the shore of that ill-omened strait of whirlpools, in a land of moors where no stranger came, unless it should be a sportsman to shoot grouse or an antiquary to decipher runes, the presence of these small pedestrians struck the mind as though a bird-of-paradise had risen from the heather or an albatross come fishing in the bay of Wick. They were as strange to their surroundings as my lordly evangelist or the old Spanish grandee on the Fair Isle. Years after, I read in the papers that some defaulting banker had been picked up by a yacht upon the coast of Wales; the two vagabonds of Castleton (I know not why) rose instantly before my fancy; and that same night I had made the framework of a blood-and-thunder tale, which perhaps the reader may have dipped through under the name of *The Pavilion on the Links*. But how far more picturesque is the plain fact!

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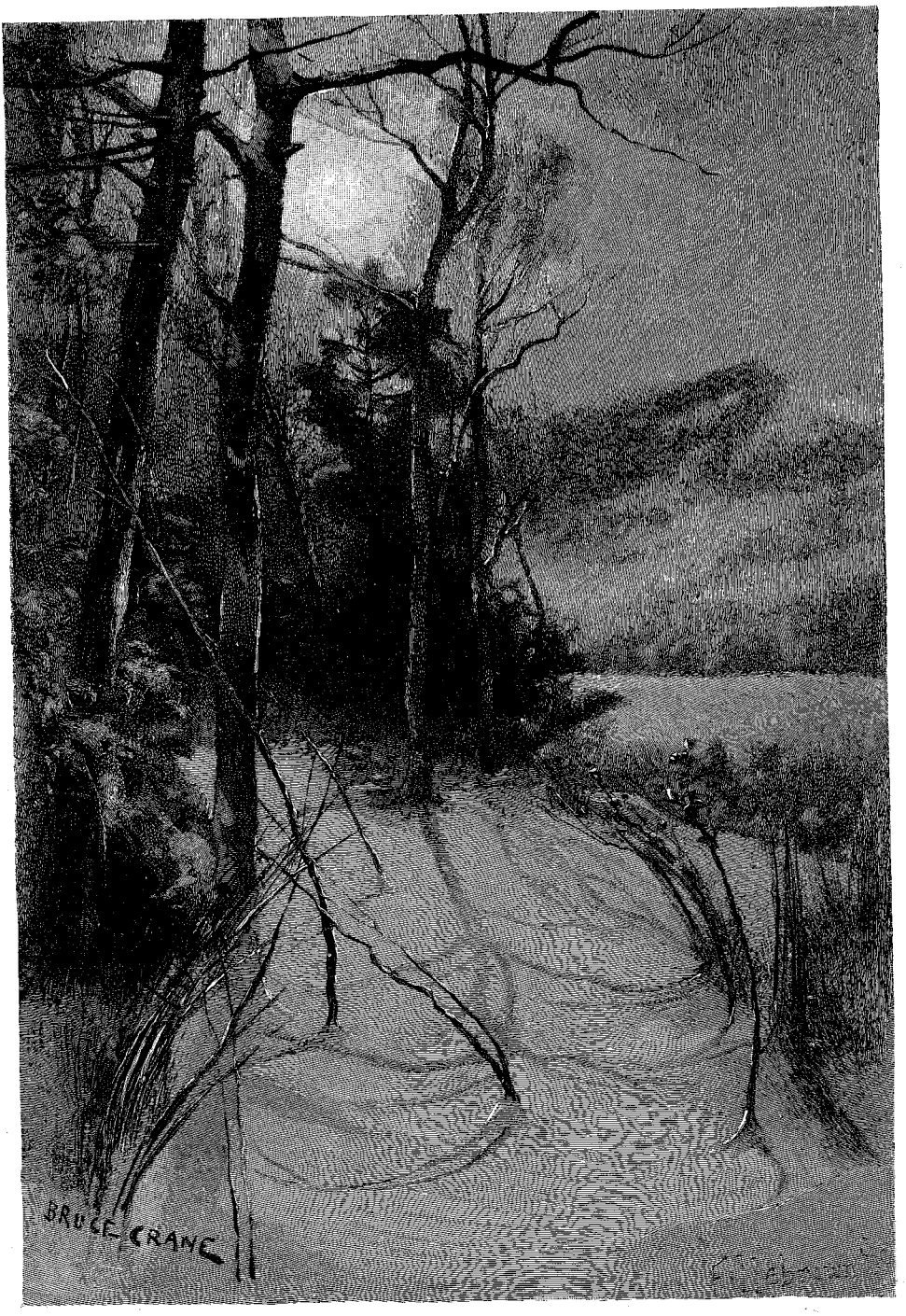

NEAR THE FOOT OF MT. WHITEFACE.

(From a drawing by Bruce Crane, engraved by Fillebrown.)

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